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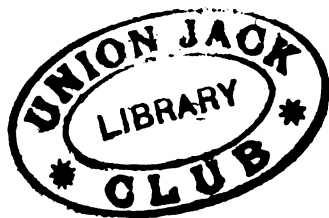
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INDEX TO VOL. XIV.

	PAGE
ANCIENT Telegraphy. By Andrew T. Sibbald	25
Anglo-Indian History (a Short Chapter on). By Col. S. Rivett-Carnac, late 11th P.A.O. Hussars	1
Artillery Defence , the Best and Cheapest System of	157
Artillery , the Re-organization of	543
BEACHY Head, the Battle of. By George F. Hooper	168
Bengal Presidency , Early History of. By Col. S. Rivett-Carnac	436
Black Wreath , the. By M. Van Weenen	295
Bombay and Madras Presidencies , the Early History of. By Col. S. Rivett-Carnac, late 11th (P.A.O.) Hussars	263
Bunder Abbas and Kishm , British Relations with. By Charles Rath- bone Low, (late) I.N., F.R.G.S.	344
Bussorah , the East India Company at. By Charles Rathbone Low, (late) I.N., F.R.G.S.	610
CARTRIDGES for the Fighting Line. By Capt. A. B. Williams	64
Commissariat and Transport Staff , the. By Q. E. F.	195
Commissionaires , the Jubilee Festival and Parade of the Corps of. By Retired Staff-Surgeon James C. Dickinson	397
EVERY Inch a Soldier. By M. J. Colquhoun	38, 136, 209, 355, 477, 574
FRONTIER Adventure, a. By Parker Gillmore (Ubique)	463
GREEK Army, the. By Charles Martel	331
HYDROPHOBIA in India. By C. T. Buckland, late B.C.S.	240
IQUIQUE , the Battle of, May 21st, 1879. An Episode of Chilian Naval History	60
JUBILEE Joke, a. By Matthew Fforde	185
MOUNTAIN Artillery: Its Organization, Equipment, and Tactics. By Capt. H. C. C. D. Simpson, R.A.	380
NORFOLK Island, South Pacific, a Visit to, in a British Man-of-War. By Nimrod	287
ON Leave. By "Furlough"	94, 201, 299, 408, 517, 621
Our Veterinary Class. By Yeorah	403
Our War Administration	234
RATHER Rough on a Young Sub. By N. T. B.	616
Reviews:—	
Alexander's Empire	413
Archery, the Theory and Practice of	625
Australian Defences and New Guinea	206
Berkshire, the History of	304
Boers in South Africa, History of	413
Campaign of the Cataracts, the	305
Campaign of Sedan, the	625
Canada and the States	414
Captain Trafalgar	304
Catechism of Military Training	523
China	626
Cowboys and Colonels	415
Dictionary of Philosophy, a	626
Dragoons, Historical Record of the First Regiment of	522
Duelling Days in the Army	304
Earth and the Ocean, the	101
England's Royal Home	414

	PAGE
<i>Reviews—continued.</i>	
Events in an Irish Country House	415
First Year of a Silken Reign, the	414
Friend of the Family, and the Gambler	306
Garrison Gossip	207
Geography of the Malay Peninsula, Indo-China, New Guinea, &c.	206
Gogol, the Works of	102
Golden Hope, the	307
Great Masters of Russian Literature, the	207
Great Silver River, the	306
Highland Brigade, the	524
Japan, Sketches of Life in	413
John Bull's Army	627
Jubilee Prayer Books	305
Kidnapping of Prince Alexander, the	627
Kitchen Oracle, the	103
Manual of Veterinary Hygiene	627
Mary Jane's Memoirs	307
Mere Accident, a	415
Moors in Spain, the	103
My Husband and I	523
Mystery of the Ages, the	103
Natural Law in the Spiritual World	307
New Maps	628
Peterborough, the Earl of	104
Peter the Great	523
Phillip Messenger	208
Prince Alexander of Battenburg	416
Queen's Highway from Ocean to Ocean, the	522
Recent British Battles on Land and Sea	305
Records of Service and Campaigning in Many Lands	414
Rhodes in Modern Times	627
Salambo	102
Scenery of Scotland, the	625
Sieges of Pontefract Castle, the	523
Story of the Nations—Egypt	308
Story of the Nations—The Jews	626
Ten Years in Melanesia	524
Toilers of the Deep	102
Travels, Sport, and Politics in the East of Europe	207
Two Royal Lives	208
Victoria : Her Life and Reign	206
Worldly Tales	103
Royal Navy, the, from the Accession of H.M. the Queen. By Robert O'Byrne, F.R.G.S.	81, 554
Science for Sailors; or, The Mathematician Afloat. By R.N.	105
Sincerest Flattery, the. By E. E. Cuthell	513
Six Months of Ocean Tramp. By A. Pill, M.D.	309, 417, 525
Soldiers' Shoes. By Andrew T. Sibbald	509
Staff Trumpeter, the	69
Surat : the Cradle of our Indian Empire. By Charles Rathbone Low, (late) I.N., F.R.G.S.	124
Tommy Atkins as he is. By Major-General E. Mitchell, R.E.	248

THE ARMY AND NAVY MAGAZINE.

MAY 1887.

A Short Chapter on very early Anglo-Indian History.

By Col. S. RIVETT-CARNAC, late 11th P. A. O. Hussars.

No. I.

“No event,” says Abbé Raynal in his *History of the Settlement and Trade of the Europeans in the East and West Indies*, “has been so interesting to mankind in general, and to the inhabitants of Europe in particular, as the discovery of the new world and the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope.”

For Europe we may now well substitute England.

When, in 1497, Vasco de Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope, formerly known as the Cape of Storms, and discovered the sea route to the East, and the Portuguese and Dutch subsequently explored all the coasts of India in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, they little thought that they were but preparing the way for the English, the modern Phœnicians, who were destined to oust them from their possessions, and form that Colonial and Indian Empire, the power and greatness of which were lately practically exemplified to a wondering and admiring nation in the Exhibition, opened by their Queen-Empress with a pomp and ceremony worthy of the occasion. Well might the English people point with pride and thankfulness to the great buildings containing specimens of the arts, industries, and products of the mighty Empire that has sprung from the little island, whose sons, toiling in far-distant lands, proudly call Home, and on whose possessions,

extending over more than 9,000,000 square miles, and numbering 805½ million inhabitants, the sun never sets.*

For, like the Phœnicians of old, our habitation is but a small speck of ground; and like as they in their day engrossed all the commerce of the Western world, so now have we, that of the East, retaining, at the same time, a lion's share of Western trade. If it be true, as supposed, that the Phœnicians learnt navigation from the Syrians, they speedily eclipsed their masters in the art, and soon became the the greatest navigators, explorers, and colonists of the ancient world; their Empire was that of the sea. In all these respects the two nations are identical. It is quite possible that the Britons learnt the first rudiments of navigation from the Phœnicians, for it is certain that the latter extended their voyages to Western Britain—indeed, it is the opinion of Bochart, the celebrated orientalist of the seventeenth century, that the name “*Britannia*” is derived from the Phœnician *Barat Anas*, signifying “the land of tin or lead”; and this belief is strengthened by the fact that the Greek name for the island, given at a later period, was *Cassiterides*, which has the same signification.

The Phœnicians, having learnt the value of the products and fabrics of the Indies from the Syrians, with whom they traded, first introduced them into Europe, and eventually extended their voyages from the Red Sea † to those rich and prosperous countries, enjoying, as they undoubtedly did, even in those early days, a high civilisation. Herodotus says that these bold navigators, setting out from Egypt in the days of Pharaoh Necho, circumnavigated Africa, by way of the Red Sea, returning to Egypt by the Pillars of Hercules (Straits of Gibraltar), and that the voyage took three years. But their sea-borne trade with distant India could have been but small, and it is to the Arabs, who about the middle of the seventh century had established their power in Egypt, that the world, in the days of Charlemagne, owes the foundation of the most extensive commerce that had been known since the times of Athens and Carthage.

* The exact numbers furnished by the Commission for the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, 1886, are as follows:—

BRITISH EMPIRE.	
Area	9,126,999 square miles.
Population	805,837,924.
Imports	£390,018,569.
Exports	£295,967,583.

† Mr. Robertson, in his work on Ancient India, gives the following origin to the name appropriated, in modern times, for the Arabian Gulf. In ancient days, the ocean extending from the Gulf to India was named the Erythrean Sea, after King Erythras, which, in the Greek, signifies Red.

At that period the Arabs, masters of Northern Africa, Spain, Asia Minor, Persia, and part of India, introduced from one country to another reciprocal exchange of the commodities of their vast empire, which they gradually extended to China. Alexandria, after the destruction of Tyre, then became the great market for Eastern goods, which were eagerly purchased by the famous merchants of Venice and Genoa, who exchanged them in the marts of Europe. The Arabs themselves introduced some of these commodities into France, Germany, and England, and the Crusades added to the European taste for Eastern luxuries.*

But although India was now well known for the beauty of its fabrics, it had not yet become accessible to Europe.

Marco Polo, the Venetian, in the thirteenth century, following the footsteps of his father in Asian explorations, visited China, India, and Java; but it was not until three centuries after the Crusades that the first attempts were made to reach India by sea. The honour of the discovery of the sea-route belongs to Portugal.

John I. formed a plan of extending his dominions by sea and land, and some expeditions were by him despatched to Barbary. His son Henry, who possessed both ambition and genius of a high order, determined to undertake discoveries in the West. He was the first who applied the compass, already known in Europe, to the purposes of navigation.† Madeira was discovered in 1418, and in 1420 he possessed himself of the Canaries and the West Coast of Africa, as far as Congo. In the reign of John II., astronomy was applied to navigation, and the most southern point of Africa was seen by Bartholemy Diaz in 1486, and called by him the Cape of Storms. This name was changed into that of "Good Hope" by the clear-sighted monarch, who foresaw that it would open up the route to the Indies. In A.D. 1497, his successor, Emanuel, equipped a fleet of four ships, which, under the command of Vasco de Gama, rounded the Cape, and, after a voyage of thirteen months, attended with great difficulties, landed in Hindostan.

The great peninsula now known as India extends from N. lat. 7° 27' at Cape Comorin to 35° 40' at the Indian Caucasus north of Peshawar, and long. 67°, where the Beluchistan mountain barrier marks the frontier, to 90° where the line cuts the Brahmaputra river. It forms an immense triangle having its apex in the south, its base to the north; its western shores are bathed by the waves of the Indian Ocean, its eastern shores by those of the Bay of

* Abbé Raynal's *History of the European Settlement and Trade in the East and West Indies.*

† *Ibid.*

Bengal. The area of this great peninsula is over one million square miles, its greatest length is 1,900 miles, its greatest breadth somewhat less, and its population is 245½ millions. This calculation does not include Burmah, and other territories east of the Brahmaputra river.*

Fable, rather than history, tells the story of ancient Hindostan, the learned men of which claim for their origin an exaggerated antiquity, although, in the opinion of some, the peninsula of India must, from its geological formation, have been among the earliest inhabited portions of the globe. That this antiquity is great there can be no doubt, for, accepting with caution the statement of the Hindoos that a Prince Bardhi was supreme a century after the Deluge, and that a line of Kings, the Chandras, reigned 3,200 years before Christ, it is generally accepted that the Aryan invasion of India took place about B.C. 2,000.† The sacred writings of the Hindoos, the Vedas, are also said to have been written a century and a half B.C. The epic poems, *Mahabharata* and *Ramayna* are of somewhat later date, and full of extravagant myths.‡ The Laws of Menu possess an uncertain antiquity; some are of opinion that they date from the eleventh or twelfth centuries B.C.; others that they deal with the customs of society 800 years B.C.§ These laws divide the community into four classes or castes, and lay down the rights and privileges of each. In some instances Menu is reputed to be the son of Brahma, and the first man, and to be identical with Ménès, the first King of Egypt, where the same institution of class division existed. In the seventh century B.C. Buddha, the religious reformer, the Martin Luther of those early days, appears on the scene. He, like Luther, preached against the arrogance of the priestly caste, or Brahmins. His religion travelled far into the East; he died about 540 B.C. His death

* The following are the statistics supplied by the Royal Commission, Colonial and Indian Exhibition, 1886 :—

BRITISH EMPIRE IN INDIA (INCLUDING BURMAH).

Area	1,574,516 square miles.
Population	253,982,595.
Trade	{ £68,156,654 imports. £89,098,427 exports.

† The most eminent Pundits and Brahmins assembled in Calcutta, by the authority and under the inspection of Warren Hastings, to compile a full code of Hindoo laws, stated that some of the writers upon whose authority they founded the decrees which they inserted in the Code, lived several millions of years before their time!!—Robertson, vol. xii. (*India*) and see p. xxxviii. of the Code.

‡ According to the Hindoos, they were written 3,000 years B.C.

§ The Hindoos themselves suppose the laws to have been revealed by Menu some millions of years ago.—Sir W. Jones' Third Discourse, *Asiatic Research*, p. 428.

was the signal for the revival of Brahmanism in a modified form. Those who hesitated between the old and new faiths, formed themselves into a sect known as Jains (about 600 B.C.), whose temples are to-day among the most beautiful and perfect in India.

A portion of India was invaded by the Persians, under Scylax, sent by King Darius Hystaspes, who reigned 522 years before the Christian era; he drew an annual tribute of 360 talents of gold from the conquered provinces.*

The Greeks are believed to have visited India by land, and by the Red Sea and Persian Gulf, for the purpose of instruction in the industrial arts, before the days of Pythagoras, who died about 470 B.C.; but the first accounts of Indian conquest that come to us with any degree of accuracy, are those of the invasion of the present Punjab by the Macedonian Emperor, Alexander the Great, a full account of which has been left by Arrian (who derived his information from the journals left by Nearchus and others) in his *Anabasis of Alexander*. This invasion was undertaken in the rainy season of 327 B.C., when he defeated Porus, the Indian ruler. The army suffered extraordinary hardships. Alexander's designs to advance to the Ganges were frustrated by his troops, who declined to proceed further to the east in that inclement season. Alexander retraced his steps, leaving his lieutenants to administer the conquered territories, and himself sailed down the Indus to the ocean, reducing to subjection the various tribes he encountered on the way. Having reached the sea with the greater portion of his victorious but long-suffering army, he took the land route, across arid deserts, to Babylon, which he reached after incredible sufferings. About 10,000 men embarked in his best ships under his lieutenant, Nearchus, with orders to explore the coast, their final destination being the Euphrates. This was successfully accomplished. The Greek dominion survived between 100 and 200 years after the great monarch's death, and succeeding dynasties conquered the fertile territories watered by the Ganges and Jumna rivers.†

The Edicts of Asoka, written on the rocks with a pen of iron, throw some light on the events of the third century B.C., in which he lived.

The Greek power in India was overturned by an irruption of

* The expedition under Scylax, which is described by Herodotus, is not mentioned by Nearchus, Ptolemy, Aristobulus, or Arrian.

† Seleucus, one of Alexander's most able generals, and, after his death, Sovereign of that portion of the Macedonian Empire known under the name of Upper Asia, invaded India. Little, however, is known of his exploits; but he is said to have reached the Ganges, and even the modern Allahabad.

Tartar hordes, who, according to Strabo (whose testimony is confirmed by Chinese writers) invaded the country about 126 years B.C., after overrunning Bactria. From this period to the seventh century after Christ, little is known except what is derived from Chinese and Greek sources.

Towards the middle of the seventh century, the west coast of India from Malabar to Scind, was frequently raided by those Arab Mahometans (before-mentioned as introducing Eastern commodities into Europe), but no Mahometan power can be said to have made any impression on Hindostan until the eleventh century of the Christian era.

Mahmood, the son of Sabatagin, better known as Sultan Mahmood, had at this period established himself at Ghuzni, in Afghanistan, and founded the Ghuznividian dynasty. He rose from a humble station, and about A.D. 999 conquered Korasan.

In 1001 he invaded and conquered Lahore, extended his conquests to Guzerat, and his fame is remembered and execrated to this day by Hindoos generally as the destroyer of many monuments of their idolatry, notably the temples of Napakote and Somnaut. His dominions extended from the banks of the Ganges to the shores of the Caspian Sea; but in many of the conquered districts his power was more nominal than real. This nominal supremacy was the cause of frequent inroads into India by successive princes of the dynasty, for the purpose of enforcing tribute due from provinces subdued by former invaders. The successors of Mahmood having been driven from Ghuzni by the Afghan house of Ghoor, their capital was established at Lahore. The last of this line of princes was treacherously murdered by Mahomed Ghoory, with whom began the Gaurian dynasty.

In 1193 Delhi was wrested from its Hindoo ruler by Kotb-odeen, Mahomed's general. In this reign Ajmere, Guzerat, and Agra fell under the Mahometan rule, and succeeding princes of the dynasty carried their conquests to Bengal.

On the death of Mahomed, Kotb-od-deen proclaimed himself independent, and with him commenced the Mahometan power at Delhi. This dynasty did not survive many generations, and was succeeded by that of Khilgy. Feroze, the first prince of this house, carried war into the distant Deccan (1294), where immense booty was secured and transferred to Delhi. The last ruler of the Khilgy dynasty, Moobarik by name, was murdered, and his throne usurped, by a trusted servant. This man was, in his turn, slain by Ghazi Khan Toghluk, Governor of the Punjab Province, the founder of the Toghluk dynasty.

During this dynasty the capital of the Mahometan power was transferred to Deoghur, a conquered Hindoo city, afterwards named, by Mahomed Toghluk, Dowlatabad. To this city the inhabitants of Delhi were forced to migrate, and their ancient capital was left to fall into ruin, as is testified to-day by the vast remains of Toghlukabad, near modern Delhi.

But events had been occurring in Europe which, in due course, were destined to place a rival Mahometan power on the throne of Delhi. The Mogols or Mongols, after overrunning Western and Central Asia under their leader, Chengiz Khan, invaded Russia, Poland, Bohemia, and Hungary, and were the terror of Europe. They arrived on the frontiers of India as early as 1219, and frequently raided the adjacent territories, carrying fire and sword wherever they went. In 1398, about ten years after the death of Feroze Toghluk, Timour or Timourlang (commonly written Tamerlane), meaning "Timour the lame," advanced against Delhi. The Government was at that time in disorder, the throne being disputed and contested by rival princes of the house of Toghluk. The victory gained was an easy one, and Timour was proclaimed Emperor. Contributions were demanded of the inhabitants, but, these not being forthcoming with sufficient celerity to satisfy the savage conqueror and his cruel followers, the city was given to the fire, and its luckless people to the sword. Timour left Delhi almost immediately, and retired to his Central Asian fastnesses with an immense treasure. Thence he invaded Syria, destroyed Bagdad, and, about 1404, turned his victorious arms towards China, which country he invaded at the head of 200,000 followers. He died in the province of Khokand in 1405.

Thus were the first seeds of the mighty Mogul Empire planted in the fertile plains of Hindostan.

The confusion and anarchy consequent on the conquest by Timour and the weak government of Khizr, who shortly after his departure ruled at Delhi, was the signal for revolt in the distant provinces, the governors of which declared their independence, and the Mogul power sank to insignificance, until Mahomed Baber, a descendant of Timour's, who was proclaimed sovereign of the Moguls in Tartary in 1494, after reducing Samarkand which had revolted, turned his attention to India, which he considered his by right of former conquest, and consequently invaded.

At Panipat, near Delhi, in 1526, he conquered the Afghan ruler after a hotly-contested day, and secured possession of the capital. Hoomayoon, his son, pushed on at once and captured Gwalior. Baber secured his power not without difficulty, but at length suc-

ceeded in firmly establishing the Mogul Empire in India. He was his own biographer, and left a most curious account of his life and doings, which was translated and published in 1826.

Hoomayoon succeeded Baber, but was forced to vacate the throne of Delhi in favour of Sheer, an Afghan; on the death of Sheer, Hoomayoon again seized the reins of government. His successor was Akbar, his son, who in 1556 was, at an early age, proclaimed Emperor. His reign was stormy and long; he reduced many of the revolted states to subjection, and invaded the Deccan, of which he styled himself Emperor, although his success was but partial, but he firmly established his empire, which included Cabul, Kandahar, the whole of Hindostan, and part of the Deccan. Students of Indian geography will understand the extent of his Indian empire by a perusal of the provinces into which it was divided; they were Delhi, Bengal, Allahabad, Oude, Behar, Berar, Ajmere, Agra, Molten, Lahore, Cabul, Kandeish, Ahmednagar, Guzerat, and Mahé.

Akbar, who is generally considered to have been a just ruler, was tolerant of religion.* He reigned nearly fifty-one years, and was followed by his son Selim (better known as Jehangir) in 1605. The principal event of this reign, so far as this short chapter of Indian history is concerned, is the reception at the Court of Jehangir of an embassy from England, under Sir Thomas Roe,† sent by James I. to the Mogul Court in 1615, to ask for the protection of the Great Mogul for the English traders, who, under the name of the London East India Company, had, in 1600, established trade at Bantaun in Java, for the Malayan archipelago and China, and later at Surat, for Hindostan.

Having brought the history of India down to the earliest days of the East India Company, and as the exploits of succeeding Emperors will necessarily be touched upon in recording the doings of the English in India, it is time to return to the Portuguese, who, under Vasco de Gama, as before mentioned, reached India in 1497-98, or, in other words, during the period of the poorly-established rule at Delhi, which took place between the conquest of Timour and the triumph of the arms of his descendant, Mahomed Baber, in 1526.‡

* Mr. Robertson in his vol. xii. (*India*) says Akbar was "one of the few Sovereigns entitled to the appellation both of 'great and good.'" Again, "Akbar incorporated into one code the purest precepts of the Koran with the institutes of Menu."—Thorn's *Wars in India*.

† He arrived December 1615, accompanied the Emperor to the Deccan, and left at the close of 1618.—Elphinstone.

‡ The reason for entering into somewhat minute details of the conquests of the Portuguese, French, and Dutch in the East, will explain itself further on, when it

Gama first landed at Calicut, on the south-western or Malabar coast; here he was well received and hospitably treated, so much so that an alliance and treaty of commerce was proposed to him by the authorities of the land. Besides the natives, he found many Arab Mahometans established in India. These were mostly the descendants of those Arabs who had made incursions into India, and possessed themselves of the western sea-board extending from the Goa of to-day to the Indus; their numbers had greatly increased, for, being polygamists, they contracted marriage in many places, which they visited for purposes of trade; their power was great, and they were the factors for all eastern commodities of which Alexandria was the mart.

Calicut was by no means a safe port; but the Arabs, who were to some extent missionaries, are said to have entertained for it a religious sentiment, as being the place at which a king of Malabar had embarked for Mecca after having embraced the faith of the Prophet.*

Gama soon found Mahometan jealousy too strong for him. The Arabs threw suspicion on the rival power which they feared, and induced the Zamorin, or Prince-Governor of the province, to undertake the massacre of the adventurers. The plot was discovered, and the Admiral with his fleet escaped the threatened danger. Timely reprisals procured a restitution of his merchandise, when he sailed for Europe, carrying with him some of the natives as trophies of his enterprise.

The enthusiasm that attended the return of Gama and his fleet to Portugal was unbounded. Hopes were entertained of establishing the richest commerce in the world, and the Pope, whose authority was in those days supreme in Catholic Europe, gave to the Portuguese all the lands they might discover in the East, together with permission "to trade with infidels."† There was no lack of adventurers ready to embark on board the new fleet fitting out for India, the ambitious for fame, the avaricious greedy of gain, and the superstitious in hopes of propagating their religion by persuasion, or, if necessary, by force of arms.

Alvares Cabral was given command of the expedition, which consisted of thirteen vessels. He arrived safely at Calicut, and restored some of the Indians who had been taken to Europe by

will be seen that most of the territories mentioned were wrested from one or the other of those nations by the English, and with the aid of native troops of the several Presidential armies.—Author.

* Abbé Raynal.

† Robertson's *India*, vol. xii.

Gama. Although these men spoke highly of the treatment they had received, the Zamorin would not be reconciled to the Portuguese, and, at the instigation of the Arabs, massacred a number of the adventurers. In retaliation, Cabral burnt the town and the Arab fleet in harbour. He then visited and traded with several places on the coast, notably Cochin and Cananor, with the rulers of which, tributaries of the Zamorin his enemy, he entered into alliance.

With their assistance he was soon master of the Malabar coast and destroyed the Arab trade, and rich cargoes were despatched to Lisbon, which speedily became the mart of Europe for Eastern goods.

Alphonso Albuquerque was the first Viceroy sent by Portugal to its growing possessions, and he it was who seized upon Goa, the present capital of Portugal in India.

About this time he saw the necessity of destroying the trade of Egypt with India. The Venetians, equal sufferers with Egypt by the commercial success of Portugal, had formed a confederacy with the Arabs settled in Egypt, on the eastern coast of Africa and scattered over India, to place every obstacle in the way of Portuguese ambition, and had, in 1508, assisted the Egyptian Sultan to equip a fleet of ten vessels for this purpose. The Portuguese having foreseen this confederacy, had the previous year determined to prevent it by establishing their power in the Red Sea, and formed a plan for seizing on the island of Socotra at the mouth of the Gulf of Aden. This scheme was successfully carried out by Tristan d'Aouqhna. The island, however, did not turn out to be of the value expected, as ships from the Red Sea did not touch there on the outward voyages, although it was necessary to sight the island before entering the Gulf of Aden when homeward bound.* The Egyptian fleet passed in safety, and having encountered the Portuguese armament in the Indian Sea, gained some successes which had no lasting effect, as future fleets from Egypt were constantly beaten and dispersed by the small squadron kept by Portugal to cruise at the entrance of the gulf.

These skirmishes annoyed Albuquerque, who determined to destroy Suez; but this enterprise, although attempted, was abandoned on account of the immense difficulties that were encountered; effectual measures were, however, taken to prevent hostile vessels reaching the coasts of India.†

But this was not sufficient, as there was another outlet for Indian

* Abbé Raynal.

† Robertson's *India*, vol. xii.

trade to Europe *viâ* the Persian Gulf, the Euphrates Valley, and Alexandretta on the Mediterranean, opposite the island of Cyprus. Albuquerque, therefore, determined to become master of the gulf.

On an island in the Straits of Mocandon was the city of Ormus, founded by an Arabian conqueror in the eleventh century, the centre of trade between India and Persia. Albuquerque having ravaged the towns on the coast subject to Ormus, suddenly appeared before that city, and with ease conquered the Arab armament sent to oppose him.* Treachery in his own fleet made him abandon his conquest for a time, but shortly after Ormus was again attacked and became subject to the Portuguese, whose power being now completely established at both the outlets of trade, began to cast their eyes further east.

The island of Ceylon would have fallen an easy prey, its conquest having been commenced by his predecessor, d'Almeyda, and subsequently completed, but Albuquerque made no settlement there, nor did he establish himself on the Coromandel coast, but sailed for the coast of Malacca, being of opinion that the latter was of more immediate importance, and that, with it and Ceylon in his possession, the easy conquest of the Coromandel must follow.

Malacca was the emporium for the trade from China, Japan, the Philippines, and Molucca islands, and, after some early ill-success, fell to Albuquerque in 1511. From thence an expedition was despatched to the Moluccas, where the Arab traders were again dispersed, and the valuable trade in cloves and nutmegs fell into the hands of Portugal. In the meanwhile, Albuquerque completed the conquest of the Malabar coast. He died at Goa, in 1515, without wealth, and out of favour at Court.

He was succeeded by Lopez Soares, who pursued his designs, and, like him, advocated trade with distant China.

In 1518, a Portuguese ambassador, by name Perez, was despatched from Lisbon, with a squadron, to China. He was well received, and, to his astonishment, found the country enjoying a high state of civilisation, so much so, indeed, that, to use the words of Abbé Raynal, "we shall not wonder at the surprise of the Portuguese ambassador, who had been accustomed to the barbarous and ridiculous manners of Europe"!!

Perez went to Pekin, and visited many cities of China, and was about to enter into a treaty with the Emperor when, a fresh squadron arrived on the coast, the commander of which, having built a fort without permission on one of the islands off the coast, took every opportunity of pillaging ships bound for Chinese ports.

* Robertson's *India*, vol. xii.; also Abbé Raynal.

For these misdeeds Perez was seized and imprisoned, and died in confinement.

For some years the Portuguese were refused admission into China, but eventually were permitted to trade with the port of Saucian. A notorious pirate having seized on the island of Macao, and threatened Canton, was, with Portuguese assistance, vanquished. In gratitude for this timely aid, the Emperor bestowed Macao on the adventurers.

Their hungry eyes were now turned on Japan, the fame of whose trade they well knew; for a Portuguese ship having been wrecked on the coast of those celebrated islands, the crew, who were hospitably entertained, carried the news of the riches of these new lands to Goa. An expedition was, consequently, sent to Japan, and an extensive trade established. The Portuguese allied themselves with the richest of the Japanese heiresses, and, it is said, carried away annually precious metals to the amount of over half a million sterling.*

The power of Portugal was, by this time, established over a vast territory, extending along the coasts of Guinea, Arabia, and Persia, the peninsula of India, Malacca, and Ceylon, whilst Macao ensured their trade with China and Japan. They had also firmly established their influence on the coast of Zanzibar and the Mozambique; their power in the East was supreme; and they enjoyed the monopoly of many articles coming from their numerous dependencies, and regulated their value in Europe at their discretion, and in 1588 destroyed a powerful fleet sent against them by Solyman the Magnificent, ruler of the Ottoman Empire, which in those days owned Egypt and Syria as provinces.

But religious zeal had induced cruelty amounting to ferocity; an Inquisition was established at Goa, where the *auto da fê* flourished. The pagodas on the Malabar coast were destroyed. Faria, leader of an expedition against pirates in the China seas, plundered the sepulchres of the Chinese Emperors. Correa, having terminated a tedious war with the King of Pegu, treacherously broke all his treaty engagements. Nuno D'Acugna, having determined to seize the island of Daman, the inhabitants wished to surrender it to him, but he slaughtered the unresisting people. The Portuguese, indeed, were by this time as willing to break faith with each other as with the natives, and the whole community throughout India was broken up into factions.

Don Juan da Castro, an enlightened administrator and a brave soldier, now took the reins of government, and, in some ways, re-

* Abbé Raynal.

stored the declining power of Portugal. During his administration, an Indian combination attacked the fortress of Din, on the Kattywar coast, when the place was, in spite of small numbers, successfully defended, and such prodigies of valour displayed, that the Indians, baffled in all their attempts, said of the defenders (according to Raynal), "Happily, Providence has decreed that there should be as few of them as Lyons and tigers, lest they should exterminate the human species."

But the courage and energy reanimated by Castro was not to last, and the power of Portugal was on the wane. Success had secured riches, riches had begotten luxury, and luxury effeminacy. The original conquerors of India were no more, and their successors were degenerate. Possibly Portugal had been exhausted by the numbers of her colonies, and had not the capacity to replace the old adventurers with a race of men equally vigorous. Certain it is that they were replaced by the descendants born in Asia, and often of mixed blood, who gave themselves up to all sorts of excesses, and who possessed not the courage that inspires respect or fear. A confederacy was formed to oust them from the East. To counteract this, an expedition was despatched from Lisbon, which consisted of men who had formerly distinguished themselves in Europe. The Portuguese power was attacked on the Malabar coast, at Daman, Malacca, in the Moluccas. Goa itself was besieged. The Portuguese from Europe, under their commander, Ataida, well maintained their old reputation for valour; the siege was raised, the confederacy in all places defeated, and the supremacy of Portugal again restored.

In the reign of Philip II. of Spain, who, in 1580, acquired the throne of Portugal, the Portuguese in India seem to have, to a great extent, cut themselves adrift from the mother country. Some declared themselves independent governors, some enlisted in the service of the Indian princes, whilst others ranged the Eastern seas as pirates. Spain, indignant at the want of submission of her new subjects, the Indo-Portuguese, no longer supplied fleets of merchantmen, and even withdrew the naval squadron which had hitherto guarded the Indian seas. Garrisons were not reinforced, and fortifications fell into a ruinous condition.

That the Portuguese should have enjoyed the monopoly of Eastern trade for nearly a century is, although curious, of easy explanation. Spain, under Charles V. and Philip II., was engaged in ambitious operations in Europe, and in discoveries in America, and, by the acquisition of Portugal in 1580, shared the trade, in some degree, with the Portuguese. France was occupied with

wars in Italy and Spain; England was also engaged in Continental wars, after the weary and bloody strife between the Houses of York and Lancaster, and the power of Venice had been humbled. For these reasons the prominent Powers in Europe remained inactive spectators of the transactions of Portugal in the East.*

The Portuguese at length forfeited their former power, when the Dutch, a free and enlightened nation, tolerant in religious matters, appeared in the East to contest with them the Empire of India, which they had so long held, and so systematically misused.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century Holland formed part of the dominions of Philip II. of Spain. This monarch, a religious fanatic, desired, among other innovations, to introduce the Inquisition among a people always celebrated for its independence, and who had accepted the reformed religion introduced by Martin Luther. Under William of Orange they rose in general revolt, and threw off the yoke of Spain, and having, in 1590, more than once humbled the Spanish flag, they settled down into peaceful traders; their ships being employed in the carrying trade of Europe. The trade of Lisbon for Indian goods soon fell into their hands. These commodities they sold to advantage in the different States of Europe with which they dealt.

Philip II., in retaliation for their revolt against his authority, closed the ports against them in 1594, an act which weakened their trade and drove them to new fields of adventure. They resolved to fit out ships for trade with the East, but, the sea-route *viâ* the Cape of Good Hope being in the hands of their enemies, it was determined to find a northern route, by the frozen sea, to China and Japan. In this attempt they failed.

The story† is told how, while engaged in this enterprise, a merchant named Houtman, a man of energy and determination, was kept prisoner in Lisbon for debt. During his detention he managed to worm the secrets of the Portuguese trade with India and China from his captors, and to make himself master of the details of the intricate navigation in the direction of those countries. This knowledge he transferred to Amsterdam; his release was effected by the payment of his debts by his fellow-merchants, who, having formed themselves into a company, fitted out a fleet of four vessels, of which they gave him the command. His voyage was successful; he coasted Africa, landed in Madagascar, visited the Maldives and the islands of Sunda, and formed an alliance with the principal

* Robertson's *India*, vol. xii.

† Abbé Raynal.

sovereign of Java. He returned to Holland stocked with information, rather than treasure, and brought away with him specimens of the inhabitants of all the countries he had visited, and, what was of still greater value, a pilot perfectly acquainted with the coasts of India.

The success of this voyage determined the merchant to establish a settlement in Java as a centre of trade with China and Japan, and well removed from the principal Government of Portugal in the East, which was on the Malabar coast of India. The expedition, consisting of ten vessels, was entrusted to Admiral von Neck, who, after some opposition from the settlers in Java, obtained permission to trade. Thence he visited the Moluccas (where he knew the Portuguese to be deservedly hated), established factories, entered into commercial treaties with the chiefs, and finally returned to Holland the bearer of good tidings and much wealth.

Numerous companies were then formed, but these were, in 1602, united into the "Dutch East India Company," and invested by the States-General with immense powers. A fleet of fourteen ships was next despatched, under Admiral Warwyck; he built a factory in Java, which he fortified, and obtained permission to trade with Johore (on the mainland, near the present Singapore), visited India, and entered into a bloody struggle with the Portuguese, over whom he at first gained easy victories. Fresh reinforcements and vessels were constantly arriving from Holland, whereas, as before mentioned, Philip II. sent none to his unruly subjects in India. The Hollanders showed more perseverance than dash in these wars, and, often repulsed, always returned to the attack, with ultimate success.

In 1607 they attempted to open out trade with China, but their object was frustrated by Portuguese jealousy; in 1624, however, they established themselves in the island of Formosa, opposite the Chinese province of Fokien. Unexpected prosperity attended this venture. The conquest of China by the Tartars induced numbers of Chinese subjects to seek refuge in Formosa. The activity and industry of these new Colonists speedily drew attention to this extensive island, which soon became the centre of all the commerce carried on between the Philippine islands, China, Japan, Siam, and Java.

But the prosperity of the Hollanders in their new possessions was not destined to be of long continuance. In 1662, being attacked by a Chinese rebel against the Tartar power, they, after a determined resistance, were forced to capitulate and retire to Java; from that moment their trade with China suffered a blow

from which it never entirely recovered, but Japan still offered them a market.

Ever since 1641 the trade of the Hollanders with that rich country had been carried on under humiliating circumstances. They were confined to an artificial island built by themselves and called Decima, where they suffered a sort of imprisonment, a bridge, their only means of communication with Nagasaki on the main island, being drawn up from the Japanese side.* Their trade soon became insignificant; for this loss they indemnified themselves by the seizure of the Moluccas and the Celebes. They also settled in Sumatra and carried on an extensive trade with Siam.

In 1640 they colonised the Cape of Good Hope, and in 1641 they drove the Portuguese from Malacca. By the possession of Batavia and Malacca the Dutch were masters of the only straits then known by which trade could be carried on with China and Japan, that is to say the Straits of Malacca and Sunda.† In 1658 they dispossessed the Portuguese of their settlements in Ceylon and of Negapatam on the Coramandel Coast; and in 1662 they further diminished the tottering power of Portugal in India by the capture of Cochin, on the coast of Malabar.

But the ascendancy of Holland in the East was, like that of Portugal, doomed, and was to make way for that of England. Too great prosperity had rendered them avaricious, unjust to their foreign subjects and to themselves. Public spirit died out in Holland. To again quote the words of Abbé Raynal, writing in 1777: "Meanness, baseness, and dishonesty characterise now the conquerors of Philip. They make a traffic of their oath as of their merchandise, and they will soon become the refuse of the universe, which they had astonished by their industry and their victories. Industrious Hollanders! Ye who were formerly so renowned for your bravery, and are at present so distinguished for your wealth, tremble at the idea of being again reduced to crouch under the rod you have broken. Would you learn how the spirit of commerce may be united and preserved with the spirit of liberty? View from your shores that island and those people whom nature presents to you as a model for your imitation. Keep your eyes constantly fixed on England; if the alliance of that Kingdom has

* This was still actually the case in 1861, when Japan was visited by the author.

† It will be remembered that the Straits of Sunda were upheaved and rendered unnavigable (for a time) by the terrible eruption of Krakatao in August 1883. The island was visited by the author early in 1884.

been your support, its conduct will soon serve you as an instructor, and its example as a guide."

Having briefly recounted the means by which Portugal and Holland successively became masters of Eastern trade, it is time to draw attention to that mightier power which is now supreme in India, and whose flag is to be found proudly floating in every port in the West to the confines of China in the East; and whose sons for over 250 years, from 1600 to 1857, the date of the great Mutiny, suffering many vicissitudes of fortune, have fought and traded, and have at length firmly established their country's power in the Land of the Sun, to the admiration and envy of Europe, and to the prosperity of millions of subjects, to whom they have at length given the blessings of solid and settled Government.

About the period of the Portuguese power in India, England boasted many bold navigators; among the most illustrious of these were Sir H. Willoughby, Chancellor, Drake, Frobisher, Davis and Hudson. The Cabots (Jean and Sébastian), father and son, Venetians, established themselves at Bristol under Henry VII., and under his auspices attempted the discovery of the north-west passage to India about 1496. Chancellor attempted the north-east passage in 1553, and discovered Archangel. Drake, in 1577-80, circumnavigated the world, and is still more celebrated for his subsequent victory over the Spanish Armada. Davis, Hudson, and Frobisher were Arctic navigators; but the former afterwards made voyages to India in the interest of the East India Company, and lost his life in the Indian Seas.

The repeated attempts of the English and Dutch to reach India by the northern route, and their endeavours to discover a north-west and north-east passage by the Frozen Ocean having utterly failed, in spite of the gallantry of the commanders and the devotion of their crews, a choice of two routes remained open to subsequent adventurers, the first by the well-known track *viâ* the Cape of Good Hope; the second, by rounding the most southerly point of the American continent, the present Cape Horn.

The practicability of the latter route was proved by Magellan, a Portuguese, who, starting from Sanlucar in 1519, reached the Pacific in the following year, and the Ladrones and Philippine Islands in 1521, which latter were afterwards named in honour of Philip II. In this voyage Magellan lost his life, and the journey was brought to a successful conclusion by his lieutenant, Del Cano, who, having doubled the Cape of Good Hope, arrived at Sanlucar in 1522. The south-western route, although thus shown to be possible, was deemed too circuitous for the practical purposes of trade.

The impracticability of the northern, and the length and consequent expense of the south-western route having thus been established, for ever set at rest the vexed question of the most advantageous trade passage to the East.

Undeterred by these considerations, Francis Drake sailed from Plymouth in 1577, and arrived at the Straits of Magellan in the following year; coasted America, and thence visited the Moluccas, reaching Plymouth by way of the Cape of Good Hope in 1580.

During this voyage, although war had not openly been declared with Spain, Drake carried on a conflict with the Spanish vessels he met, and made many captures of a decidedly piratical character. In reply to Spanish complaints, his conduct was disavowed by the Court of Elizabeth, who, notwithstanding, did not hesitate to confer on him the honour of knighthood.

Drake's report of this successful voyage, and the capture, some years later, of a Portuguese ship containing a cargo of immense value, drew public attention to the importance of direct trade with the East, and in 1582 an expedition was entrusted to Mr. Edward Fenton for a voyage to "the East Indies and Cathay." To what extent the funds for this adventure were supplied by Government is not clear; but by the instructions conveyed to the Commander, and which are fully quoted in Beveridge's *History of India*, it is evident that the expedition was under the complete control of the English Court.

This expedition, which was the first that entered into direct competition with the Portuguese in trade with India, *via* the Cape of Good Hope, proved a failure, and one vessel only out of five originally despatched reached England in safety.

The next voyage worthy of record was undertaken as a private venture by Mr. Thomas Cavendish in 1586. He fitted out three ships at his own expense, and, following the example of Magellan and Drake, circumnavigated the globe by the south-western route, returning to Plymouth by the Cape of Good Hope in 1588, after a prosperous voyage, having visited the coast of America, the Ladrões (so-called by the Portuguese from the thievish practices of the inhabitants), the Philippines, the Moluccas, and St. Helena. Cavendish committed many unjustifiable depredations, and in his letter to Lord Hudson, the then Lord Chamberlain, dated September 1588, says:—

"I navigated alongst the coast of Chilli, Peru, and Nueva Espanna, where I made great spoiles; I burnt and sunk nineteen sailes of ships, small and great. All the villages and towns that ever I landed at I burnt and spoiled, and had I not bene discovered upon the coast, I had taken great quantitie of treasure."*

* Beveridge's *History of India*.

In 1589, the year after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, a body of English merchants petitioned Elizabeth for permission to fit out a fleet for Eastern trade. The request was granted, and the expedition sailed from Plymouth in 1591, under command of Mr. George Raymond, who was lost during the voyage in his ship the *Penelope*, when the command devolved upon Mr. James Lancaster. The venture proved a failure, although some piratical advantages were gained over the Portuguese. Sickness and mutiny adding to the hardships endured from contrary winds and shortness of provisions, Lancaster was abandoned on the coast of Brazil with a small portion of his crew. After many severe trials he managed to reach England after an absence of over three years.

The Dutch successes about this time fully published, induced an association of merchants to again petition the Queen for permission "to set forth on a voyage to the East Indies and other islands and countries thereabouts." This was dated September 1599.

It is not within the province of this paper to detail the difficulties, chiefly of a political nature, that had to be overcome by the Association before their request was granted by the Crown— suffice it to say that the jealousy of Spain was aroused, and, after the Royal approbation had been accorded, permission was withheld in deference to the representations of the Spanish Court.

After many memorials setting forth the advantages to be gained by the country at large, and an exhaustive report by Fulke Greville, afterwards Lord Brooke, which had a favourable effect, the charter was granted on the 31st December 1600 to "the Governor and Company of the Merchants of London, trading unto the East Indies," by which the Company was empowered to trade with "the countries and parts of Asia, Africa, and America, or any of them beyond the Cape of Bona Esperanza to the Streights of Magellan," with this restriction, that such trade should not interfere with the rights of any Christian prince friendly to the British Crown, who might already be in possession of any of the countries visited.

The capital of the Company was a little in excess of £80,000, divided among 218 individuals. The Company's first venture consisted of five ships, which, after various delays, left the shores of England in April 1601, under the command of Lancaster, and reached Acheen, in Sumatra, in June 1602.

Lancaster met with a friendly reception from the native authorities, and entered into a treaty by which the English were granted perfect freedom of trade, in spite of the endeavours of the Por-

Portuguese to prejudice the King against them. These intrigues having been discovered, Lancaster retaliated by setting off on an expedition to the Straits of Malacca, where he captured a Portuguese vessel richly laden, and, having fully stored his ships with the cargo of his prize, he returned to Acheen, and further ingratiated himself with the authorities of the land by a liberal distribution of the "loot" he had so easily acquired.

From Acheen, Lancaster sailed for Bantam, by the Straits of Sunda. Here, as at Acheen, he was well received, and disposed of his prize goods for local commodities. Having established a factory, he, in February 1603, sailed for England with a full cargo.

The homeward voyage was stormy, and nearly disastrous; but eventually all the ships reached England in safety, but with the loss of many members of their crews; they anchored in the Downs in September 1603, after an absence of two years and five months.

The profits of this voyage, including the hardly justifiable capture of the Portuguese prize off Malacca, amounted to nearly 100 per cent., and two factories had been established on a satisfactory footing at Acheen and Bantam.

The second voyage undertaken by the Company was entrusted to the command of Captain Henry Middleton, and sailed from Gravesend in March 1604. The same ships were again employed, and reached Bantam in December of the same year, where friendly intercourse appears to have been entered into with the Dutch. From Bantam Middleton visited the Moluccas, where he met with some opposition from the Dutch, and finally reached England in May 1606 with a very valuable cargo, but with the loss of one of his vessels.

The third voyage was undertaken in 1607, under the command of Captain Keeling, and traded with the Island of Socotra, at the entrance of the Gulf of Aden; one of the ships under Captain Hawkins, who had formerly sailed in the expedition under Captain Feuton in 1582, having separated from the rest of the fleet, touched at Surat. To Captain Hawkins and his ship, the *Hector*, belongs the honour of being the first to plant the seeds of English trade direct with India. After some opposition from the Portuguese settlers at Surat, the *Hector* sailed for Bantam under the command of its first officer, leaving Hawkins, who foresaw fair prospects of trade, ashore at Surat. Thus was established the Company's first factory in India. Captain Hawkins subsequently visited the court of the Emperor Jehangir, with whom he obtained

favour, and a promise of permission to trade. These successes were afterwards frustrated by the intrigues of the Portuguese.*

Captain Keeling, having placed the factory at Bantam on a satisfactory footing, sailed for England, which he reached in May 1610.

In the meanwhile two more voyages were undertaken; the fourth being a total loss, both ships being wrecked. The fifth proved more successful; the clear profits on the third and fifth voyages amounting to 284 per cent.

At this time the Dutch made no secret of their intention of keeping the trade with the Islands entirely in their own hands, and the conduct of the Portuguese at Surat showed an equal determination to monopolise the trade of the Malabar coast; facts that made it evident that the Company, to ensure a successful share of the riches of the East, must in future trade on an increased scale, and be prepared, at all risks, to defend their rights.

The exclusive privileges of the Company having been ratified by James I., the sixth voyage was undertaken, with an increased capital, and consisted of three ships under the command of Sir Henry Middleton, who had successfully conducted the second voyage. His flagship, the *Trade's Increase*, was of 1,000 tons burden, a vessel of great size in those days. Middleton left England in 1610, and shaped his course for Socotra and the Red Sea, leaving one of his ships, the *Peppercorn*, at Aden. At Mocha the *Trade's Increase* was nearly lost on a sandbank, and Middleton and his crew actually suffered captivity at the hands of the Arabs. At the sacrifice of a portion of his cargo he obtained release, and in September 1611 reached Surat, where he found a powerful Portuguese fleet ready to dispute his right to trade. Here, to his disappointment, he heard of Hawkins' ill success at the Mogul Court, and realised that, for the time being, successful trade with Surat, in opposition to the Portuguese, could not be secured.

Having embarked Captain Hawkins and other Englishmen who had remained at Surat, Middleton sailed for the Red Sea with the intention of forcing trade on all the Indian ships he should meet, on the plea that, having brought fitting commodities to India for barter, and not being allowed to trade on shore, "he would do himself some right, and them no wrong," if he insisted on bartering his goods at sea!

During these questionable proceedings a seventh expedition,

* The exploits and successes of Hawkins are not mentioned by Bruce in his *Annals of the East India Company*.

under Captain Saris, had started from England and made for Socotra. He traded with Mocha with some success, and finally joined forces with Middleton and continued the depredations on the Indian ships. The loss of the *Trade's Increase* caused the death of Middleton, when Saris continued his voyage to Japan, where, in spite of Dutch opposition, he made arrangements for permanent trade. He concluded a successful venture in 1614.

At the time of Captain Saris' departure from England, Captain Hippon was despatched, in a vessel named the *Globe*, for Bantam. He visited Ceylon, and made his way up the Bay of Bengal, and established a factory at Petapoli, on the Coramandel coast, south of Musilipatam. To Captain Hippon belongs the credit of the foundation of the first English settlement on the east coast of India. He also established factories on the coast of Malacca and Siam.*

Although the Company had now gained some pecuniary advantages by their several voyages, these successes were obtained more by force of arms and depredations on the cargoes of other nations than by fair and legitimate trade. No permanent footing had yet been gained in the East, and, although factories had been established at various places, the position of the factors was precarious and dangerous in the extreme. The Dutch were supreme in Java, Sumatra, and Japan; the Spanish in the Philippines, and the Portuguese in India and Malacca; whilst the English, by their piratical proceedings, had engendered distrust in the minds of the native authorities of the countries with which they desired to trade, and had not as yet shown their superiority over their rivals in honesty, diplomacy, or force of arms.

In 1612, the eighth voyage was undertaken on a different model, and a powerful squadron was despatched to the coast of India, under the command of Captain Thomas Best. Having arrived at Surat, he found himself opposed by a formidable Portuguese fleet, which, after a series of actions, lasting several days, he completely discomfited.

This success over an enemy hitherto looked upon as invincible, entirely changed the attitude of the Emperor Jehangir, who now gladly entered into a treaty with Best, whereby the British were allowed free trade with India, on the payment of $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on their imports as custom-duty to the Mogul. This important concession was dated February 1613.

A permanent footing having thus, at length, been secured, its

* For a full account of the several voyages see Bruce's *Annals* and Beveridge's *History of India*.

importance was fully recognised by the Company, who, in future, determined to trade on a joint stock, and to send out fleets of such strength as would ensure their success against all foreign opposition. But the commanders were strictly enjoined to avoid the errors of the Portuguese and Dutch, and to conduct their enterprises with the natives of India with humanity and fair dealing, and to gain thereby, if possible, the love and respect of the people. Several more voyages were undertaken with various success, but with an average profit of $87\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and in 1615 the power of England in India was further immensely strengthened by a declaration of war between the Great Mogul and the Portuguese, the defeat of their powerful fleet, under command of the Viceroy of Goa in person, by the British in the Surat Roads, and by the arrival of Sir Thomas Roe, as Ambassador to Jehangir from James I.

But not only Indian trade, but that of Persia also, was effected by these successes. The city of Ormuz was wrested from the Portuguese, and a commercial treaty entered into with the Persian monarch, which brought considerable profit to the coffers of the now, comparatively speaking, prosperous Company.

By this time the power of Portugal in the East was rapidly on the decline, but the Dutch were nearly supreme among the islands (where the English traded almost on sufferance), so much so, that they memorialised James, complaining of British aggression, and founded their claim to the monopoly on the fact that they had by force ousted the Portuguese from their island possessions.

These claims were strenuously resisted by the Company, who brought forward counter claims and charges, which, after protracted negotiations, resulted in a dual control over the Moluccas, Amboyna, and Banda, whereby the Dutch enjoyed two-thirds of the proceeds of the trade, the remaining third being apportioned to the Company.

The arrangement, which took place in 1619, appears to have worked fairly well for a time, but neither of the contracting parties were really contented, and each contrived to render the clauses of the compact to their own advantage, and the scheme eventually suffered the fate of houses governed by two masters. Quarrels and mutual recriminations succeeded, which were destined to have a terrible conclusion in the atrocious massacre at Amboyna, by which, after a mock trial, twelve Englishmen, including the British Agent and his assistants, and one Portuguese, besides several natives, lost their lives, after having been made to confess, under torture, that they had participated in a plot to seize the factory

and put the Dutch inhabitants to the sword. The date of this atrocity was February 1623.

Such universal indignation was felt and expressed in England, that James actually *talked* of war, when death put an end to his weak reign ; and it was not for years after, during Cromwell's Protectorate, that the massacre and insult were avenged.

The year 1619 sees the infant Company established at Surat, on the west coast of India, and doing a considerable trade with Persia, but, through the intrigues and treachery of the Dutch, powerless in the Spice Islands.

Although a footing had, at last, been established, the power of England in the East was as yet but small, and the position of the Company's agents precarious. Energy, zeal, and a bold defiance of all difficulties and dangers formed the most valuable and principal portion of the Company's stock in trade, and was destined, in future years, to produce the three great Presidencies, whose rise to power on the ruins of Portuguese and Dutch supremacy will form the subject of another article.

Ancient Telegraphy.

By ANDREW T. SIBBALD.

THE connection between signalling and telegraphy is very close and intimate, so close, indeed, that signalling may be regarded as a branch or adjunct of telegraphy. Signalling is merely telegraphy without the electricity. It is, in fact, visual telegraphy; and is applicable under many circumstances in which the electric telegraph cannot be employed. Thus, wherever the two parties desiring to communicate are separated from each other by the presence of an enemy, or unfriendly population, by an intervening space of land or water, across which the telegraph wires cannot be readily or safely laid, the visual telegraph would be brought into play.

For purposes of war, methods of communicating from distant places have been used in all historic times, varying very little in character, and distinguished by more or less ingenuity. Bells, torches, flags, and symbols have been used for telegraphing, from the earliest known periods. Probably the earliest record of such in the Old Testament is in the sixth chapter of Jeremiah: "O ye children of Benjamin, gather to flee out of the midst of Jerusalem, and blow the trumpet in Tekoa, and set up a sign of fire in Bethacarem, for evil appeareth out of the north and great destruction."

The Egyptians had signals to indicate the rank of important officers of State, many of which signals have been discovered in the excavations among the ruins of their great temples and monuments, and in the carving upon their sculptures.

We are told that the banner of Benjamin, in the time of Moses, had on it a wolf, whilst the other tribes also had their emblems. The Lord, it is said, spoke to Moses and Aaron, and ordered that "every man of the house of Israel shall pitch by his own standard, with the ensign of their father's house."

Among the Greeks, the Athenians had an owl, and the Thebans

a sphinx, upon their banners and standards, and we are told that by using these emblems and signs, in a manner understood by the various companies of soldiers in war, the standard-bearers were enabled to telegraph such orders as "advance" and "retreat," and to control other important military manœuvres. Beacon-fires and torches by night, and pillars of smoke by day, seem to have been used both by civilised and savage peoples in all ages for transmitting messages. Homer, describing "the lambent flame" which shone round the head of Achilles and spread its lustre all about, speaks, by way of comparison, of the signals made in besieged cities, "the clouds of smoke by day and bright fires by night, which call on neighbouring cities for assistance." Julius Africanus says, "substances were made use of in making the torch-fires," and some writers have thought that these fires and torches may have been of different colours, thus enabling the Roman generals to ring the changes in spelling words and in sending messages.

Probably one of the most ingenious telegraphs of ancient times was one used by the Greeks. They had a method of indicating the time of day by a Clepsydra, or water-clock, the indicating process being effected by means of a float in a vessel containing water, which slowly subsided through a small hole in the bottom. The height of the float in the water told the time of day. Instead of winding up the clock, as we do, all that was necessary to start it again was to fill the vessel up with water, and let it continue running. Indeed, the idea was the same as in the old-fashioned hour-glass; only instead of sand being used, observations were made by the fluctuations of the water.

I will now endeavour to describe one of these telegraphs. The reader must imagine two of these water-clocks, which have been regulated for the floats to descend at exactly the same speed. They have been made—to use a scientific term—isochronous, that is, made to keep equal time. We will imagine one of these instruments placed at night, with the sender of a message, on the top of a mountain, and another on a distant hill, say two miles away. There we have them, sender and receiver. When a message had to be sent the sender would hold his torch up. That was the signal for the receiver to prepare his instrument, and set it to zero by filling up with water. The sender would hold up his torch twice. This was a signal that he had permitted his clock to start running down; that is to say, for the water to escape by means of a faucet at the bottom. The receiver, seeing this signal, would at once allow his water-clock to begin running down, and so both clocks would go on doing this at the same speed. Then, when the sender held

up his torch again, it was a signal to stop. The receiver would stop his instrument and look on the stem for the letter of the alphabet which the sender meant to indicate, and thus, by repeating the operation the needful number of times, a message could be spelled out with great facility.

It is very remarkable that this ingenious water-clock telegraph of the ancients, with a slight modification, which I will explain later on, was similar to one of the first alphabetical telegraphs in this country, introduced by Mr. (afterwards Sir) Francis Ronalds, about the time of the battle of Waterloo. Instead of using water-clocks, Mr. Ronalds permitted two clocks with weights and wheels to run down; having, indeed, in his mind exactly the idea which the old Greeks had over two thousand years ago.

It is obvious that the news of an invasion, or of a victory, or any special intelligence that would be well-known to all the people along the country-side, could easily be sent by means of torches and bonfires from mountain-top to mountain-top. But the system of spelling and using words would indicate greater ingenuity, and would require a trained staff to send the messages. We find, according to Sir Walter Scott, in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, that an Act of Parliament was passed at Edinburgh, in 1455, which directed that one bale or faggot burnt at a station should be the warning that the English were advancing; that if the English were come indeed, two bales must be used; and that if the enemy existed in great force, four bales must blaze side by side of each other.

General Fremont, when fighting the American-Indians of California some few years ago, reported in an official despatch that whenever he appeared in the country, he noticed at scattered intervals upon the mountain-tops pillars of smoke in the day-time, and these, he observed, were the signals of the Indians communicating to the various tribes the intelligence that the enemy was in the country. We find in the names of many places in our own country evidences of old signal-stations. Taking into consideration the number of times England has been threatened with invasion by foreign foes, one may imagine that great pains would be taken to perfect a system of telegraphy that would enable our ancestors to resist the invaders. But whatever steps may have been taken, it has been with the greatest possible difficulty that I have obtained records of any particular system, except within comparatively recent times. I have made a careful examination of that portion of English history a hundred years before the battle of Bosworth-field, only to find that writers seem to have been very silent as to the method in which intelligence was conveyed.

It appears that when Richard III. was making arrangements to defend the throne at which he had arrived by foul and unnatural murders, he stationed horsemen along the principal roads of the Midland Counties, and leading to the coast, at twenty miles apart. These couriers could carry information very rapidly, the system being such as to permit of a letter being taken a distance of 200 miles in two days. For some reason, which is not explained, this plan was evidently not in operation just before the battle of Bosworth, for we are told that, despite Richard's vigilance, the Earl of Richmond landed at Milford Haven, and rapidly advanced through Wales, and the valiant Welshman, Rhys ap Thomas, who contributed so much to the success of Richmond's enterprise, ordered beacon-fires to be lighted on the mountain-tops, and summoned his Welsh retainers to the field. Richmond and the Welshmen, and the men of Lancaster, were at Shrewsbury before Richard knew of Richmond's arrival in the country. There is a poem written by a Welsh bard, who tells us of the part which Rys ap Thomas played, and praises his heroic deeds under the standard of Richmond; and the bard tells us that not only did all the enemies of Rhys ap Thomas fear him, but that even the wild Irishmen had been known to tremble in his presence.

It seems that when in France, shortly before the battle of Bosworth, Richmond had registered a vow that he would wed the Princess Elizabeth if he ever became King of England. The princess was sister to the two young princes who had been murdered by Richard in the Tower. Elizabeth was very anxious to obtain the aid of the Stanleys of Lathom—Lord Stanley and his brother, Sir John—and also the Stanleys of Manchester, all relatives. In an old ballad of the period the princess is described as giving instructions to a messenger to go through Manchester to Lathom Hall, and mind and turn at Salford Bridge; Stanley promises to come, and assures the Princess, through her trusty messenger, that on reaching London he will stay at an inn which he does not often frequent, and her friends may know that a Stanley is there when they see an eagle's foot chalked on the door.

In this connection it may be mentioned that Stanley's retainers were called "Eagle's-feet men," and some others were styled "Boars" and "Ragged Staffs," after the devices on their master's crests.

In an interesting account in the *Palatine Note Book* of the origin of the names of places, it seems the town of "Ingleborough" really means the signal, or fire-borough, "ingle" meaning "fire-place." Then we have Inglewood, Beaconsfield, and other places,

which have derived their names from the ancient use to which they were devoted as signal-stations. In the North we have "Scout Scott," a hill where the scouts or watchmen were stationed.

A new departure in torch-telegraphy was made in the Shetland Isles at the beginning of this century, by the Rev. James Bremner, to whom the Scottish Society of Arts presented its medal for his invention. By the use of a single torch the reverend gentleman was enabled to send messages. This was done by alternately exhibiting and concealing one torch. Indeed Mr. Bremner may be considered to be the inventor of the flash-light system which, in a modified form, is now used on the vessels of the British navy, and also by our army in the field at night. It was used in the campaigns in Abyssinia, Afghanistan, and Egypt. This alternate exhibition and concealment of the light enables a word to be sent nearly as fast as a man can write. On ships, at night, instead of a torch being used, powerful lanterns are substituted. The flash-light telegraph is made by means of a piece of looking-glass, and when the sun shines this is called the heliograph. Messages are sent by simply placing this looking-glass at such an angle as to reflect the sun's rays. By means of a telescope messages have been received in this way from a station ten miles away.

The Morse code of the dot and dash system is used for the flash-light purposes, and by alternately exposing and concealing the looking-glass by day, and the lantern by night, messages can be sent, as I have said, nearly as fast as a man can write. It seems that Mr. Bremner, the Shetland clergyman, put his plan into operation, and was enabled to communicate at night between one island and another; and he established two stations, one in Scotland and the other in Ireland, and was thus in a position to telegraph between points twenty miles apart.

Probably the most exciting conditions—at any rate to the people of this country—under which the old system of telegraphing by means of torches, beacon-fires, banners, and guns was used, occurred on that memorable night when the whole country was roused to resist the invasion of the cruel and arrogant Spaniard, now close upon three hundred years ago.

During the American revolutionary war, or War of Independence, as it is called, many different methods of signalling the approach of an enemy were used. Among the various plans of telegraphs was one which consisted of a post or mast which was portable. A tub or barrel placed on the top, a movable flag on one side, and a basket on a bracket near the top, were used to-

signal with. By ringing the changes with the flag, the basket, and the barrel, and by moving the flag up and down, various signals could be sent. Altogether I believe that fifty different signals could be given by this means.

We now come to the semaphore signals, which are used even to the present day, chiefly for railway purposes. Probably the most ingenious, and among the first of this class of telegraphs, was that invented by the Brothers Chappe. It appears that this invention is due to the affection entertained by the two brothers for each other. They were placed as students in different schools, a mile and a half apart. They were inconsolable at being thus separated; and, by means of pieces of wood exposed from the back windows of each school, the Brothers Chappe contrived to talk to each other. In their first system of telegraphing they arranged a code of signals which enabled them to send one hundred and ninety-two different messages. As the ingenious brothers became older the invention was placed before the Government, and was first tried before the Revolution in 1791. The people, however, looked upon the invention as only another means of increasing the power of the Government and the aristocracy. The introduction of the invention was opposed; the people destroyed the telegraph stations, and the inventors barely escaped with their lives. A second attempt shared the same fate. Again the various telegraph stations were burned to the ground. The Brothers Chappe, however, continued their efforts, and in 1798 the Government adopted the system. Circumstances were favourable. The telegraph, having been adopted, was so fortunate as to communicate to Paris the news of a great French victory; and now the Brothers Chappe were considered part and parcel of the glories of France. This message was transmitted from the frontier to Paris—"Condé is taken from the enemy"; to which the Directory replied—"The Army of the North deserves the gratitude of the country."

These messages ran like an electric shock throughout the Convention and throughout Paris. The once-abused telegraph was now the pride of the nation, and its inventors were worshipped as public benefactors. The system invented by the Brothers Chappe soon became universal on the Continent. A line was carried from Lille to Paris, and two minutes only were occupied in transmitting a word. In 1802 the system was adopted in Denmark. Shortly afterwards it was made use of by the Governments of Belgium, Sweden, and Germany. Mahomet Ali erected stations on this system from Alexandria to Cairo. The most expensive series of stations were constructed in Russia by the Emperor Nicholas. A

line of towers was erected from the German frontier, through Warsaw, to St. Petersburg. This line embraced two hundred and twenty stations, at each of which were six men; so that one thousand three hundred and twenty men were employed on this route, besides those who had charge of the general administration. The erection of these towers cost the Russian Empire millions of pounds sterling. The system was only finished and got to work so comparatively recent as the year 1858; and, after being in operation a very short period, it was completely superseded by the electric telegraph. The towers are still standing—silent monuments to the ingenuity of the past. Scarcely any description is required of this Chappe semaphore telegraph. The method of manipulating the arms was by means of levers, similar to those now in daily use on our own railways. Occasionally the system was used at night, by placing lanterns on the ends of the vanes. Men were stationed along the line of communication with telescopes, and thus, by means of known changes, various codes could be worked at great speed. In France, along the route between Toulon and Paris, a distance of 475 miles, there were 120 stations; and it is said that so complete were the instruments made that over 82,000 different signals could be sent.

The Prussian system of semaphore signals was introduced in the year 1782. It will be seen that this is but a modification of the French system. Forty thousand signals could be sent by this means.

The English semaphore shutters, or Louvre telegraphs, were invented by Lord Murray in 1795. The instrument consists of six shutters working on pivots. Sixty-four distinct signals could be sent by this system from London to Dover in ten minutes. These were placed along the coast leading to stations inland, and were in general use in this country up to the invention of the electric telegraph. Messages could only be sent in the day-time by this system. It is mentioned that after one of Wellington's victories over the French, when the news was being sent to London, the sender at the coast-end began the signal with the words—"Wellington defeated." A dense fog prevented the rest of the signal being seen, and the result was great consternation in London and a panic on the Stock Exchange. When the fog cleared up the following day the rest of the message was received, and it then read—"Wellington defeated the French."

Dr. Hooker's telegraph (described in the *Philosophical Transactions* for the year 1684) is the first on record, in modern times, applicable to universal purposes.

The first designed application of military telegraphic communication to the use of an English army in the field was in 1854, when an equipment was sent to the Crimea to accompany the army in its field movements. The equipment was, however, not applied to this purpose, for the simple reason that there were no field movements worthy of the name; but it was employed for the establishment of a permanent communication between the British head-quarters and our base of operations. Signals were employed on the occasion of the landing in the Crimea, and between the troops and the ships during the few days' march which led up to the battle of the Alma. But neither the telegraphic nor signal apparatus of the Allies was brought into operation during the flank march, and their places were filled in the old fashion by mounted messengers, the most distinguished of whom, Lieutenant Maxse, by his daring night-ride worthily attracted at the time much public attention. In the same year, the Austrians organised a military electric telegraph equipment. In 1857-8 the British Commander-in-Chief in India was kept by means of wires in communication with the Governor-General. This was probably the first occasion on which telegraphy was employed on any large and useful scale with an army in movement. In the Italian war of 1859 telegraphs were again used between the line of operations and the base. It seems, however, to have been reserved for the Americans to develop, under the pressure of their desperate struggle, a complete telegraphic communication. Then, also, for the first time, a recognised system of signals was extensively employed in the field; although it is fair to notice that the system had been already designed in England, and brought under the notice of our Government (in 1861) by Major Bolton and Captain Colomb, R.N.

The most powerful lamp, exclusive of the electric light, which, on account of its cost, has not yet been applied extensively to ordinary military signalling, is the lime light, an ingenious adaptation by Major Bolton of the Drummond light. The rays are produced by a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen gas in a state of ignition thrown simultaneously on a pencil of quick-lime. Signals can be made with this light up to twenty-five miles in favourable weather, at the average rate of twenty words a minute.

To recount the occasions on which telegraphs and signals were used during the American war, would occupy more space than it is desirable we should bestow upon the mere history of the subject. It will be sufficient to state that the records of that great struggle are starred with instances of the successful use of these means of communication. Among other curious applications of the system,

reference should be made to the employment by the Americans of balloons, as stations of observation. From these balloons the *aéronants* made signals, by flags or otherwise, and communicated to their generals the results of their observations. In some instances the balloon carried up with it a telegraph wire, along which communication was kept up with the friendly forces beneath. It is said that the first message ever telegraphed from a balloon was sent experimentally to Washington in June 1860.

During the battle of Harper's Ferry, in 1862, a balloon ascended from the Northern lines, and is stated to have been serviceable in telegraphing the movements of the enemy during the action, and finally announcing their retreat. The credit of managing most of the balloons was due to Professor Lowe. The balloon, it should be noted, was always attached by a cord to the earth; and it certainly seems reasonable to believe that, regarded merely in the light of a station of observation, at an improvised altitude, a balloon would have some substantial uses. In addition to the balloon telegraphs, there were the permanent telegraphs, which followed the march of the armies and kept open communications between the headquarters and the base. These telegraphs were disposed on regular posts by corps of men specially trained to the work. For communicating between head-quarters and the advanced posts or the detached limbs of the army, field telegraphs were used, in which the wire was laid from moving carriages, either on the ground, or upon such trees, &c. as might be available. The American soldiers, however, found the telegraph wires too useful as tobacco-stoppers to be able to resist the temptation of cutting out small pieces here and there, to the no small disadvantage of the telegraph; and it was not possible invariably to guard against injury of this sort, or such as resulted from purely accidental causes.

The telegraphists' exertions were supplemented by the use of flag-signals, by means of which communications were established in places where the telegraph had failed or could not be applied; and several instances are upon record of the successful use of signals during the war. On so large a scale was the telegraph used by the Americans that, as early as June 1862, we find the army telegraph consisted of over 1,000 miles of wire stretched through the different camps. The liability of the telegraph to be disabled is one of the difficulties to be contended with. It is not always possible to guard efficiently long lines of wires; and they are sometimes exposed to the attacks of such bold raiders as Morgan, Stuart, and others, both Federal and Confederate, who made their way to the rear of the advanced American telegraph

posts and interrupted the communication. A favourite plan of the raiders was to "tap" the wire and extract from it all the information with which it was charged. This is easily done when temporary possession is obtained of one point on the line, by the application of a small pocket instrument.

An amusing incident of this description is related as having occurred during Morgan's raid into Kentucky, in the summer of 1863. The wire was tapped between Nashville and Louisville, and the impromptu telegraphist received various messages from the Federal officers in command of those posts. Morgan, personating the Federal officers, ordered and counter-ordered the various detachments as it suited his purpose. He received many warnings of his own presence in the country, and messages, not always complimentary, relative to himself; whilst he was often obliged to have recourse to stratagems to discover some clue his ignorance of which would have betrayed the trick. Thus, wishing to ascertain the station from which a particular message had been despatched, without exciting suspicion, he telegraphed to this effect: "A gentleman in the office bets me two cigars that you cannot spell the name of your station correctly." Answer: "Take the bet. Lebanon Junction. Is this not right? How did he think I would spell it?" "He gives it up. He thought you would put two b's in Lebanon." Answer: "Ha, ha! he is a green one." And then followed inquiries respecting a train full of soldiers, which had already fallen into Morgan's clutches.

Frequently, after serious work, and after all the information necessary had been acquired, some irritating message would be sent through the wires to the unfortunate officer, who, the victim of the stratagem, had been communicating freely the secrets of the army to the enemy's general. Thus, Morgan telegraphs his farewell to a Federal general, who unwittingly had betrayed to him the disposition of his forces: "Good morning, Jerry. The telegraph is a great institution. You should destroy it, as it keeps you too well posted. My friend has all the despatches since the 12th of July on file; do you wish for copies?" And then, probably when the mischief had been done, the wire was cut. However, tapping the wire may be defeated by the simple counter-stratagem of invariably telegraphing in cipher.

It has been generally decided that it is better, for field purposes, to abandon aerial lines of communications, which require poles and other comparatively cumbrous appliances, and to adopt the system of a cable laid on the ground. The Austrians, it is true, employ aerial lines. Their poles are sixteen feet long, two inches diameter,

slightly tapering, and shod with iron. They are provided with iron spikes, to which gutta-percha insulators can be readily attached. A pole and insulator weigh, together, about fifteen pounds. The wire used is copper, about sixteen gauge, and weighing seventy pounds per mile. Plain wire is preferred to insulated wire, or cable, on account of its cheapness, lightness, and the facility with which it can be fixed and repaired.

The Austrians, we believe, were influenced in their adoption of the aerial system by the fact that, in their first attempts to use ground lines they employed an unsuitable cable. The insulated wire which was tried had a covering of gutta-percha, protected by an outer shield of copper wire. In practice, however, it was found that the carriage passing over this cable sometimes drove the outer wire through the gutta-percha into the wire core, thus destroying the insulation. The result has been the adoption of a system which is in every way less suitable for military purposes than that employed by our engineers. The transport of a quantity of poles is a matter of no small difficulty, and is opposed to the first condition of portability; the erection of the poles is equally unfavourable to the second condition of rapidity. In fact, the Austrians have adopted for field use an equipment better suited to reserve or permanent lines.

I have said very little of the various naval telegraphs.

Among the rude Vikings of the northern seas signals were made with banners, and by blowing trumpets and horns.

In an account of the invasion of William the Norman we are told that he signalled his ships by means of trumpets.

The ship of the commander of a fleet could always be found in the old tapestries and old engravings by the illustration of a trumpeter at the prow of a vessel. The old system of telegraphing from one ship to another was carried on by placing flags in various parts of the vessel; at the stern and at the mast-head. This was introduced in the time of James II. Sometimes terrible mistakes were made. The pendant is a well-known flag in ships of war. Its usual length is twenty yards; whilst it is only four inches broad at the mast-head. Its history is generally understood to be this: After the defeat of the English under Blake by the Dutch fleet under Van Tromp, the Dutchman carried at his mast-head a broom, in token that he had "swept the seas" of all her enemies. Afterwards Blake defeated the Dutchman, whereupon the English Admiral in command hoisted a long streamer from his mast-head to represent the lash of a whip, and as a token that he had "whipped" his enemies off the sea.

In the year 1801 the clumsy system of signalling in the navy was somewhat simplified by the method introduced by Sir Henry Popham. Admiral Nelson was requested by the Admiralty to experiment with this system and to report upon it. As every Englishman knows, just as the English vessels were in line of battle in Trafalgar Bay, Nelson signalled to the captains of his fleet, "England expects every man to do his duty."

In laying the Atlantic cable in 1866, all the ships were furnished with flashing signals; and the whole of the difficult and intricate operations of picking up the cable of 1865 were carried out by means of these signals, while the news which travelled to the fleet by cable from England, was transmitted by flashing signals to the ships in company. One of the most interesting of the many experiments which have been made with flashing signals was carried out in 1864, between St. Catherine's Down, Isle of Wight, and the ship *Pigmy*, twenty-four miles out at sea; the results of which were accepted as conclusive that it is possible to transmit a message of twenty words from a look-out ship half-way across the Channel to the nearest English headland in fifteen minutes.

There are many points of similarity between Sir Francis Ronalds' invention and the Greek water-clock telegraph. Sir Francis recommended the use of two clocks with wheels; one at the sending and the other at the receiving station. These clocks were made to drive dials at exactly the same speed, to work isochronously. The alphabet is painted on the dials, which revolve behind a little hole, showing only one letter at a time. The sending and receiving instruments are coupled together by means of an electric wire. Pith-ball electrometres are hung in front of each dial. On the balls being extended by means of an electric current, this signal would cause the receiver to allow the clock to run down. Another signal causes the clock to be stopped. The sender and receiver, starting and stopping the clocks in this way, were enabled to send messages in a remarkably quick manner. This, although not the first electric telegraph, is one of the first invented that was of a workable character. The inventor communicated his ideas to the War Office soon after the battle of Waterloo, and he received an intimation from the authorities there to this effect:—"Now that the war is over, telegraphs will be no longer required."

The telegraphs I have endeavoured to describe are chiefly those used for the purposes of war. Even in this country it was considered by official persons that the arts of peace would not be much benefited by these quick methods of communication.

According to Mr. Preece, an eminent authority on telegraphy, 400 words per minute can now be telegraphed along one wire, as a result of the improvement in recent years of duplex and quadruplex circuits in connection with automatic instruments. When the telegraph service was taken over by the Government a few years ago, 126,000 messages were sent per week. Now the weekly number is 600,000. In press work the increase is most marked; the rate at this period having risen from 5,000 words per day to nearly one million, that is to say, 840,000,000 words of press messages were delivered in 1885.

England has not a monopoly of this useful agent. All prominent countries exhibit corresponding growth. The Japanese even despatch 200,000,000 messages a year.

The telephone is another wonderful advance in telegraphy.

Every Inch a Soldier.

By M. J. COLQUHOUN.

CHAPTER XVI.

DISILLUSIONED.

CAREW passed a long night-vigil at his cousin's bedside. Sometimes the sick man dozed, sometimes he groaned with pain, and sometimes he talked feebly; while his clever and gentle nurse administered restoratives to him. Carew could not but know that the stab which Burke had received might end fatally, for it was a serious one. Would Desmond Burke die in the flower of his youth by the hand of an obscure assassin? What news to send to the old home in Tipperary! There were seven sons in Bally-naslough, all six feet high, and all serving Her Majesty; but this was the youngest, the Benjamin, the best-loved.

Whilst his patient slept, Carew glanced about the tent, the singular appearance of which, added to Louisa's presence there, could not but excite the curiosity of a person of his inquiring turn of mind. He moved a corner of the white sheet which covered one of the heaps which were lying on the floor; underneath he perceived several bundles tied up in the common black blankets of the country, such as are used by the natives. Projecting out of one of these he saw the finely-wrought handle of some metal utensil, apparently of copper. His knowledge of *bric-a-brac* told him that the workmanship on this vessel was antique, and the design rare. Despite his anxiety about Burke, he could not restrain the desires of a true curiosity-hunter, and in a moment more this work of art was in his hands. But he could not determine whether the article, which in shape resembled an ewer, was made of copper or brass; for in the dim light, and from age, it appeared black. Good Heavens! could it be gold? But he would set this point at rest, for he carried in his pocket a small phial of aqua-fortis, which he used for testing the various articles of jewellery, &c. which he from time to time purchased in

the various bazaars of India. He applied the test. Yes, there was no doubt of it. Ensign Wake was the happy man who not only held the first place in the affections of the peerless Louisa, but was the possessor of a most curious ewer. This discovery stimulated Carew to further examination; and under cover of some blankets he found some old leather chests filled with pieces of metal, in shape resembling small bricks, which the acid of his phial proved were also pure gold. Never was an Essex squire more perplexed. His rival was supposed to be a poor man, and yet he found him in the possession of riches worthy of the Great Mogul.

The night dragged its weary length along. Carew dared not, he could not, sleep; for besides the sudden discovery he had just made, there was the astounding disillusion with regard to Miss Page. He was disgusted with himself for having been so easily duped.

Ah! bitter experience! Never again would he trust or love any woman as he had loved her; and she had been so treacherous. Had she not bade him hope, only to deceive him? Had she not allowed him to kiss her dainty lips? Had she not in a thousand ways implied that she loved him and reciprocated his devotion? And he—he had been deceived; he had believed her to be as good as beautiful, only to find, now, that she was simply a worthless woman, without a shred of honour.

At 11 o'clock the next morning Wake returned, bringing with him the civil-surgeon of Delhi, a burly man, with a rough, honest voice. The new arrival hastily glanced round the strangely disordered tent, and then made his way to the bedside of the wounded man. After feeling his pulse carefully he said in a low tone:

"Great loss of blood, with symptoms of fever coming on. We must get him out of this, for the weather is getting hot, and canvas is but a poor protection from the sun. Has he any friends in Delhi to whom he could be sent at once?"

"Yes," said Wake; "my sister, Mrs. Whitby, would gladly take care of him."

"Then," said the doctor with quick decision, "he had better be removed immediately, he can travel in my carriage, and I will see to him on the road."

After examining the wound and replacing the bandages, the surgeon said that there was nothing more to be done, only to get the sick man into Delhi with as little delay as possible.

Carew, on hearing that his cousin was to be moved, at once volunteered to accompany him. He was very anxious on his

account, but, added to this, he was thankful for an excuse to leave Secro, which had become suddenly hateful to him. He felt an aversion to paying a visit to the Page's camp, even to tell them of his contemplated departure; and yet, after the extraordinary terms of intimacy to which he had been admitted by the Major and Miss Page, it would seem a marked, if not ungracious proceeding, if he left without a word of farewell. Still, the Squire felt he did not wish to see Louisa again, he had no desire to upbraid her with her duplicity—what was the good of his so doing? He had been a fool, a blind fool! Nothing could ever rehabilitate her in his good opinion. Never! Never, so long as time should last, would he forgive her!

The servants were called and preparations rapidly made for the approaching journey of the sick man. Wake, who had started a fine stable, offered Carew a mount for the thirty miles ride into Delhi, which he gratefully accepted; for he had been wondering how he should manage to perform the journey. But, while thanking Wake with old-fashioned courtesy, Carew could not resist saying:

"Are you aware that you have picked up a valuable work of art which is not only the purest gold, but of the most antique workmanship?"

"What do you mean?" asked Wake.

"That *chef d'œuvre* of a jug which I saw in your tent."

"Oh!" said Wake, trying to appear unconcerned; "a common bazaar-thing, I picked it up for a few annas."

"Indeed!" said Carew. "I will willingly give you a few rupees for your bargain, if you care to part with it."

"No," said Wake somewhat shortly; "I have a long march before me, and shall require all my chattels."

In common politeness Carew could say no more, but he thought if every ensign in India carried such an amount of valuable property about with him, what a singular place it must be, and what luxury Englishmen affected.

When all was ready, the doctor gave the word for the little party to set off; and no sooner had they disappeared than Louisa rushed into Wake's tent in a state of exoitement, while Wake himself certainly was in no very amiable mood.

"What did the doctor say about Burke?" she asked.

"He said it's a nasty wound, but he has every hope that Burke will, with good nursing, recover."

"Carew went without even coming to say good-bye," she remarked pettishly.

"Worse than that," said Wake. "The prying fool has been

poking his nose everywhere, and has found out the treasure. Luckily there is not much more to bring away, and the only thing that can be done is for you to start from here as soon as you can, and take all I have with you ; and then, if he sets the police on me, there will be nothing compromising to be found."

"Where can I put it ?" asked Louisa.

"When I was in Delhi," he answered, "I saw a house at the back of the Ridge, which is to let. It is called the 'Red House,' and has long been empty, because it is said to be haunted. On looking over it I discovered it to be an old ramshackle place, with several underground rooms, which would suit to conceal the things in. So I took the place in your father's name, paying a month's rent in advance to the native in charge. You must manage to stay there for a time, living camp-fashion, at all events until we have disposed of the property, of which I shall be very glad to be rid, for I have never had so much worry and bother in my life as since I have found that treasure."

"Now that all of the men have gone it would be horribly dull here," said Louisa, "so we may as well go as soon as we can get carts and camels. I am sick of Secro! Heaven knows I never wish to see it again!"

The carriage containing Burke and his medical attendant drew up at the door of the Whitbys' residence. The ladies of the house had been previously informed by Wake of the accident, but were hardly prepared to see Burke so soon, or in so pitiable a condition. It grieved them to behold the wounded man, looking as pale as a corpse, being carried into the house by Carew, the doctor, and some of the servants. He was placed on a couch in the drawing-room, and Florence, coming in and perceiving his pallid features, and his state of semi-unconsciousness, could not withhold her tears. All resentment faded from her gentle heart, all unkind feeling was merged into intense anxiety for his life.

"Oh! Dr. Ingledew," she cried, "he will not die! He must recover!"

"We will hope so, my dear young lady," the doctor answered. "He has youth and a good constitution on his side."

The women, with the tender devotedness of their sex, did all that thought and kindness could prompt for Burke's welfare, and after three days he was sufficiently recovered to hold the following conversation with Florence, who was taking her turn as sick nurse by his side. Taking the small rosy fingers of the young girl in his hand, as she stood beside his couch, he said:

"No, Florrie; indeed it was a mistake. I always loved you

best; and as for Louisa, I do not think much of her. There are some things no fellow can understand. I cannot make out why she tried to entrap me, or where that Wake got all those gold things from."

"What gold things?" said the girl, blushing. "Do you mean a bracelet?"

The young man looked at her.

"Has Wake got a bracelet of yours?" he asked.

"No—yes—that is I once lent—no, gave it him. But I will tell you all about it some other time," she continued, seeing that Burke looked annoyed. "Eleanor is aware of it," she added, "as it was for her sake I gave it, to help him out of some scrape."

Burke looked relieved; the simple, childish face of the girl was so innocent, it was impossible not to believe what she said.

Burke was completely forgiven and reinstated in Florence's good graces. He told her over and over again that she was, and had always been, the only woman he had ever truly loved, and not only was there nothing between him and Miss Page, but he had a very bad opinion of her.

"I wonder what the Whitbys will think of Wake taking up with Unlimited Loo," he said, as he caressed the pretty fingers he still retained. Then, laughing heartily, he continued: "It was as good as a farce to see how she bamboozled Carew. Oh! he was green!"

"But," said Florence, reprovingly, "If you knew she did not care for Mr. Carew, why did you not warn him?"

"Faith, not I; love is stronger than friendship, and he would only have quarrelled with me. Didn't he want to shoot me once, only Louisa prevented him?"

"She did one good thing, at least," said Florence. "What should I have done if you had been killed?"

"My darling, I was in no danger from a bad shot like Carew. If we had gone out, I should have fired in the air."

"How noble of you," said Florence, her pretty blue eyes alight with enthusiasm.

The young man laughed.

"One couldn't have missed him if one tried, for he is as broad as a haystack. But I tell you, dear, the poor fellow is awfully cut up. I had partly spotted Louisa, but Carew had painted her in the most vivid colours of his imagination, and endowed her with all the nine cardinal virtues. By Jove! he finds out she has all the cardinal sins instead!"

"But," asked Florence, "is she really so bad?"

Burke was, of course, too much of a gentleman to tell Florence—an innocent young girl—the scandalous story, which, if spread abroad, would be received with such gusto at the various mess-tables of the garrison. Certainly neither Carew nor Burke would circulate the *esclandre*, although it must soon be known, gossiped about as it would be by the numerous servants of both camps.

"But," continued Florence, "your conversion was very sudden?"

"Rather. It was too bad of her to take up Wake and throw Carew over."

Carew entered, looking very depressed and miserable.

Burke burst out in a cheery tone:

"Och! the top of the mornin' to ye, me darlint!"

"The same to you," returned Carew, smiling in spite of himself. Then, turning to Florence, he added, "Miss Rawley, I am glad to see our patient improving so rapidly, aided by the gentle ministrations of your fair hands."

"Yes," she said, looking as bright as a sunbeam, "he is really picking up now. But I will run away and leave you together for a little while; only don't let him talk too much, Mr. Carew." And so saying, she left the room.

She had no sooner departed than the love-lorn Carew, with a deep sigh, seated his colossal frame on the bed where Burke lay, shaking the frail couch to its very foundations, and threatening to break it down bodily.

"Tare an 'ouns!" roared the invalid. "You are shaking the life out of me! Convey yourself elsewhere, and don't put on that miserable look, man. You are about as cheerful as a gravestone coming to see a fellow! You'll be the death of me—I, who want to ride in the Meernt races next week."

Carew deposited himself in an arm-chair, which he drew up close to the bed.

"I wish you were well," he said, "if it were only that you might arrange a little affair of honour for me."

The Irishman's eyes sparkled! He forgot he was ill and weak, he forgot Florence's parting injunction, and sat up on his couch in a state of excitement.

"I demand the satisfaction of a gentleman from that scoundrel, Wake! I was engaged to Miss Page," he added, somewhat incoherently, "and that fellow has stepped between us in a most unjustifiable manner; he shall not injure me with impunity, however. I will call him out, for this purpose I required a friend; and as I don't know many people here, I called on Captain

Maunders, to ask him to be the bearer of my challenge to the villain!"

"Well done!" said Burke in high glee. "There never was such a fire-eater as you are; but I suppose you know that Wake is a dead shot?"

"That has nothing to do with it, he must meet me. Well, I found Maunders just starting to join his regiment at Meerut, he refused to assist me, and, I think, was exceedingly uncourteous. 'Don't you see, Sir,' said he, 'that my boxes are packed and my carriage is waiting for me to start? And why the devil should I arrange a duel for you, and probably get myself tried by court-martial? Duels are not allowed now-a-days. And besides, by Gad, Sir, why should *you* fight? It's all about some woman, I'll be bound. Go away and forget her, Sir; there never was one of the sex worth fighting about. Besides, it would be a great deal too much trouble, worked to death, as I am, from morning to night; how could I find the time to attend to your affairs?' Now, Burke, I was so angry with the disagreeable old fellow that I felt inclined to fight him; but I had no opportunity, for he got into the mail cart and drove away. Could you find me a second?"

"I don't know," answered Burke. "But, have you seen Louisa since that eventful night?"

"Seen her? No. I'll never see her again."

"I think," said Burke, "it is only fair to her, after all, that you should go and hear what she has to say about the affair. It certainly looked fishy, but she may have some reason to give for being in Wake's tent at that hour of the night. Do you think she was going off with him, and that they were packing up? I pity that poor devil of an ensign if that was *her* luggage in the tent; when I followed you in I could not help wondering at all the baggage which was collected there."

Carew's mind was relieved at the idea thrown out by Burke, that perhaps there might be a reasonable explanation of Louisa's conduct. After all, the poor fellow felt that he still cared for Louisa too devotedly to be able to give her up without a final struggle, and he was delighted at an excuse for seeing her once more. And, moreover, was it fair to break with her without giving her a chance of defending herself?

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HAUNTED BUNGALOW.

It was sunset before the Pages set out on their tedious journey to Delhi, and they travelled slowly on account of the vast quantity of baggage with which they were encumbered, but eventually, after delays and stoppages, they reached the large unfurnished house which Wake had taken for them. From their new abode the beautiful old city could be seen across the river Jumna, where stretched out like a panorama beneath them lay the city walls and gateways, which, with the minarets of mosques, gardens, and flat-roofed houses, formed a splendid picture, once seen never to be forgotten; but Miss Page was but little pleased to find in what close proximity they were to the Whitbys, the yellow-thatched roof of whose bungalow could be discerned near at hand.

The house they had taken resembled a great dilapidated Italian villa, by whom built it would now be difficult to ascertain, for, like most Anglo-Indian abodes, the name of the person who had caused it to be erected had long since been forgotten. The bungalow, with a flat roof surrounded by ornamental balustrades painted white, was a straggling, irregularly-planned building of two storeys. The interior showed, by its zenana compound and secluded women's apartments, that it had been designed for and occupied by one of those semi-Oriental Englishmen who, eighty years ago, founded our power in what was then called the North-West Provinces.

Major Page's servants were more than ever filled with horror when they heard that they were to take temporary possession of this haunted house. They said, "Was it not known that the Captain Sahib who last lived in it had been found killed—run through with his own sword? Was it not publicly reported that should any one's evil fate oblige them to pass the night there that their clothes would be rent, and they themselves beaten by malicious spirits? It was a place in which undisturbed sleep was impossible, on account of the strange and alarming noises which drove slumber from every eye." Even the invaluable and imperturbable Golaub Sing had remonstrated with the Major about it, who merely said in reply that "signs and wonders were the forerunners of the millennium," while Louisa showed a loaded pistol, and said that she would shoot the first ghost who annoyed her.

In spite of protest and remonstrances the Pages established themselves in the haunted bungalow, accompanied by Wake, who,

having removed the remaining treasure, had overtaken them on the road, and now entered into possession with them.

The Asiatic part of the community found some consolation in the fact that they would sleep in their own quarters, far away from the dreaded house, and Louisa and Wake were again only rejoiced at their superstitious terrors, as it would enable them the better to conceal their hoards without fear of interruption.

Much has been written about the disagreeables of poverty, but no philosopher has sufficiently dilated upon the misery attendant upon the possession of riches. Both Wake and Louisa, from being exceptionally careless mortals, were now converted into a pair of suspicious conspirators. Every stranger was to them a robber, every odd noise full of sinister meaning, and where thieves were not feared imaginary informers were dreaded; and though they asserted with some show of truth that they had a right to what they had found, Louisa had a sense of shame, or at least a fear of detection. But her male companion had no such scruples. Large as the treasure was, he had but one regret—that he had not obtained more. Louisa had displayed a great deal of shrewdness and ingenuity in advising Wake as to concealing the property he had acquired in so singular a manner. They had divided their fortune into several portions, so as not to have all their eggs in one basket as Wake had expressed it. The coins and gems, being of a more portable nature, they had already secreted—some in the city of Delhi, some in Meerut, and some in other places. What they had brought to the Red House was the most bulky, and consisted chiefly of the ingots of gold which Wake had ingeniously coated with clay before he brought them from Seero.

The first night after their arrival, when the servants had retired, and the Major was in his usual intoxicated slumber, Louisa and Wake proceeded to those subterranean rooms which had induced Wake to take the house. In one of these, which had evidently been the summer refuge of some member of the fair sex, they discovered a small recess in the wall fitted with stone shelves, reaching from the floor to the ceiling of the apartment, but there was no door to this little alcove. The floor of the place was of clay, and the walls were cased with the same substance.

Louisa remarked: "This dark place would answer our purpose, but we must not bury the things under the floor; for the natives always themselves conceal treasure in that way, and if they had any suspicion they would only have to pour water on the ground, and they could very easily find out if the earth had been lately removed, as the water would sink in quickly."

"Why not use this recess?" said Wake.

"I thought of that," she answered; "but there is no door to it, and we should have to brick it up."

"Well," he replied, "there are a few loose stones and bricks lying about in these cellars, but not enough to do all we want. If we tried to get more from the natives they would wonder what we are at."

"Happy thought! let us mix the gold bricks in with the stones, and plaster all of it over with clay. No one will ever find it out," said Louisa.

Wake consented, and they worked with a will all that night, Louisa carrying most of the treasure down into the underground room, while her companion built up the wall. They filled the stone shelves with valuables, and then carefully walled it in, giving a final coating of the tenacious clay to the whole. Buildings of mud are exceedingly common in India, and even when more solid materials are used, the floors and hearths of Asiatic abodes are covered with wet clay, which is daily renewed by the women of the household for the sake of cleanliness.

While they were engaged in their somewhat laborious task Louisa said:

"What we have put away here is to be *my* treasure. You can have what we cannot conceal."

Wake laughed.

"Well, Louisa, you have got the most valuable portion of the treasure; what we have put here must be worth fifty thousand pounds at least. You can drive in your own carriage and four some day if your ladyship wishes it."

At early dawn Louisa "tidied up" (as she called it), cunningly removing all traces of their handiwork sufficiently to escape the keen-eyed scrutiny of the numerous servants by whom they were surrounded. They made their way to the upper regions at an early hour, before the domestics had returned to the bungalow, and went to their respective chambers. On the way Louisa remarked:

"I hope there was no spy-hole through which anyone could see us. I cannot help fearing the natives will find the treasure and steal it from us."

"They cannot get at all our other deposits," he answered, "even if they discovered this, though I should be sorry to lose any after the bother we have had with it. But I am not afraid; you'll see I'll get my nuggets coined by the Bank of England, and then I shall be a great swell."

Louisa was in a very good humour, "kind as kings upon their coronation day." She was completely overjoyed at this unexpected prosperity, of which she intended to have her full share, and, elated with their success, Wake and she lulled all their fears and suspicions to sleep.

The next morning, after a late breakfast, Wake, who was ostensibly on a visit to the Pages, was looking out of the window when, to his great annoyance, he perceived in the garden the figure of the little old witch who was attired in red and green, and looked as gorgeous as a humming-bird. His brow darkened; he knew that this woman was the only living being who was aware of his connection with the fakir and the lost papers of the Newaub of Doobghur. Certainly no one was likely either to cross-question or believe that drivelling old Pagan, but he feared she might gossip about him to the servants, and in this way tales to his disadvantage would become current, and lead to an official investigation, which he greatly dreaded. He turned furiously upon Louisa, who was sitting reading.

"Why is that old woman here? Who brought her?"

"I did, of course; she had nowhere else to go."

"But I've told you over and over again that she is the accomplice of Thugs and dacoits."

"Oh! that's nonsense," said Louisa. "But if she is dangerous, is it not better to keep her here as a friend, than to make an open enemy of her by sending her away?"

"You shall send her away," cried Wake, angrily.

"I shall not," she retorted, equally wrathful.

And then they quarrelled hotly and foolishly. They were too much alike in temper to be able ever to live long together amicably. They were both passionate, spoiled, wayward; and their squabbles resembled the ridiculous wranglings of a pair of ill-brought up children. Wake was inclined to be domineering, but Louisa's nimble tongue would, in return, inflict wounds which drove him beside himself with anger.

There certainly was something very uncanny about the Red House. The nightly noises in it kept the nerves of the occupants in an extraordinary state of tension. No sooner did they retire to rest than they would hear what sounded like the shutters of the windows of the ground floor, on one side of the house, being violently shaken; but on going to see if anyone was there, no one could be found. At other times they would hear people talking, and footsteps resounding all over the building.

"The servants are playing tricks," said Wake, irritably.

"I wish I could find them out, I would make it hot for them."

"I will find out the trick, if it is one," said Louisa; "though the servants seem to be a deal more terrified than we are."

The disturbances were most insufferable on that side of the bungalow where the zenana compound, or yard, was situated. One night, without saying anything to the servants, Louisa, before retiring to rest, carefully locked the only door which opened from the servants' dwellings into this little court. Then she went to the store-room and, filling her small apron with flour, scattered it over the whole surface of the yard, or court, walking backwards as she did so, that her feet might leave no trace. Then, entering the house, she securely fastened the door behind her.

"There," she said to Wake, who had been watching her proceedings; "no one can cross that court without our finding it out to-morrow morning."

That night the noises were even greater than usual, and very early the next morning Louisa, accompanied by Wake, went to see the result of her stratagem, expecting to find the snowy surface of the ground marked by many feet. But no! The flour lay white and untouched, only in the centre of the yard there was the solitary imprint of a gigantic human foot! There was only this one mark, no other; whether made by human or supernatural agency, they never discovered. The size of the foot far exceeded that of any of the servants, all of whom Wake caused to walk on the flour, so that he might measure the marks made. The matter remained a mystery. The terror of the Asiatics was vastly increased, and they declared that an evil spirit had come, and left this ocular proof of its visit. Needless to say, the noises went on as before.

Some few days after this occurrence, as Louisa and Wake were in the drawing-room, they beheld a stout figure under a large white umbrella, approaching the door. It was 12 o'clock, the fashionable hour for paying ceremonious visits. They both jumped to their feet in surprise, for they recognised Squire Carew.

"Don't admit him, Louisa," cried Wake. "It's like his impudence to come calling here."

"I shall see him if I choose," retorted Louisa, with her usual docility. "It's no affair of yours."

"It *is* my affair, and I will make it mine," cried Wake furiously.

By this time a servant had placed the visitor's card in Louisa's hand.

"Admit the gentleman," she said haughtily to the man, and, quickly following his card, the Squire entered the room.

Wake, not thinking the time expedient for making a scene, hastily left the apartment by one door, as Carew entered by the other.

As her former admirer approached, Louisa saw by his manner that he had come either to reproach her, or demand an explanation. So, before he could say a word, she, taking the bull by the horns, began :

"You needn't go and gossip in Delhi about me, and tell the whole station how you found me in Henry Wake's tent. You may as well know the truth of the matter: I told you once that I had been very foolish, and I tell you now that my folly consisted in falling in love, or fancying I did, with Henry Wake, when he was but nineteen, and I barely seventeen years of age. I am in his power," she continued; "but I love you best, so it is hardest upon me, after all."

"But why did you encourage my attentions?" he asked. "You could not have misunderstood them."

"Because I wanted them," she answered defiantly. "A woman cannot be in love with two men at once. I like you, and I do not like him; although he considers me bound to him. I had hoped that Fate would help us." And then Louisa burst into tears. "I don't want to be an ensign's wife," she sobbed. "I could do so much better, and marry a commanding officer if I chose! Even the general of the division pays me more attention than he does to anyone else."

"You should not talk in that way," said Carew, who could not help feeling a little shocked at her worldliness and heartlessness. "Remember, if you are engaged to Wake, and he truly cares for you, you have your duty to perform to him."

"Duty!" she cried pettishly. "Don't talk to me of duty. Men take very good care to do only what *they* like, and then they preach to women about duty."

"But what are you going to do?" he asked. "Why do you not let the world know the truth?"

"No. I trust to your honour not to repeat what I have told you. I will never live with Wake if I can help it. I am far happier with my poor old father."

"But you must behave honourably," he pleaded, "or break your bonds."

"I wish I could!" she answered passionately. "Wake is going off immediately to join his regiment in the Punjab; I will certainly not go with him; perhaps I may not see him for

a good six months at least, and I trust to the chapter of accidents to rid me of him some day. I hate him!—and I have good cause to do so.”

“Is he such a bad-hearted fellow?” asked Carew, surprised at her violence.

“I am heartily ashamed of him; he is so different to everyone else, always in hot water; always in some disgraceful scrape. He pretends he loves me; and yet he does not mind disgracing himself or me.”

Then, changing her manner, she added:

“But what are your plans? Are you going back to England?”

“Yes; I think I shall after I have seen a little more of India.”

“Oh, how fortunate you are!” she said. “Men are so lucky; they can come when they like, and go when they please, and they never think of the broken hearts they leave behind them.” And she covered her face with her hands, and again wept bitterly.

Carew was deeply moved at the distress and grief of the woman he loved. He forgot her faults; he forgot everything, only that she was in trouble.

“Will you, then, think of me sometimes when I am gone?” he said gently.

“Think of you?” she answered, raising her tearful eyes to his; “I wish to Heaven I could forget you as easily as you will forget me! I know,” she added, blushing deeply, “that I have lost your good opinion. I know that you must have thought it wicked of me to be in Wake’s tent that night. Bad as he is, he has great influence over me; he made me come to see some valuables that he proposed to give me. I love pretty things, and so I went.”

“But,” said Carew, gravely, “why go at night?”

“Oh,” she answered, “he did not wish his servants—or, indeed, anyone—to know that he had those precious things.”

“But how did he get them?”

“He got them honestly enough; they formed part of a treasure which he discovered buried under the ruins of Secro. My curiosity to see those lovely things overcame my prudence; but do not—do not think I went there because I cared for him. You must tell no one about this conversation, or about the treasure. I am pledged to secrecy about it—only I saw in your eyes that you thought me a wicked girl; and I would dare anything rather than forfeit your good opinion.”

This confession, which he implicitly believed, raised a great weight off the mind of the simple, honest Squire, who was only

too ready to believe that the woman he had loved, and still loved, had not deserved utterly to lose his respect.

"Forgive my ungenerous suspicions of you," he said humbly. "I will never doubt you again as long as I live."

"I will forgive you, if you can forgive me," she answered.

As she stood before him, her shining eyes, her golden hair, her magnificent figure, made a very picture of loveliness. She really liked Carew, and she seriously coveted his Essex estates, and she was as seductive as a siren as she said, in her low, sweet tones:

"Oh! if I *could* only go with you to England, away from this hateful place, with all its gossip and slander!"

She looked pleadingly into his countenance, and, stooping down, the fascinated Carew kissed her passionately, and then hurried out of her presence, feeling ill at ease with himself, at the breach of honour he had committed in kissing the girl who, he believed, was engaged to marry another man. But he had scarcely quitted the house when Wake re-entered the room, looking like a man absolutely possessed with rage and jealousy.

"How dare you allow that fellow to kiss you?" he stormed. "How dare you lie to him? How dare you trifle with that honest simple gentleman, who, after all, is worth something better than you—a heartless, wicked, and depraved woman!"

"How dared you play the spy and eavesdropper, mean coward that you are?" retorted Louisa.

"What game are you up to now, leading that poor fellow on?" he continued. "I'll stop it, whatever it is, for I will take you with me to the Punjaub."

"I will never go with you—never!" she exclaimed. "I shall go to England, where Mr. Carew will protect me from you."

Wake caught her savagely by the wrist.

"You would drive any man mad!" he said. "But you are only saying this to provoke me."

"I mean to do it," she answered. "Whether you are provoked or not, I shall go to England."

He dashed her from him with an angry oath, and she fell heavily, striking her white forehead against the table near which they had been standing. The blow stunned her; but Wake did not remain to ascertain the result of his violence. He rushed out of the room, and then out of the house, like a man pursued by angry fiends.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SLAVE OF IMPULSE.

THE numerous men-servants loitering in the hall could not help noticing that Wake left the house in a very wild manner, and that he was evidently angry. They had also heard the loud-toned conversation carried on between him and their young lady; but their quarrels were so common an occurrence that this fact alone would have attracted no attention. An old bearer, entering the drawing-room soon afterwards, found his mistress lying white and senseless on the floor, with a stream of blood flowing from her temple; and, horrified at the sight, he called for assistance. The ayah, who had been Louisa's servant for some years, on seeing her condition, declared, with tears and screams, that her young lady was dead; and the men, not deeming an Englishman capable of an act of brutality towards a woman, asserted that this must be the work of those evil spirits who, it was well known, had caused the death of the former occupant of the house.

Major Page was hastily summoned, but his unfortunate condition did not admit of his being able to give any coherent orders about his daughter. Then the servants remembered that the doctor had just ridden past to pay his daily visit to Ensign Burke. 'The Whitbys' house was but a few hundred yards distant, and the ayah, spurred by fear, rushed into it calling for the doctor, and declaring that her mistress was dead: "Murdered, Providence only knew whether by men or ghosts."

Dr. Ingledew hurried off, accompanied by Whitby and Eleanor, who, hearing that some great misfortune had undoubtedly befallen this unfriended girl, felt that in common humanity they were bound to do all that lay in their power for her. When they entered the drawing-room of the "Haunted Bungalow" they found the startling news but too true; for the young Englishwoman was lying, to all appearance dead, on the floor.

The doctor held some brandy to the lips of the prostrate girl, whose ghastly countenance, disfigured by stains of blood, presented a pitiable sight. After he had succeeded in forcing some of the stimulant down her throat, Louisa opened her eyes and, looking wildly about her, said faintly:

"Where am I?"

Eleanor stooped down and said kindly:

"You are with friends, who will take care of you."

Louisa looked at her without appearing to recognise her. They

lifted the girl from the ground and placed her on a settee, while the surgeon dressed the wound in her head, which on examination he found was only a superficial one. Seeing that Miss Page now appeared conscious, Whitby asked her if she could explain how the accident had happened.

"Happened?" she said excitedly. "What *has* happened? I don't recollect. But I am hurt, and Wake did it."

"Impossible," said Eleanor. "He could not, would not do such a thing."

Louisa went on in a somewhat incoherent manner.

"I say Harry struck me! He wants to murder me! He is jealous of me, and I—I hate him." Then she talked disjointedly about "bricks of gold, the witch of Megara," and "the gigantic footstep." But here the doctor interposed.

"Miss Page does not know what she is saying," he said, "she has evidently been over-excited, and that, combined with the blow on her head, has made her delirious. I will mix her a composing-draught, and after she has had a little sleep she will be more reasonable."

The invalid was then conveyed to her own room, and Eleanor, who remained by her until she had fallen asleep, after giving some instructions to the ayah, returned home with her husband.

As she entered her own house she found her brother awaiting her. His wild, haggard appearance confirmed his sister's worst fears.

"What have you done? Are you mad, Harry?" she cried. "What could have induced you to attempt the life of Louisa?"

"Is she dead?" he said. "I almost wish she was."

"How could you dare to strike a defenceless woman? This is worse than all you have done," said Whitby, sternly.

"Yes," added Eleanor, bitterly; "for until now I never thought my brother was a coward."

"What do you mean, both of you? God knows Louisa provoked me past all endurance; but I did not strike her, I pushed her from me, and she fell. I do not defend myself for it, but I was not aware that she was hurt, for I was so ashamed of my mad violence that I immediately left the house."

"It is a bad business," said Whitby, "although it might have been worse; she must have struck her head against the table close to which we found her lying; and the blow might have been fatal. You call yourself an officer and a gentleman, and use violence to an unprotected girl? I never heard of anything more abominable."

"It is very easy for you to talk," said Wake; "but if you saw another man making love to your wife and kissing her, I think *even you* would be beside yourself."

"What! your *wife*?" said Whitby.

"Yes," answered Wake, "I was married to Louisa Page in London four years ago."

Whitby turned to Eleanor.

"Is this true?" he said.

"Yes," she said, "unfortunately it is true; my brother is really married to that wicked woman, who has been, and will be, the bane of his life."

"But why," said Whitby, "why sail under false colours? Why is this not known to all the world?"

"It is not my doing; I am willing enough to own our marriage," said Wake. "Louisa has left me, and now wishes to annul our union if possible."

"Then why do you not leave her to do as she pleases?"

"Because I cannot. I see her faults, I see even her wickedness; but, in spite of all, I would die to-morrow gladly if she would only love me in return."

"But," said Whitby, "you have an extraordinary manner of showing your affection for her."

"It was Carew who kissed her, and I will shoot him like a dog," he said.

By this time Eleanor was weeping silently.

"Don't cry, Nell," said Whitby; "the scamp isn't worth it."

"I cannot forget that he is my brother," she said; "he is always blamed, and yet all this misery comes from Louisa's heartless conduct."

"That is all very well," said Whitby, now thoroughly angry. "But none of this could have happened if their marriage had been made known."

Then turning to Wake, he continued.

"Fancy an officer, who should be a gentleman, beating his wife! What an example to the natives and to your men! You had better leave the army, Sir, before you are cashiered."

"And, by heaven, I will!" answered Wake, white with rage at Whitby's words. "I will send in my papers at once. I have as good a stomach for fighting as any man, and if there were any chance of active service I would *not* resign; but I am sick to death of military discipline—and of everything!"

"To leave the service is the very best thing you can do," retorted his brother-in-law.

All this was intensely painful to Eleanor.

"Go away, Harry," she said, pleadingly. "When we are calmer we will meet again; even now things have been said which can never be forgiven or forgotten."

Wake kissed his sister's tearful face.

"If all women were like you, Nell," he said, "there would be no poor devils like me."

"Don't be dragged down to her level, Harry," said Eleanor. "Pull yourself together, dear, and be a man once more."

"That's easier said than done," sighed Wake, as he left the room.

He rode away from his sister's door, caring little where he went or what became of him.

On the road he met the tall and handsome Willoughby, who said: "Are you still here, Wake? I thought you had gone to join your regiment in the Punjaub."

"I had two months' sick leave," answered Wake, "which is hardly up yet, and then I am allowed a month to join."

"I wish I could get ten days' leave," said the other. "That beggar of a man-eating tiger is playing old Harry near Doobghur, about forty miles from here. I should like to have a shot at that brute; he has been carrying off some poor wretch nearly every day, from the village near which he has taken up his abode."

Wake brightened up, forgetting all his cares for the moment.

"That old shikarry, Lahal Singh, would go with you. The old fellow has taken a fancy to you; he would not look at Carew, but laughed and said, 'Can a mouse kill a cat?' But you are a different sort of fellow, and a good shot."

Wake accompanied Willoughby to the arsenal of Delhi, where they met a spare, aged man, a mere bundle of nerves, who was no less the mighty hunter, Lahal Singh. The old man, laughingly scrutinising Wake, called him a mere youth, and asked him if he was weary of his existence.

"That I am," said Wake, bitterly; "but what is more, I will give you two hundred rupees to go with me to kill that tiger."

This put a new complexion on the affair, and the old man agreed to accompany him, saying that they would first post to Doobghur, after which they must follow the prey on foot. He gave directions that they should take some light provisions with them, and stated that on no account must they light a fire in the jungle. To all this Wake willingly agreed, and that night they started. The Englishman's weapons were a double-barrelled gun and a rifle, while round his waist was fastened a hunting-knife and a bag containing food;

while Lahal Singh's only means of defence or attack was an old sword.

After travelling all night in a dāk gharry they arrived at their destination, a village where they found the inhabitants gathered together in the public square, discussing the tragical event of the preceding night, which was that the village postman had fallen a prey to the devouring monster who kept their hamlet in a state of constant terror. They looked with respectful joy at the old man and the young Englishman, who had come to attempt to deliver them from their deadly enemy. Nevertheless they were not at all hopeful of their success, for many hunters had pursued this special tiger, but he was so cunning and cowardly that he was only seen by those who could offer no resistance to him. The villagers took our adventurers outside their boundary, and in the jungle showed them some human remains, those of the last victim of the tiger. Without losing any time Lahal Singh began to look carefully for the trail of the cruel beast, and, after some time, he was able to discover it. He went through bushes, woods, and waste places, followed by Wake, and they walked in this manner many hours until night-fall. Wake dined upon some biscuits he had brought with him, and then they slept on the open ground. Before going to rest the young man was about to light a consoling pipe, when his guide interfered, declaring that it would betray their vicinity to the enemy. Another day they wandered through the wild region around them, and another night they slept under the stars. In this vast solitude, engrossed by the excitement of the chase, Wake almost forgot the fever fit of passionate rage and jealousy he had lately experienced, there, in constant communion with Nature, far from the love, hate, and avarice of the human race, he felt a different and a better man.

On the morning of the third day they again started, following the track of the tiger. The traces which formed a sure clue to Lahal Singh were so slight that they were invisible to the eyes of the Englishman. About nightfall they had reached the bed of a river whose shrunken stream of water ran between low sand-cliffs, and here, in the moonlight, Wake saw for the first time, close to the river, the footprints of the animal they were tracking.

"Yes," whispered Lahal Singh, "he must be quite near, he has only just passed, and this nullah is said to be his home."

Wake's heart began to beat excitedly; of course he had often been out in pursuit of small game, such as birds and deer, but never before had he ventured to pursue so formidable an animal. He proposed to his guide that he should scale the cliff on the opposite side of

the river, while Lahal Singh watched the ford, but the old hunter was in favour of their remaining together. Heedless of his remonstrance, Wake, impetuous and impulsive as ever, dashed across the river, and ran up the sandy acclivity beyond. Lahal Singh had warned him that the tiger would probably return by the same ford he had crossed, and Wake had no sooner breasted the steep than he saw the head of the animal, whose eyes were looking straight at him from over a bush only a few yards away. The Englishman, carefully taking aim, fired, but could not perceive that his shot had taken effect, for in another second the huge beast made a rush, and he had barely time to drop his gun and seize his knife before the tiger was upon him, and he was knocked down.

Wake thought his last hour had come, but, to his surprise, the monster lay motionless; his spring had been his death-struggle. The young man rose to his feet, and saw that the dreaded man-eater lay dead before him, for the rifle-shot had entered his head. The Englishman now fired off his second gun to attract the attention of Lahal Singh, who soon joined him, and whose delight was boundless on seeing the prostrate form of the defunct tiger.

"By the favour of Providence, you, although a youth, have been able to deliver this village of Doobghur from one who has made many mothers childless," he cried, enthusiastically, and then went on to say that at no very great distance there was a farm, or village, from whence they could obtain men to carry the tiger.

The Newaub of Doobghur, on hearing of the exploit, sent his elephant for the brave Englishman to ride upon. It was the first time that Wake had ever journeyed on one of these unwieldy brutes; his quickly-performed return journey to Delhi resembled a triumphal progress. The tiger, borne by sixteen men, was carried in front of him in triumph, and the villagers on the road came out and joined the procession, jumping and singing for joy before the carcass of their fallen foe; and while they extolled the bravery of the valiant Sahib, they abused the ancestors of the defunct tiger to the seventh generation. As Wake rode along, he could not but consider this a curious freak of fortune; for he was being honoured by the very man who had employed Sims to seek for him, and who claimed the treasure which Wake now possessed.

But before reaching Delhi, Wake sent a messenger to the Pages bungalow to order his servants to pitch tents in readiness for him at Budlee-ka-Serai, and from that place he informed his sister and Whitby of his success in tiger-shooting. The news quickly ran through the three regimental messes that he had, almost unat-

tended, tracked the tiger on foot, and Wake was the hero of the hour; even Whitby, while admiring his gallant exploit, almost forgot that they had but lately called him a coward. Wake was invited to dine at all the regimental messes, who would have vied with each other in fêting him, but he declined their proffered hospitality, and remained in misanthropic isolation in his tent, amongst the crumbling remains of regal splendour, at Budlee-ka-Serai, or, accompanied by Lahal Singh, shot wild geese, now migrating northwards, and innumerable teal, in the marshy land about Nujufghur.

But one day he mounted his horse and rode in hot haste the ten miles into Delhi, almost without drawing rein; he went to the Post Office, and to its care entrusted a letter pregnant with his fate. He had sent in his papers, and announced his determination of no longer serving Her Majesty. This, like all the other actions of his life, was the result of an impulse.

It was in such a mood that, when a boy, he had run away with Louisa Page; it was in another he had enlisted; and it was by no premeditated action that he had killed the fakir. His treasure-hunting had been far less prompted by calculating avarice than by a sudden impulse to acquire riches for his wife, whose love of money he well knew, and who, he hoped, would return to him if he were wealthy. And now, in a fit of pettish anger, he had thrown away the commission acquired for him with so much difficulty, for his wayward nature rebelled against the control and subordination absolutely requisite in military life. His thoughts would continually wander to the Haunted Bungalow; he longed to see Louisa, but shame and anger prevented him from going to her. In a vague way, too, at times, he thought of the treasures hidden away, but, having ample money for all his present inexpensive needs, he determined to put off to a more convenient season any course of action by which he could remove and dispose of the enormous amount of property of which he was the fortunate possessor.

(To be continued.)

The Battle of Iquique, May 21, 1879.

AN EPISODE OF CHILIAN NAVAL HISTORY.

THE following account of the battle is taken from Señor Arana's *Historia de la Guerra del Pacifico* (1879-1880), published in Santiago in 1880. Readers should bear in mind that the author wrote not long after the event, and that it is the gallantry of his own countrymen that he commemorates.

It will, however, be convenient to give, in the first place, a summary of the position of affairs at the time.

Chile declared war against Peru on the 5th April 1879, and at once despatched her fleet, under Admiral Rebolledo, to blockade Iquique, which was the principal port of the Peruvian province of Tarapacá, and garrisoned by over 3,000 troops. On the 16th of May the Chilean Admiral sailed northwards for Callao* in order to engage the enemy's fleet which was stationed there. As he did not anticipate that any serious effort would be made to relieve Iquique, he took with him the whole of his force, with the exception of the *Esmeralda* and the *Covadonga* (commanded respectively by Don Arturo Prat and Don Carlos Condell), which he left to continue the blockade of Iquique; both of these ships being deemed to be too much out of repair to be fit for active service.

It so happened that, on the evening of the same day, the Peruvian ironclads, *Huascar*† and *Independencia*, under Don Miguel Grau and Don Guillermo Moore, started from Callao for the south, conveying President Prado and a strong body of troops to Arica. But as the Chileans kept well out to sea in order to avoid observation, while the Peruvians, on the contrary, hugged

* The distances between Callao, the port of Lima, and Valparaíso, the principal port of Chile, are as follows :—

Callao to Arica	-	-	-	-	605 miles
Arica to Iquique	-	-	-	-	109 "
Iquique to Antofagasta, the head-quarters of the Chilean Army	-	-	-	-	235 "
Antofagasta to Valparaíso	-	-	-	-	607 "

† The same that had an engagement with H.M. ships *Shah* and *Amethyst*, under Admiral De Horsey, at Ylo, on the 29th of May 1877.

the coast, the hostile squadrons passed one another *en route* without either being aware of the proximity of the other.

When President Prado disembarked at Arica, he learnt that Admiral Rebolledo had gone northwards, leaving only the *Esmeralda* and the *Covadonga* to blockade Iquique, and that the entire coast of Chile was unprotected by any men-of-war. It was accordingly decided that the *Huascar* and the *Independencia* should straightway go to Iquique and capture the *Esmeralda* and the *Covadonga*; then proceed to Antofagasta and destroy the Chilean camp there and the transports in the harbour; and afterwards devastate the undefended coast.

The execution of this plan seemed easy enough, considering the relative strength of the ships on either side. The *Huascar* was an ironclad monitor of 1,180 tons and 800 horse-power, carrying four Armstrong guns: viz. two 300-pounders on a revolving turret, and two 40-pounders on deck. The *Independencia* was an ironclad frigate of 2,004 tons and 550 horse-power, carrying 22 guns, viz. two 150-pounders, twelve 70-pounders, four 9-pounders, rifled, and all on the Armstrong principle, the remaining four being 32-pounders. As against these, the Chileans had only the wooden corvette *Esmeralda*, launched in 1854, of 850 tons and 200 horse-power, carrying eight 40-pounders; and the *Covadonga* (also unarmoured), captured from the Spaniards in 1865, of 412 tons and 140 horse-power, carrying two 70-pounders.*

The Chilean commanders, Prat and Condell, were not a little astonished when, on the morning of the 21st of May, they saw the two formidable Peruvian vessels steaming towards Iquique, fully confident of making an easy capture. Resistance seemed almost out of the question, but it was nevertheless unanimously resolved at a hastily summoned council of war, to fight to the death. "The Chilean flag never strikes," was the order.

Señor Arana thus describes the fight that ensued:—

"The *Huascar* bears down upon the *Esmeralda*, whose engines

* The above are the figures given by Señor Arana. In the *Statesman's Year Book*, 1878 and 1879, the vessels are described as follows: *Huascar*, monitor, built on the Clyde, 1865, carries on revolving turret three guns throwing shots of 500 lbs. weight. She has 4½-inch armour from stem to stern, and, when in action, rises only 6 inches above the sea-level, with the further defence of being able to hurl streams of boiling water on an enemy attempting to board. *Independencia*, ironclad frigate, built at Poplar, 1865. She has a stem constructed as a ram, and the armament consists entirely of Armstrong guns constructed on the shunt principle; viz. twelve 70-pounders, of four tons each, on the main-deck, and two pivot-guns, 150-pounders, weighing seven tons each, on the upper deck. These latter guns can be fired on a line even with the keel. *Esmeralda*, screw corvette, of sixteen guns. *Covadonga*, steamer, of four guns.

are in such bad condition that she can scarcely move, while the *Independencia* pursues the *Covadonga* as she retreats towards the south, maintaining all the time a well-directed fire from her guns. The people and the garrison of Iquique watch the unequal contest, and the batteries open fire upon the *Esmeralda* from the shore; to these, Prat, with imperturbable calmness, replies with his guns and rifles. The conflict continues thus for more than two hours. The fire of the *Esmeralda* has no effect upon the Peruvian monitor; and the captain of the latter is confident that the Chilians, convinced of the uselessness of sacrificing themselves, will at last strike the tricolour which they have hoisted.

"But Prat is not so minded. The unceasing fire from his guns tells the enemy that Chilians never surrender. The Peruvian commander then directs his steel stem against the old hull of the *Esmeralda*, hoping to cut her down with his ram. Prat seizes the opportunity to jump on to the deck of the *Huascar*, calling out to his crew, 'Board!' But the two ships part. The only one able to follow him is a sergeant of the name of Aldea, and they both fall like heroes under the storm of bullets which the invisible enemy pours upon them from the hatchway.

"The gallant death of Prat stimulates the ardour of the junior officers. The *Esmeralda* is strewn with shattered corpses; her engines, flooded with water, no longer work; but no one thinks of anything save fighting to the end. Lieutenant Don Luis Uribe takes command to the cry of 'Chilians never surrender!'

"Meanwhile, the *Huascar* again bears down upon the corvette in order to completely disable her. Second Lieutenant Don Ignacio Serrano gathering together some twelve or fourteen men, leaps on to the monitor, resolved either to conquer or to perish in the attempt. This attack can, however, have but one result, their destruction; and in fact the brave fellows are mown down by the leaden hail from the turret and parapets."

"Still the *Esmeralda* keeps up the fight. Even when, rammed for the third time, she gradually fills and sinks, her gunners, under midshipman Don Ernesto Riguelme, fire a last discharge with the cheer, 'Viva Chile!' After nearly four hours of desperate fighting, the Chilian flag is the last thing seen to disappear beneath the waves."

The *Huascar* had sustained some slight damage and lost one officer, but her thick armour was not pierced. Her sole trophy of the combat consisted of about sixty Chilian sailors whom she rescued as they were floating on the surface.

This was but half of the day's drama. "Farther to the south, the

Independencia pursues the *Covadonga*, and her shots hull that weak little vessel in many places. The Chilian commander is, however, animated with the same spirit as his heroic comrades on the *Esmeralda*, and keeps up the fight with equal resolution. His well-directed fire sweeps the deck of the *Independencia* at each discharge, although it is unable to pierce her formidable armour. Manœuvring with an intimate knowledge of the coast and of the small draught of his vessel, Commander Condell goes boldly over the sunken rocks and draws on the Peruvian frigate until at last she strikes upon the reefs. Notwithstanding that his ship is making water in every part, he returns to the *Independencia*, and does not quit the scene of action until he sees that she is a total wreck and that the *Huascar* having sunk the *Esmeralda*, is coming up at full steam to render a tardy assistance to her companion."

The *Covadonga* then sailed for Antofagasta, where she arrived without further mishap, and gave an account of the various vicissitudes of the action, an action more worthy of an epic poem than a plain prose narrative. A few days sufficed to patch up her injuries so as to enable her to proceed to Valparaiso to get thoroughly repaired.

Cartridges for the Fighting Line.

By Capt. A. B. WILLIAMS.

IN spite of the injunction of the Drill Book, and bitter experience in actual warfare, no real effort has yet been made to organize the issue of ammunition to men actually engaged in the fighting line. It is true that at some Aldershot field-days the men's pouches are not filled beforehand, and a half-hearted apologetic effort is made to issue a few extra rounds by means of bandsmen with double havresacks; but these attempts come very far short of meeting the serious and emergent requirements of close contact with the enemy. The bandsman was, until lately, supposed in action to devote his attentions to the wounded, but this idea is now quite exploded, as it is found absolutely necessary to have specially-organized bearers for this serious work, and the sooner the idea of employing the musician haphazard on ammunition duty is exploded the better it will be. The experience of recent campaigns demonstrates incontestably the paramount importance of well-sustained infantry rifle-fire. That fire must be fed, and, in the more critical phases of an action, the slightest increase or diminution of the hail of bullets may decide the question of success or disaster. It needs no argument to assert this; no historical records need be searched for examples to prove the value of rifle-fire action; the fact is patent to all military minds, but, as yet, the military mind has not seriously devised a workable method for the maintenance of that fire-action.

The theoretic bandsman tending the wounded has been supplanted by the skilled stretcher-bearer; the sentimental but effete methods of rendering first aid to the injured have given way to scientific treatment under a system of able organization. This is most humane and admirable, but surely attention to the wounded will never win a battle, whereas the want of attention to an efficient and plentiful supply of cartridges will most likely cause the loss of one. Therefore, the latter is more important, as the loss of an

action entails much more suffering in every way on the defeated army, losses are heavier, and consequent disorganization defeats the most humane efforts to relieve the misery of the wounded. Success must be, and should be, assured. It will never do to wait till the last moment to endeavour to arrange details which should be systematised and practised carefully in peace time. We must never again hear of agonised efforts to open cartridge-boxes which, swelled with wet, stuck in the opening. Never again must the cry for cartridges be heard without the ready means of supply ; and never again should a British soldier fall without being able, to the last moment of life, to pull the trigger of a loaded rifle.

The public mind has, of late, been much exercised about rifles, and especially repeating rifles. It is not necessary here to enter into any part of this wordy warfare, but it may be remarked, as a compromise between the advocates of steadiness and rapidity of fire, that a plentiful supply of cartridges for our present weapon ought to meet every requirement. If a very rapid fire is not necessary, surely fire-discipline should control it ; and if exigencies demand a rapid fire, an organized ammunition-party should sustain it. The Martini-Henry can be loaded and fired rapidly enough, and the act of loading and ejecting the cartridge-case should have a sufficiently steadying influence, but it may well be questioned whether a repeating rifle might not inspire false confidence, wild firing, and increased unsteadiness.

In every action up to the present in which the Martini-Henry has been used, has the British soldier been supplied with as many cartridges as he could possibly and efficiently use ? and, if so, has the fire-action showed a flagging tendency demanding greater rapidity ? If not, then the opinion may fairly be expressed that the time has not come for a repeating rifle, but that serious attention should be given to the better supply of ammunition.

What are the existing means ? and what is the suggested remedy ? are questions in the answering of which a solution of the problem may be found.

Small-arm cartridges, as almost everybody knows, are made up in brown paper packets of 10 rounds each. Fifty-eight of these packets, or 580 rounds, are packed tightly into an oblong mahogany box, lined with tin, the latter soldered down at the opening ; and a sliding lid of the wooden box being closed, a pin is inserted, and the whole is secure. To open the box the lid is shot back (sometimes, not often, it sticks and requires some force), a loop on the tin lining is seized, and, with a jerk, an opening is torn just large enough to insert the hand. So far, so good ; but, on tearing the

tin, a semi-circular flange is left at one side and a jagged edge at the other, quite sufficient, in a moment of hurry, to severely injure the hand. But, even if this difficulty is overcome, the packets of cartridges are jammed in so tightly that some skill is needed to get them out; but, by patience and a little kicking, all will, in time, be unpacked. Now, this is the usual process in peace time, and how must it be intensified in war time? It must be remembered that cartridges are sent thus in small carts right up to the fighting line, and the process of unpacking has to take place, more often than not, under fire. The cartridges are thrown in a heap on the ground, and the bandmen and buglers get them as they can, and run where they are wanted, or, more often, to the nearest part of the fighting line where the cry for cartridges is loudest; but there is no organisation. Some are well supplied, others not. This is no exaggerated picture of what has often occurred; indeed, there is reason to believe, from reports from recent South African wars, that in some emergencies the boxes, swelled with wet, refused to open and had to be smashed with axes to get at the cartridges. If these reports are true, they only emphasise the plea for forethought and proper organization of this really vital matter.

It may therefore be fairly stated that the present means and arrangements for the supply of cartridges to the fighting line are not satisfactory; the cartridges cannot be readily and rapidly unpacked, and, when unpacked, there is a want of proper organisation and system in serving them out. The perfect manner in which they are packed in boxes completely secures them from deterioration in store; but cartridges are not made for store purposes, but for use. What, then, is needed in the first instance, is that all the unpacking should take place beforehand, and the cartridges should be sent into action unpacked and ready for immediate use. The danger of deterioration from leaving the boxes will be very small, for in the first place the solid-drawn case now used very securely protects the powder, and in the next place, in actual warfare, the consumption of ammunition is too rapid to admit of long exposure.

It would not be difficult to devise a modification of the existing small-arm ammunition-cart to meet this suggestion, and by dispensing with the boxes at the base of operations, or even at the reserve dépôt of an army in the field, much waste of both weight and space would be saved. Such a modification of the service cart has been proposed by the writer, which consists in four of the existing compartments being fitted with endless bands over rollers on which the packets of cartridges are packed. By a

turn of a handle fitted to the end of the rear roller, as much ammunition as is required is shot out into a receiving-trough fitted to the rear of the cart, out of which the ammunition-orderlies can replenish their bags without delay. By this simple method the load of the cart is increased from 6,960 rounds, weighing about 9 cwt., to 14,080 rounds, weighing 16 cwt.; or an increase of only 7 cwt. in the load to gain 7,120 cartridges, or to more than double the present capacity without a very serious increase of weight. For the new small-arm ammunition-wagon, which is specially intended for service with cavalry, such a plan for a ready supply is specially needed, as the cavalry soldier cannot carry a great weight, and therefore his cartridges should be exceptionally ready at hand. The same argument holds good with respect to mounted infantry; perhaps, indeed, they have a stronger claim to consideration, as the rifle is their weapon, and must be well supplied. On all hands there is a demand for a departure from the old methods in order to meet modern requirements; and this question of cartridge supply should be carefully considered and worked out, both as regards *matériel* and *personnel*.

But whether this idea of altering the ammunition-cart is adopted or not, there surely should be no difficulty in organizing an efficient ammunition party for each company or battalion, and frequent opportunities should be taken to exercise them in their duties. It is not enough to limit the number of rounds on ordinary field-days, but the opposing forces should be practised in firing as much as they would in actual warfare, and thus a real test could be secured of the efficiency of the ammunition arrangements. If there is an unlimited supply of cartridges, the men will soon become accustomed to it, and the section commanders will get used to checking any waste, and thus the practice of that most important quality, fire-discipline, will be assured.

At a recent tactical field-day by some companies of the 2nd V.B. Royal West Kent Regiment a rough-and-ready method was tried, which gave excellent results. The transport and equipment consisted of two donkeys, each with a pair of basket panniers, and eight orderlies, with havresacks, to each donkey. The opposing forces consisted of two companies each, so there was one donkey with each side, and one pannier for each company. The orderlies were detailed to wait on the sections, and to keep them well supplied. The donkeys followed in the rear, moving easily over rough ground, which would have been at least difficult for wheeled transport, and the firing was sustained quietly, rapidly, and efficiently. The orderlies were properly instructed, and looked after their own

sections only ; so the officers and non-commissioned officers were relieved of all care on this point, and gave better attention to their commands.

Such a simple plan as this would appear strongly to commend itself as being inexpensive and efficient, and, of course, the arrangements could be modified to suit special cases. The principle, however, is urged ; and, it is to be hoped, will not be urged in vain. Our present arrangements are clearly antiquated and unsuitable, and a spirited effort should be made at once to reform them, before it is too late. The experience of recent campaigns should not be thrown away, and those qualified to offer an opinion on this subject should not be silent, but manfully and clearly speak out on a matter involving the question of life or death to many a gallant comrade, and very likely success or disaster to the armies of their Queen or the cause of their country.

The Staff Trumpeter.

THE *Küchen and Taschen* (Kitchen and Pocket) Dragoons had for a long time vexed the soul of Frederick William of Prussia. This corps, which figured in the German Army List under the name of "Household Dragoons," had also been a source of great annoyance to his departed father.

They were a valorous troop, whose principal duties consisted in escorting to and from Berlin to Hamburg the Court-Kitchen Post, carrying letters, and executing other commissions for the Court. For this purpose they had large leather bags attached to the left side of their saddles. However honourable this duty might be, certain it is that it was impossible to maintain among them firm steady discipline. Military ardour and military punctuality were conspicuous by their absence. When other cavalry regiments encountered them they shrugged their shoulders and muttered contemptuous remarks. To the epicurean King their frequent failure in punctuality was a fatal fault. On various occasions, delicacies intended for the Royal table arrived when the dinner was over; then, in a fit of ill-humour, he would have the entire corps called out.

It was not of much avail, however, for when Frederick William I. came to the throne, eight years afterwards, the *Küchen and Taschen* Dragoons, to whom this nickname still clung, failed to give him satisfaction.

Then an opportunity occurred for them to distinguish themselves, at the taking of Usedom, in a way which impressed the King, and made him desirous of rewarding them for their services. He had vague thoughts of making them into a body-guard, and then of forming them into a regiment of Cuirassiers, then, again, of bestowing a pair of silver drums on them. He rejected first one idea and then another, and could not come to any definite conclusion.

He had already ordered drawings of the drums. A model for the uniform had been sent to the military tailor. It never became more than a good intention, for other important events happened, and the reward for merit passed into the limbo of things forgotten.

So time passed away till the year 1715, when the King expressed his intention of inspecting the troops. Although he informed the War Office, the general in command, the division and brigade commanders, and several adjutants, of the intended review, the whole affair was kept so secret that when the trumpet sounded the alarm in the early morning, it took the men completely by surprise.

On the preceding night the officers concerned had been hastily called up. A trumpeter gave the signal, as the regiments generally were quartered in different small garrisons; then the journey began, through the toilsome sand, till, with the first glimmer of dawn, they arrived at their destination, where the scattered squadrons were to join, and, by their punctuality, give a proof of their promptitude and discipline.

Although the affair had been kept so quiet, the Queen had found it out, and when Frederick William entered the breakfast-room, at 2 o'clock a.m., fully booted and spurred, to have his breakfast, he found, to his great amazement, Sophie Dorothea before him and as fully equipped for the expedition as himself.

"Good morning, Fritz," said the exalted lady, graciously advancing to meet him; "have you slept well?"

"Yes, thank you, Sophie, I have slept very well indeed," said the King, kissing her hand gallantly. "You don't seem to have had a good night, or what could have tempted you to rise so early?"

"Quite the contrary, dear Fritz. Health and good spirits are to blame for it. You spoke so loudly when giving orders to your Adjutant last night that I heard nearly every word you said, and then a thought came into my head that would not let me sleep, and made me rise so early."

"Well?" said the King, as his consort ceased speaking.

"Take me with you, Fritz. I should like so much just for once to see a 'surprise.'"

The King opened his eyes wide with astonishment. This was quite a new side of his wife's character, but she knew very well what she was about. She had lately had a little misunderstanding with her husband, and, as she wished to make it up with him, she took a step which she knew with certainty would bring her to the desired goal. She interested herself in his soldiers, and, as his soldiers were everything to him, a portion of favour must also descend upon her.

The charm began to work. Already the King became more gracious.

"I am indeed delighted that you wish to be a true soldier's wife!" he exclaimed, and clapped her so hard on the shoulder that

the sensitive lady winced with pain. "I can't take another carriage. You must come with me in my open *Stuckerkasten*. Sometimes you can hear your bones rattle when it goes over rough and stony roads. You shall ride afterwards. We'll take your palfrey with us."

Then he advanced to the door, and rang.

"Are the gentlemen assembled?" he inquired of the lackey who answered the summons.

"They await your Majesty's commands."

"Request them to come in, then order the horses to be harnessed and say that the Queen's palfrey is to be taken. But first bring in the soup, and lay another cover for Her Majesty, up here, on the right wing—March!"

The lackey flew; then the trampling of feet was heard without, and four stout gentlemen in full uniform entered, each of them holding his hat in the right hand and a stick in the left; they stood at the door, and made an awkward bow. They all looked well-fed; in fact, the broad silver sashes would scarcely meet around their ample bodies, and the legs, which they exhibited encased in long grey gaiters, were of a thickness and shapelessness which bore a strong resemblance, respectfully be it said, to those of an elephant.

From the major upwards, the officers of that period were all stoutly and massively built; and from the major downwards there were many slender and meagre, like the gold with which they were paid. But afterwards they made up for their former privations.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said the King, with a slight nod of the well-powdered head which surmounted his red clean-shaven face.

"Good morning, your Majesty," rang the answer simultaneously, as if out of a single throat.

"The Queen will do us the honour of accompanying us to-day."

The old generals made an awkward bow, which was acknowledged by a very graceful one.

"Where, then, are the other gentlemen? I can hardly imagine they would keep their King waiting."

"It has not yet struck two, your Majesty," replied the Minister of War, Herr von Meerkatz.

At this moment the first stroke of the nearest clock sounded, and several young officers entered the room, the aide-de-camp formally in advance, and placed themselves to the left of their Majesties, in the same manner as the others.

"Ah! on the very stroke of the clock," said the King, recover-

ing his good-humour. "What has detained you so long, Matzebile?"

"The duties of the service, Your Majesty, have occupied me up to the last second. Now everything is ready for starting."

With the sixth stroke the last officer appeared at the door in exactly the same way as his predecessors. The King nodded with a pleased smile. At the same moment two large steaming tureens were brought in, and placed one at each end of the table. Frederick William offered his wife his arm to conduct her to her place.

"Now, then, Gentlemen! take your places; don't let the soup get cold. Help us to some soup, dear Sophie, and you, Malztippel, play the part of *hausfrau*, and serve the soup at the other end."

In spite of the earliness of the hour, quite a sumptuous breakfast was on the table. Mighty slices of juicy ham, a cold leg of lamb, eels in vinegar, sausages of different kinds, cheese, fresh butter, and crusty bread; everything on the table was in hospitable profusion, including half a flask of strong Hungarian wine placed before each cover, which was replenished as soon as emptied. However economical the King might be in other matters, he certainly did not starve his guests; from the royal table none were sent empty away. If any of them slightly exceeded the bounds of sobriety, they need feel no anxiety. It did not often happen, however, for the old ones were pretty well seasoned, and the young ones were not far behind them.

Fond as the King was of exercising hospitality at home, he was no less fond of partaking of it abroad. To such banquets he was in the habit of inviting himself. Best of all he liked to dine with one of his Generals, after parade on Sundays, when his heart had been gladdened by a sight of his soldiers; then he generally took a large party with him, sometimes several generals and staff officers, so that the poor host's appetite deserted him at the dinner which he was forced to give.

Once the King made a mistake, and invited himself to the wrong house, namely, to the General von Boroche's, who was exceedingly close in his *ménage*, and had ten children to support.

"Well, Boroche!" the King said one fine Sunday, "I invite myself to dine with you to-day; but we'll go to a restaurant, so as not to inconvenience you. A party of gentlemen will accompany me."

Old Boroche's spirits rose.

Then the King wended his way to the "King of Portugal," at that time the celebrated resort of *bons-vivants*: old Boroche on

his left, as the hospitable host, followed by a merry party of staff officers, who gladly took advantage of such windfalls. Frederick William ordered the best dishes and wines, as a matter of course, and when the feast was at its height he threw a quizzical side-glance at old Boroce, as it amused him greatly to make a deep hole in the stingy old fellow's purse.

When the banquet was over, the General asked for the bill.

"There," he said, putting a couple of thalers on the table, "that is for me and His Majesty. I have not invited the others."

The King laughed and paid the whole score, but he never invited himself to dine with old Boroce again.

As each one finished his plate of thick hare-soup, the cold viands were handed round, and were done good justice to. The wine, too, flowed freely, but when the gentlemen's faces began to flush, the Queen rose, and they all followed her example. Then the lackeys preceding them, carrying lights, the party proceeded to the courtyard where all was in readiness for departure.

In the first waggon were Frederick William and Sophie Dorothea, in the second the Minister of War, Von Meerkatz, and the commanding General, Von Kühling; in the third, Von Zalusky, commanding the division, and Von Schwellengreble, in command of the brigade. The adjutants and ordnance officers distributed themselves in the rest of the waggons. Ten steps in advance went two torch-bearers, in the rear the four trumpeters, who were to sound the alarm on every side, and the servants leading the saddle-horses.

"Forwards!" cried the King, "and at a good pace; we have a full quarter of an hour to make up."

The whips cracked, the waggons rumbled, the horses started in a trot, and away they went through the dark streets of Berlin; then out over the still darker fields, on the road to Nauen and Bützow. When they arrived at their destination it was still night.

The King ordered a halt, and directed the trumpeters to go to the four different battalions of the dragoon regiments which were to be inspected. One of them was close at hand, the others farther away. He had considerably let the bugler ride on in advance, so that the alarm should be given at the same moment in the different localities. The place of rendezvous was known to every soldier; and when the alarm was heard, they each hurried to the spot by the shortest way.

The King gazed intently into the darkness; the trumpets rang out shrilly on the still air, farther than the duller-toned bells,

which could also be heard at some distance. The first trumpet sounded in the distance across the field, then the second, third, and fourth followed in quick succession.

"They will soon be here now," said the King. "May I request you to mount?"

A few minutes saw them all in the saddle; another fifteen minutes passed, day began to break in the east, the torchlights burnt dimmer, and soon were entirely extinguished.

The waggons retreated a short distance, and the little group gazed intently in silence in the various directions in which the regiments must come, to assemble at this point.

First of all the trumpeters returned enveloped in clouds of dust. Another ten minutes, and several dragoons came tearing up at a frantic pace, as if the devil himself were behind them. One was fastening a buckle here, and another a strap there; one had lost his cap, and another his stirrup; but they all rode with sparks flying out, till they reached the well-known ground, where they at once formed themselves into squadrons, which continually augmented till there were no more to come, and Colonel von Tucholka intimated that the regiment was assembled.

Some of the dragoons felt very proud that their King had brought his whole suite, and even Her Majesty the Queen. The others shivered; they knew, to their cost, what to expect if a mistake occurred to-day. The King was a strictly just man, a perfect soldier, but stern and severe to the last degree. Anyone failing to do his duty received such a "wiggling" that it took him a week to get over it.

Frederick William looked at his watch and gave a contented nod; the regiments had assembled in a shorter time than the regulations allowed. Then the staff trumpeter gave a blast ex-cruciatingly out of tune. The King, although he had but little ear for music, made a grimace, and everyone looked as if they felt a sudden twinge of toothache.

The manœuvres began now in real earnest; the horses snorted with exhaustion; words of command rang out from the brilliant mass; but the dry ground sent up such clouds of dust that nothing was to be seen but a heavy grey veil, which enveloped everything; it was like a cloud thrown over them; when a sharp turn was made, and the regiments suddenly wheeled in an opposite direction, the sun shone upon the glittering troops, drawn up in exquisite order and in full strength. The spectators did not long enjoy the sight; another turn and the grey veil encompassed them again.

The Queen followed all the tactics with the greatest interest, but

when the discordant trumpet was heard, she closed her beautiful eyes for a moment, while the King muttered an imprecation, and the suite moved restlessly in their saddles.

"What is that?" said Sophie Dorothea, suddenly.

The King was so absorbed in the manoeuvres that he failed to hear her question, so it was repeated.

"Fritz, tell me what does that mean?"

"What, dear Sophie?"

"That man in white among all the blue uniforms."

"Man in white? I don't see any man in white."

"Look! there! A white cuirassier uniform in the second rank of the last troop."

The King now perceived him; till then he had been looking steadily in front of him; the sun, too, was very dazzling; his face clouded immediately, and he turned to the Minister of War.

"What is the meaning of that? How does a cuirassier come amongst the dragoons?"

Old Meerkatz removed his hat with a perplexed expression.

"The cuirassier?" he repeated. "What cuirassier? Where is a cuirassier?"

"There! in the second rank of the fourth troop of the fifth squadron. Can't you see him?"

"Yes, of course!" said the General, who was unable to see the troop at all, let alone a single horseman. "Now I see him; it is incredible, I will at once make inquiries, your Majesty."

Just at this moment the trumpeter gave another exoruciating blast. All the Royal wrath turned again on the offending musician.

"This is purgatorial," said the King. "I can't bear it any longer; it is enough to drive one mad."

"Excellency von Kühling," said the Minister of War to the General in command, "how does the white cuirassier come amongst the dragoons? His Majesty is much displeased."

"I have no idea," was the reply; "but I will at once inquire into it."

Thereupon he rode up to the commander of division, who gave a nervous start.

"General von Zalusky!"

"Great heavens! Yes! yes!" was the startled but unsoldierly reply.

"How did that fellow in white get into a dragoon regiment?"

"Fellow in white?" repeated von Zalusky, in a bewildered manner.

"Can't you see? Have you suddenly become short-sighted? The cuirassier."

This supposition made the General at once brim over with zeal. Who could allow that he was short-sighted? This would mean dismissal from the service.

"See him, Excellency? Of course, I see him! I—I 'll look into it immediately."

Then he wheeled his horse suddenly round, and dashed so wildly up to the commander of the brigade that he lost his stirrup.

"General! what is the meaning of this? What a lack of discipline in your brigade! there is actually a cuirassier among the dragoons—His Majesty is highly indignant; it is incomprehensible to me how it could have escaped your notice so long."

General von Schwellengreble was a hot-tempered and ambitious man, who did not like reflections on his performance of his military duties. Although he had not yet rightly comprehended the circumstance, he forthwith proceeded to act.

"Incredible! Scandalous!" he blustered. "Will inquire into it immediately and report to you General, *Himmeldonner! Donnerhimmel!*" Then he gave his chestnut a couple of slashes that made him violently kick up his heels, and then dash wildly forwards into the cloud of dust.

"Colonel!" he screamed, so loudly that his voice broke, "Colonel von Tucholka! Where is Colonel von Tucholka? Colonel! inform me of your whereabouts."

"Colonel von Tucholka!" repeated the zealous officers, taking up the cry, "Colonel Tucholka, the General wishes to speak to you; inform us of your whereabouts!"

At last the cry reached the Colonel's ears; he immediately became much more excited than his predecessor.

"At your service, General!" said a voice from out the thick cloud of dust. "Where is the General? May I ask you to repeat your order?"

At last, violently excited, they rode up to each other, black with dust and perspiring profusely.

"Colonel von Tucholka!"

"General von Schwellengreble!"

"What sort of discipline is this in your regiment? This is an unwarrantable proceeding; how did that white dragoon get among the blue cuirassiers?"

"White dragoon among the blue cuirassiers?" louder still screamed the other, with a face as if he were unable to believe his own ears.

"Rubbish!" said the General; "you seem to be hard of hearing, the blue dragoon among the white cuirassiers."

This was equally incomprehensible to the Colonel; he got quite wild with excitement.

"The blue dragoon among the white cuirassiers?" he repeated.

"Stuff! You are quite at sea, Colonel von Tucholka; attend to what I am saying, the white cuirassier among the blue dragoons."

"The white cuirassier among the blue dragoons?"

"His Majesty is furious. You are to account for it; you must know about it."

Upon this the Colonel remarked that, in his opinion, the whole regiment was riding to the devil.

"D——n it!" he roared, "I will make a full report, but first I must have the regiment brought back. Excuse me, General!"

Then he galloped up to them and gave the order.

"Major Schwucht von Zinken!" he bawled, as he fell in with the Major on the way, "there's a white fellow among the dragoons; fetch him out; the King is furious. I have no time to see to it!"

The Major was also quite thunderstruck at this remarkable statement.

"A white fellow!" he growled; "how could a white fellow get here?"

Then he looked about, and at last saw him in the fourth squadron; but try as he might he couldn't get near him.

"Why should I dislocate my bones with rushing about," he thought; "I'll turn it over to the Equerry."

Then he shouted—

"Herr von Portugal! In your last troop there is a cuirassier; His Majesty is furious; look into it and report."

Then he galloped away.

The Equerry dashed off to his fourth troop as if possessed; he had hardly got up to them when he heard a voice giving an order.

"Lieutenant von Resemechel!" he called out to the officer, "you have a cuirassier in your troop; how is that, Sir? What the devil's the meaning of it?"

The next moment the order was given to wheel to the right, and the Equerry got hopelessly entangled with the troops, which enraged him still more.

"The devil fly away with them!" muttered Lieutenant von Resemechel; "if they only came singly, but how on earth can one overlook a troop in this confounded dust; the non-commissioned officers, it appears, have not even examined their troop."

He, therefore, remained near his men: the principal object was

Colonel von Tucholka was unable to let well alone.

"Your Majesty enquired about the man in white," he said; "he is a tailor's assistant of the name of Nunkel. Your Majesty will recollect you wished to make the Dragoons into a regiment of Cuirassiers, as a reward for the taking of Usedom."

Here a light broke in upon the King; he began to understand the story. It was most annoying to him, that he should have forgotten the circumstance; to cover it he turned to the Queen with the air of not paying the least attention to what the officers might say.

"Your Majesty sent a pattern tunic to the regimental tailor, who handed it over to Nunkel to copy, and it remained with him, as the order was afterwards countermanded; to-day, when the alarm was given, Nunkel in his haste put it on, instead of his blue dragoon uniform."

"Therefore he shall be staff trumpeter!" said the King, as Tucholka finished speaking. "I am very much pleased with the regiment; express my gratification also to the men. Good morning, Gentlemen!"

He raised his hat, helped the Queen into the waggon, and drove back to Berlin without saying another word.

It thus happened that the Dragoons became possessed of a trumpeter that could not blow a note. But it did not last long. Six months later the King made the brave corps into a cuirassier regiment. Then they wore white tunics with orange facings, and their head-quarters was at Königsberg in Prussia. The staff trumpeter Nunkel he changed into the regimental tailor, to which he was much better adapted.

The Royal Navy.

FROM THE ACCESSION OF H.M. THE QUEEN.

By ROBERT O'BYRNE, Barrister-at-Law, F.R.G.S.

(Continued from page 90, Vol. XIII.)

HAVING discussed the position of the various grades of naval officers, from the Admirals to the Chaplain's List, as affected by the various Orders in Council issued by the Board of Admiralty from 1837, it is now proposed to take into consideration a class which all but originated with the commencement of Her Majesty's reign—the ENGINEERS.

On the 19th of July 1837 the Admiralty announce that having had under their serious consideration the situation of the ENGINEERS, and being of opinion that it had become necessary to place this description of officers on a permanent footing, in the same manner as the Gunners, Boatswains, and Carpenters, with such rank and pay as appeared to be fitting for persons charged with the performance of such important and responsible duties, they proposed to regulate as follows:—

That Engineers should be appointed by Admiralty warrants, or warrants from Commanders-in-Chief on foreign stations, in vacancies occasioned by death, in the same manner as other warrant officers; that they should be distributed into three classes, and that they should rank next below Carpenters, and with each other according to their standing on the Official List; and that they should be allowed the following rates of pay:—1st Class Engineer, £9 12s. a month, and sixpence a day for each apprentice or boy that may be placed under his instruction; 2nd Class Engineer, £6 16s. a month; 3rd Class, £4 18s. And further, that when serving within the tropics they should be allowed half the amount of pay of their classes in addition, during the time steam is up, or when they are employed on repairs; and that they should be entitled to extra pay (2s. a day), as Warrant Officers, when

employed to repair the defects of other steam-vessels than those in which they are serving. When borne on the books of the guard-ships of the Ordinary of different ports, for harbour service, and not so employed, the following to be the rates of pay:—1st Class Engineer, £6 6s. a month; 2nd Class, £4 4s.; 3rd Class, £3 8s; and to be allowed to retire upon superannuation upon the usual Warrant Officers' scale.

Before any person should be eligible for an appointment as Engineer he should be required to pass such examination as the Board may from time to time think proper to require, before the Chief Engineer and Inspector of Machinery, or such other officer as may be appointed for that purpose.

With the view of encouraging the education of youths as Engineers, four classes were to be established of apprentices, or Engineers' boys, with the following rates of pay:—1st Class, £1 14s. a month; 2nd Class, £1 6s.; 3rd Class, £1 8s.; 4th Class, 14s. 6d.

On the 5th of July 1838 the Board having had under their consideration the pay allowed to Engineers, and being convinced from experience that it was insufficient to secure the services of competent persons to fill that important station, determined to increase such pay as follows:—1st Class Engineers, £12 a month; 2nd Class, £8; and 3rd Class, £5 6s.

In 1842, it being considered desirable that in all steam-vessels, except those employed in the mail steam-packets on the Home Stations, there should be as many Engineers' boys as there are Engineers, and that the pay of the Engineers of the 2nd Class should be somewhat increased by placing boys under their instruction, with an allowance of sixpence per diem for each boy; the pay of that class was increased accordingly.

On the 27th of February 1847 the Board having again had under their serious consideration the situation of the Engineers, with the view of providing and maintaining an effectual body of these officers, so essential to the support of the steam-navy, and having carefully compared their position and allowances with those of the Engineers in the East India Company's and the mercantile service generally, as well as those in the service of foreign Powers, came to the conclusion that as the prospects and emoluments of the Engineers of the Royal Navy afforded so little encouragement, it had become absolutely necessary to make a considerable addition to their pay, and at the same time to improve their condition and position with reference to the other ranks of naval officers, in order to procure a sufficient number of Engineer officers thoroughly competent to take charge of steam machinery.

With these objects the Board adopted the following arrangements:—

Engineers to be classed in three divisions, to be denominated Inspectors of Machinery Afloat, Chief Engineers, and Assistant Engineers.

The two latter divisions to be sub-divided severally into three classes, viz.:—

Chief Engineers, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Classes.

Assistant Engineers, Ditto.

And to be considered to belong to the civil branch of the naval service, and to rank and be appointed as under-mentioned, viz.:—

Inspectors of Machinery Afloat to be appointed by commission, and to rank with, but after, Masters of the Fleet.

Chief Engineers to be appointed by commission, and to rank with, but after, Masters.

Assistant Engineers to be appointed by order, and to rank with, but after, Second Masters.

The scale of net pay to be as follows; the amounts in brackets denote Harbour-Service pay per month, as distinct from Sea pay:—

Inspectors of Machinery Afloat, £25 per month (£13 15s.).

Chief Engineers—1st Class, £20 (£11); 2nd Class, £16 (£8 16s.); 3rd Class, £14 (£7 14s.).

Assistant Engineers—1st Class, £12 (£6 12s.); 2nd Class, £9 10s. (£5 4s.); 3rd Class, £8 (£4 4s.).

On the 4th of April 1856 their Lordships, in revision of the preceding Regulations, and in recognition of the fact that the Engineers now formed a most important class in the navy, decided that Chief Engineers should be placed on the same footing as Masters, whenever it could be done with benefit to the service, instead of as hitherto ranking after, though with, them; and that the rates of full and half pay now given to Masters should, with slight alterations, be made applicable to them. They therefore abolished the existing system of dividing the Chief Engineers into three classes, and to grant a higher rate of pay to such as were qualified to serve in 1st or 2nd Rates, than to those not so qualified, and to make their pay increase with the length of service.

The Chief Engineers then in the 1st Class were considered as qualified for 1st or 2nd Rates, and all Chief Engineers to retain their then pay, if exceeding that allowed by the proposed new scale.

Chief Engineers not employed in sea-going ships to be granted half-pay in lieu thereof.

The following shows the scales of full pay and half pay secured to the Engineer officers under this Order in Council:—

FULL PAY.—Inspectors of Machinery, when appointed to take charge of the machinery of a fleet or squadron, £365 a year; Inspectors of Machinery, £328 10s.; Chief Engineers, above twenty years' service, if qualified for 1st or 2nd Rates, £328 10s.; above fifteen years, £282 17s. 6d.; ten years' service, £237 5s.; six years, £209 17s. 6d.; less than six years, £182 10s.

HALF PAY.—Inspectors of Machinery Afloat and Chief Engineers, above twenty years' service, if qualified for 1st and 2nd Rates, £237 5s.; above fifteen years, £182 10s.; above ten years, £146; above five years, £109 10s.; under five years, £91 5s.

On the 22nd of February 1860 the Board of Admiralty, having again under its consideration the condition of the Engineers, ruled as follows:—That all time served as Acting Chief Engineer, and four years of time served as Assistant Engineer, should reckon towards the increase of full and half pay.

By these regulations, Inspectors of Machinery Afloat appointed to take charge of the machinery of a fleet or squadron should receive £1 2s. per day, and Inspectors of Machinery, under other circumstances, £1; Inspectors of Machinery to receive same rates of half pay as Chief Engineers.

Chief Engineers, having less than five years' service, 10s. 6d. a day, half-pay, 5s. 6d.; having less than ten years, 11s. 6d. full pay and 6s. half pay; having less than fifteen years, 13s. full pay and 8s. half pay; having less than twenty years, 15s. 6d. full pay and 10s. half pay; having less than 25 years, 18s. full pay and 13s. half pay; having more than twenty-five, £1 full pay and 15s. 6d. half pay. Engineers qualified for charge, with less than five years' service, 10s. a day full pay; with less than ten years, 11s.; with more than ten years, 12s. Assistant Engineers, 9s. a day full pay and 5s. 6d. harbour pay; 2nd Class, 7s. 6d. full pay and 4s. 6d. half pay; 3rd Class, 6s. full pay and 3s. 6d. half pay; when in charge of engines, to be allowed 1s. per day in addition. The widows of Engineers qualified for Charge, having above ten years' service in Charge, to be allowed a pension of £40 per annum.

In 1861 Pensions to Assistant Engineers were fixed as follows: Assistant Engineers qualified for charge after ten years' service and upwards, to be allowed a pension of £5 10s. for each year's service as such, the maximum not to exceed £180 per annum; Assistant Engineers of less than ten and above five years, £5 for each year served; and under five years, £4 10s. Assistant Engineers not

qualified for charge, having five years' service and upwards, to be allowed pensions according to their classes: 1st Class, £4 10s. for each sea-service year, £3 for each harbour-service year (maximum £110); 2nd Class, £4 and £2 10s. (maximum £90); 3rd Class, £3 10s. and £2 (maximum £70). Assistant Engineers entering the service after the date of this Order in Council (26th June 1861), and having less than five years' previous service as such, not to be considered eligible for any pension, but to be allowed in lieu thereof a gratuity of £10 for each year's servitude in that capacity.

In 1862 the salary of the Engineer in charge of the machinery in the dock and victualling yards of Deptford was raised to £400 per annum.

In 1863 it was ruled, that looking to the great responsibility and arduous nature of the duties entrusted, extra pay should be granted to all Engineers in charge of engines, at the following rates: When in charge of engines of 200 horse-power 1s. a day, under 400 horse-power, 1s. 6d.; under 700 horse-power, 2s.; and in excess of 700 horse-power, 3s.

In 1864, Inspectors of Machinery afloat, and Chief Engineers, were ordered to be removed from the Active List on attaining the age of 60, or previously if proved to be physically unfit for service, they having the option of retiring at the age of 55 on half pay.

In July 1866 the new rank was created of Chief Inspector of Machinery Afloat, such officer to rank with Paymaster-in-Chief and Secretary to the Admiral of the Fleet, and to be paid full pay at the rate of £1 7s. 5d. a day, or £500 7s. 1d. a year, these appointments to be held by the three Inspectors of Machinery Afloat for the Steam Reserve, whose pay was increased accordingly, and by the two Assistants to Chief Engineers in the Steam Factories, whose salary of £400 a year was increased to £500. The pay of the other Inspectors of Machinery Afloat was increased to £1 4s. 8d. a day, or £450 3s. 4d. a year.

By this order the widows of Engineers were granted an ordinary pension of £40 a year in the event of their not being entitled to the special rates of pension established for those whose husbands had been slain in action, drowned, or killed on duty, or who had died from the effects of any injury or disease caused by extraordinary exposure or exertion on service within six months after being first certified to be ill.

The children of Engineers were granted the following compassionate allowances: From £5 to £10 a year ordinary compassionate allowance; from £6 to £12 a year if the father had lost

his life in the execution of his duty ; and from £8 to £14 a year if the father was killed in action, or died within six months of wounds received.

Having arrived at the conclusion that it would be advantageous to employ mechanics in the engine-rooms of Her Majesty's ships in lieu of junior Engineer Officers, and to substitute such mechanics, whom they proposed to designate "Engine-Room Artificers," for the then existing class of Chief Stokers, their Lordships obtained the necessary Order in Council (dated 28th March 1868), giving to the Artificers the rank of Chief Petty Officers, with pay at the rate of 5s. a day for the first three years, and of 5s. 9d. a day afterwards, and the ultimate pension of a Chief Petty Officer.

In February 1869, owing to certain alterations in the constitution of the Board of Admiralty, including the merging of the office of the Controller of the Navy with that of "Third Lord," it became expedient to abolish the office of Engineer-in-Chief, whereby a saving of £900 a year was effected ; while in the case of the Engineer's Assistant the salary was advanced from £550 to £600 per annum. The salary of the Surveyor of Factories and Workshops and Consulting Engineer was at the same time settled at £800 ; that of Master Shipwright and Engineer at Portsmouth at £700 ; and that of Assistant Engineer raised from £400 to £500 a year. The place of Chief Engineer, Portsmouth, was done away with.

The post of Engineer-in-Chief it was found necessary in August 1872 to re-establish (simultaneously with that of Controller of the Navy) at a salary of £700, rising by annual instalments of £50 to £900. In connection with the newly-created office of Surveyor of Dockyards, there was at the same time appointed an Engineer's Assistant at a salary of £600, graduating (by annual rises of £20) to £700. By Order in Council, 12th Dec. 1873, we find the office abolished of Engineer and Millwright at Devonport.

In October 1875, in consequence of the change which had taken place in the classification of the Marine Engines on board Her Majesty's ships, the "indicated" horse-power having now become the gauge of the engines instead of the "nominal" horse-power, as heretofore ; the annexed scale of charge-pay was substituted for the one previously existing : for the charge of engines on board ships in commission, under 1,000 indicated horse-power, 1s. per day ; under 2,000, 1s. 6d. ; under 3,000, 2s. ; under 6,000, 3s. ; and of 6,000 and upwards, 4s.

Engineers and Assistant Engineers in charge of engines of ships not in commission to receive, as hitherto, a shilling a day.

In April 1877, important changes were made in the numbers, pay, position, rank, retired pay, and pensions of the Engineer Officers of the Fleet, with the view of securing the highest mechanical skill and scientific knowledge. Thus, the full pay of Chief Inspector of Machinery was increased from £1 5s. to £1 12s. a day, their half pay from 16s. to 18s. a day, and their maximum retired pay from £450 to £500 a year. The number of Inspectors of Machinery was increased from five to seven, their full pay being advanced from 25s. to 28s. a day, and half pay from 16s. to 17s. In the case of Chief Engineers, the number was increased from 170 to 220, and the full pay to the following scale per day: under five years' service from 12s. to 13s. (including junior service allowed), under eight years to 14s., under eleven years to 15s., under fourteen years to 16s., under seventeen years to 17s., under twenty years to 18s., above twenty years to 19s., and for each additional year of service 1s. a day more, until the maximum of 22s. was reached. The half pay remained as before, with the exception of officers under five years' service, whose half pay was augmented from 6s. to 6s. 6d. a day. No Chief Engineer was to receive less retired pay than if he had continued to be Engineer up to the date of his retirement. At the discretion of the Admiralty, Chief Engineers retiring after thirty years' meritorious service on full pay, might be granted the rank of Inspector of Machinery.

As related to "Engineers," their full pay was increased after three years' service as Engineers from 9s. to 10s. a day, and after six years from 10s. to 11s. a day. In ships with engines of 3,000 indicated horse-power and upwards, the Senior Engineer was to have an additional 1s. a day, his half pay to be increased by 6d. a day after three years' service. The retiring age to be 45, or any age if they had not served for five years, or were found physically unfit for service; the retired pay to be on the following scale: Engineers qualified for promotion, for each year's service on full pay, £7 10s. (maximum to be £50); for each year's service on half-pay, £3 15s. Engineers not qualified for promotion, for each year's service on full pay, £6 10s. (maximum to be £130); for each year's service on half pay, time of Assistant Engineers on probation not covered by commission not to count for retired pay. With a total of twenty years' service on full pay, Engineers might, at the discretion of the Board, be granted upon retiring the rank of Chief Engineer, provided they were qualified for promotion, and had served creditably.

Next, as to Assistant Engineers: 1st and 2nd Class Assistant

Engineers were to be merged and styled "Assistant Engineers." After four years' service, they were allowed to pass for the rank of Engineer, and after five years' service to be eligible for promotion. Their full pay, after one year's service, was to be increased from 6s. a day to 7s. 6d. a day; their half pay, under three years' service to be advanced from 8s. 6d. to 4s. a day; over three years' service to be 4s. 6d. a day. They were to be retired at forty, or at any age, if they had not served for five years, or been found physically unfit for service; the retiring pay to be under three years' service, £20 a year; above three years, £25; and for each year's additional service on full pay, £5 (maximum to be £50). For each year's additional service on half pay, £2 10s. All additional time granted for 1st or 2nd Class Certificates at the Royal Naval College, to count in all respects as service as Assistant Engineers. The number of Engineers and of Assistant Engineers was to be reduced, so as eventually not to exceed 600, and this as quickly as possible.

The provisions relating to Engineers and Assistant Engineers in the Order of Council of 22nd February 1870, were cancelled. The words "Engineers" and "Assistant Engineers," in Clause 16 of the Pension Regulation established by Order in Council of 12th February 1876, were cancelled; as was also the whole of the Clause 18, with the exception of the last paragraph. In regard to relative rank, Chief Engineers of more than ten years' seniority were to rank with Commanders, according to seniority; the seniority of the Chief Engineer to date from attaining ten years' seniority in that rank. Chief Engineers of less than ten years' seniority were to rank with, but after, Lieutenants of over eight years' seniority. Engineers of over eight years' seniority were to rank with, but after, Lieutenants of less than eight years' seniority. Engineers of less than eight years' seniority were to rank with, but after, Sub-Lieutenants, according to date of commission. Assistant Engineers to rank with, but after, Sub-Lieutenants.

At the same period, in consideration of the responsibilities entailed on Engineer Officers by the extended application of steam machinery, a new rate of pay was granted to Engineer officers in charge of the engines of ships in commission of 8,000 indicated horse-power and upwards.

It having been found desirable that the age at which Engineer Officers were compulsorily retired, should, under circumstances of emergency, be extended from 45 to 50, an Order in Council to that effect was taken out in November 1878; the following increase in the amount of retirement being made in consequence: for each

year's service on full pay after the age of 45, £7 10s., and for each year of half pay after the age of 45, £3 15s. (maximum to be £187 10s.). In the case of Engineers not qualified for promotion, for each year's service on full pay, after the age of 45, £6 10s., and for each year on half pay after the age of 45, £3 5s. (maximum to be £162 10s.).

With a view to the further improvement in and modification of the pay of Engineers, an Order in Council, dated 30th November 1882, but taking effect from the 1st of the previous April, provides—that the list of Engineer Officers shall be gradually reduced to 650 or lower (the Chief Inspectors of Machinery numbering 5, the Inspectors 7, and the Chief Engineers 220), and that the full pay and half pay shall be respectively increased: in the case of Chief Inspectors to £1 15s. and £1 a day; of Inspectors to £1 10s. and 18s.; and of Engineers, after 9 years' service, to 12s. In the case of the Chief Engineer, or Engineer-in-Charge of Machinery of an exceptional ship, such as the *Hecla*, though under 3,000 indicated horse-power, an allowance is granted of 4s. a day. The allowance paid since 1879 to Engineer officers required to mess in the Ward-room, to be in future only granted to such officers as may be considered to belong to the Gun-room Mess.

The Ward-room allowance just referred to as to be made to such officers as their Lordships might consider to belong to the Gun-room Mess, was, in March 1883, ordered to be granted only to Assistant Engineers, as all Engineers were for the future to belong to the Ward-room Mess in ships where there was no Engineers' Mess.* It was at the same time ordained that Engineer Messes were to be discontinued as opportunities offered. In such ships, however, as might be commissioned with Engineer Messes, Engineers of eight years' seniority, and the Senior Engineer of a ship commanded by an officer under the rank of Commander, were to mess in the Ward-room; all others, and Assistant Engineers, in the Engineers' Mess. The number of Engineers and Assistant Engineers was not in future to exceed 418.

In regard to attendance at the trials of ships, we find a regulation made in June of the same year, to the effect that when a six-hours' full-power trial of a new ship was ordered, at the end of the usual Channel cruise, before proceeding on service, an Engi-

* It was afterwards explained in a Fleet Circular, dated 24th April 1883, that it was not intended by the Admiralty that Assistant Engineers should be required to mess in the Ward-room in ships where there was a Gun-room Mess and no Engineer's Mess. In such cases the Assistant Engineers were to mess in the Gun-room.

neer Officer from the Dockyard was not to embark and report on the trial, but an Inspector of Machinery, or Chief Engineer, from the Reserve of the port at which the ship was fitted.

In May 1884 it was ordered that pay, varying from 4s. to 5s. a day, according to circumstances, was in future to be given to officers in charge of engines of 8,000 indicated horse-power and upwards, in consideration of the increased responsibility connected with the larger ships of modern construction.

The following alterations were made in October 1885 (taking effect from 1st April previous), in the regulations under which Engineer officers were allowed to reckon for increase of full pay—1st, junior service to reckon as half-pay time in the senior rank, until the completion of eleven years in that rank, and then as full, as hitherto; 2ndly, an officer compulsorily retired before the completion of eleven years' service in the junior rank, on account of disabilities from causes outside his control, to be allowed to count all his junior service towards increase of retired pay, at the discretion of the Admiralty; 3rdly, no Engineer passed over for promotion to the senior grade on account of unsatisfactory conduct, or failure to qualify for promotion, but who is ultimately promoted, to be allowed to count junior service subsequent to date of being passed over.

In August 1886, it was ordered that a cabin in convenient relation to the engine-room should, when practicable, be appropriated to the Senior Engineer.

Under an Order in Council of 10th November 1886, the number of Fleet, Staff, and Chief Engineers was fixed at 250; the number to be attained by an increase of not more than 10 Chief Engineers in each of the three years from 1st of June 1886; the number of Engineers and Assistant Engineers not to exceed 488.

We will now conclude this article, with the view of emphasising the great value of this class of officers, by a summary of the charges and responsibilities imposed upon every Engineer officer.

The Engineer officer has the charge and is responsible for the maintenance in a state of efficient working order, and, as far as may be, of readiness for immediate use, of the following:—Machinery and boilers of ship and boats; all auxiliary engines for whatever purpose fitted; pumps connected with bilges or double bottoms, and pipes, corks, and valves belonging to them; distilling apparatus; iron gun-carriages; screw-lifting apparatus; turret-turning engines and gear; hydraulic machinery, and gear for guns and turrets; ventilating, steering, and capstan engines and gear; hydraulic jacks; winches for hoisting projectiles worked by steam;

water-tight doors and sluice-valves, including horizontal trap and flap doors, as well as vertical-hinged doors between decks; engine-room fire-extinguishing apparatus; instruments for telegraphing signals; Whitehead torpedoes and submerged discharging tubes and gear; and such other parts of the hull and double-bottoms as are in his charge, either wholly or jointly with other officers.

He is entitled, on application, through his Captain, to the officers of the dockyard when fitting out, to be furnished with any information not already in his possession respecting fittings, and also with drawings showing the positions of the pumps, valves, and cocks, and the leads of the suction and delivery pipes, which are to be returned to the dockyard on paying off; and he has to be careful that all the fire-extinguishing gear is stowed in accessible places, and that the Engineer officers and the engine-room complement are kept fully instructed in these important particulars.

He is, through his Captain, to furnish the Inspector of Machinery, or the Engineer Officer of the Dockyard, with such written reports or returns as they may require relative to the state of the machinery and boilers in his charge; and whenever any of these officers visit the ship, he is to afford them every facility, and all the information in his power, to enable them effectually to carry out the duties entrusted to them.

He is to practise the greatest economy in the consumption of articles in his charge, consistent with the efficient workings and due preservation of the engines, taking care that they are only used for the purpose for which they have been issued.

Engineers under one year's seniority and Assistant Engineers are not employed in keeping Engineer's accounts, as it is desirable that they should be employed on such duties as give them knowledge of their profession, and as much experience in the working of machinery as possible.

The Engineer has to keep the Engine-Room Register, filling up the several columns daily, and carefully following the directions given in the book. The Engineer Officer of the Watch has to certify, by his initials, the correctness of the entries made in the register for the period of his watch; and each day's proceedings are to be verified by the signature of the Engineer Officer.

He has to be very careful in giving full weight to all the attendant circumstances when forming his estimate of the probable durability of boilers, for records in the Engineer-room register; being entirely responsible for the safety of boilers under all conditions, whether they are in good order or are worn and thin, this responsibility being in no way lessened by his having reported their

actual state and estimated durability in the register, nor by any report from Dockyard Officers that they are fit for further specified work. He has, therefore, to keep himself at all times thoroughly acquainted with their state, and when they are worn and thin he is to use every effort to keep them fit for work with safety, until the defects can be effectually made good.

He has to report to his Captain, should he at any time consider it necessary to reduce the load on the safety-valve; and with his approval, and the sanction of the senior officer present, the load is to be reduced accordingly. The amount of the reduction, and the reasons for making it, are to be stated in the Engine-room Register, and reported to the Commander-in-Chief, for the information of the Admiralty.

The Engine-room Artificers and the leading and other Stokers are under the immediate directions of the Engineers of their respective watches; the Engineer Officer is responsible for the general decorum, good order, and cleanliness of the Engine-room, and he has to see that the Engineers and the other persons employed under his control perform their duties with promptitude and to the best of their abilities.

The Engineer Officer is, when going into, or out of, harbour, or through any intricate channel, or while performing any evolution, when special care is requisite to execute with promptitude the orders given from the deck, to attend himself in the engine-room, and to be responsible for the due fulfilment of the duties there. He has, moreover, to visit the Engine-room repeatedly at other times during the day, and at any time, either by day or night, when his presence and service may be rendered necessary by any accident or other cause.

He has, when under steam, to cause the temperature of the coal-boxes to be ascertained, and noted in the Engine-room Register once at least every four hours, and once every twelve hours when not under steam, unless the temperature in them is found to be increasing, when it is to be obtained as often as considered necessary, until the temperature is reduced to its normal condition.

If in a ship where there are one or more inexperienced Assistant Engineers, he has to make arrangements that all important matters of engine-room duty be superintended by himself, or by an Engineer Officer in whom he can place confidence. He is to take every opportunity of instructing the inexperienced Engineer officers in the duties of the engine department, and he has to use his best endeavours to make them efficient.

The Engineer officer has the further responsibility of supplying coal and wood to the ship for culinary purposes, and oil for lighting purposes, taking a receipt from the Accountant Officer quarterly, or upon that officer's removal.

Whenever a ship is under factory repair, the Engineer Officer has personally, or by his assistants, to watch the progress of the factory or contractor's work daily, from its commencement in the morning to its cessation in the evening; and he has further to be responsible for the arrangements necessary to prevent danger from fire and lights. He is to allow no accumulation of clothes or of any matter liable to spontaneous combustion; and although he is in no way to interfere with the factory people, he has to report to his Captain if he observes any idleness or bad workmanship on their part. He has also to keep order both with factory and contractor's men, by reporting any irregularity.

“On Leave.”

THE Conference between the Colonial delegates and the Home Government was inaugurated by a public gathering at the Foreign Office a short time since under the presidency of Sir Henry Holland, Secretary of State for the Colonies. Lord Salisbury, in an excellent speech, among other things, said: “The defence of the Empire involved exertions on the part of the colonies, as well as on the part of the mother country. Their interests were common, and they might well consult, so as to direct their common efforts to the most salutary end for the purpose of securing constant communication between all parts of the Empire.” And further on: “He was very far from suspecting or believing that the rulers of any of the great countries of Europe were likely to commit any act of violence upon our distant territories; but they could not shut their eyes to the desire amongst European nations for Colonial possessions, the facilities for the immense development of naval and military resources, and the power, by the aid of science, of bringing to bear combined forces upon a single point. All these things had brought the various distant parts of the Empire within the sphere of possible aggression. The Colonists had a real and genuine interest in this defence, and a ground for joining with the mother country in making this protection, which did not rest upon sentimental attachment to the mother country, but upon the most solemn and reasonable considerations of self-interest and security. . . . What the Imperial Government desired was that every part of the Empire should be equally safe and prosperous and glorious, and for that end they desired that all should take their part in advancing the defence of the Empire.” Many other excellent speeches followed, especially that of Lord Granville. This, which was the first Council of the Empire, was attended by the representatives of our kinsmen from distant lands, and all hope with Lord Salisbury that the movement now begun will end “in the spectacle of a vast empire, founded not upon fear and subjection, but upon hearty sympathy.”

The Easter Manœuvres of the Volunteers have passed off admirably. Our citizen soldiers have been praised in a General Order issued by the Duke of Cambridge. *Inter alia*, His Royal Highness says: "I was particularly pleased to notice the excellent fire-discipline, and also the quiet manner in which the men moved and were handled while engaged under fire." Further, His Royal Highness "was struck with the soldier-like appearance of the battalions which marched into Dover on Saturday afternoon. The men were finishing a long march, and their smart marching, discipline in the ranks, and absence from straggling, were deserving of all praise." In Sir Archibald Alison's official report on the manœuvres of the Volunteers at Aldershot, he says: "I cannot allow the Volunteer battalions who have formed part of the division this Easter to leave Aldershot without recording the pleasure it gives me to testify that in behaviour, discipline, and zeal at drill, they have kept up the high reputation which the force has gained in past years in this command . . . One point in manœuvring to which the Lieutenant-General would like the Volunteers to direct, if possible, more attention, is the necessity of preserving the most strict fire-discipline in the latter stages of the attack. Nothing tests this so much as perfect silence in the ranks, and the correctness of the sectional volleys. The result of the practice at the ranges made by two battalions while here, shows that what is wanted to make the Volunteers good average shots is very careful position drill."

The Chinese Government possesses a torpedo-boat which, for her size, is decidedly the fastest in the world at the present time, and, moreover, has manœuvring powers almost unique, probably only equalled by the celebrated No. 79 of the British Navy. This torpedo-boat has been constructed by Messrs. Yarrow & Co., and at her official trial attained the remarkable speed of nearly twenty-four knots per hour. She had on board her torpedo armament complete, and ballast to represent four torpedoes, also a fair quantity of coals and twenty-four persons. Those of my readers who are interested in the subject of torpedoes cannot do better than read Lieutenant W. S. Hughes' (U.S. Navy) paper on "Modern Aggressive Torpedoes" in *Scribner's Magazine* for April. Lieutenant Hughes has adopted the word "aggressive" to distinguish the mobile torpedoes of the present day from those employed as stationary submarine mines. In this highly interesting paper Lieutenant Hughes says "the most noted torpedo-boat builders of the world are Messrs. Yarrow and Messrs. Thornycroft of London." One of the illustrations shows the *Falke*, a

boat recently built by the Messrs. Yarrow for the Austro-Hungarian Government. It is 135 feet long, 14 feet wide, draught of water 5 feet six inches, and attained on the trial a speed of $25\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour. The armament consists of two Nordenfeldt machine-guns, carried on deck, and two bow-tubes for discharging White-head torpedoes. There are also illustrations of the Italian second class boat, and the torpedo-boat recently built for the Government of Denmark, both by Messrs. Thornycroft. There is an illustration and descriptive account of the noted steam-yacht *Stiletto*, designed to be used with torpedoes, which may be taken as a representative of the American type. Also the formidable torpedo-vessel built by Captain John Ericsson, named the *Destroyer*, together with illustrations, and an account of this distinguished engineer's other inventions. The description of the mechanical features of some of the most approved torpedoes and torpedo-vessels is admirably and clearly set forth, and all who read Lieutenant Hughes' paper will rise from its perusal with the conviction that it was written by a master-hand.

Those who are interested in Thackeray—and there are many—will find in this number of *Scribner* the first instalment of a collection of unpublished letters of his—letters which cannot fail to amuse by their wit, humour, and quaint illustrations.

The Prince of Wales' Theatre is now under the management of Mr. Horace Sedger, and the success of *Dorothy*, transferred from the Gaiety here, continues. Mr. Alfred Cellier's music not only finds fresh admirers, but induces those who have heard it once to revisit the theatre. The cast has lately undergone some changes: Miss Marie Tempest, a charming singer, replaces Miss Marion Hood as Dorothy; and Mr. B. Davies, who was for a long time connected with Mr. Carl Rosa's company, succeeds Mr. Hollins. Miss Dysart, one of the original cast, resumes her place, and, with Mr. Hayden Coffin still here, an admirable quartet is formed. Mr. Arthur Williams' performance of the Bailiff is as good as ever. *Dorothy* is admirably staged and goes as smoothly as possible. Mr. Horace Sedger is to be congratulated on this his first success, and the care and arrangements he has made for the comfort of his audience has added not a little to the popularity he has already gained.

The Harbour Lights continues to delight crowded audiences. It has now reached its 450th representation, with every likelihood of attaining its 1,000th. Mr. Sims and Mr. Pettitt have written a drama that appeals very strongly to an English audience, especially an Adelphi one. Commencing with the over-

ture, which is frequently applauded, till the curtain falls on the fifth act, there is not a dull moment. It may be mentioned incidentally that *Harbour Lights* was principally written in Portsmouth. Most of it was prepared at the Queen's Hotel in the autumn of 1885. Lord Robert Bruce, a retired naval commander, took Mr. Pettitt over the *Minotaur*, which was then lying in Portsmouth harbour, and explained everything in detail. Mr. Pettitt returned to London, where he joined Mr. G. R. Sims, and together they worked away diligently at the play. Subsequently he paid another visit to Portsmouth with Mr. Gatti and Mr. Bruce Smith, the well-known scenic artist. They again visited the *Minotaur* while the business of the ship was going on, and there on the deck they worked out the details of the third act. At the first production at the Adelphi theatre nearly all the people on the deck were men of the Naval Reserve, and the officer of the watch was played by Lieutenant Wyatt, Royal Navy. Mr. Pettitt had the satisfaction of knowing that the trouble he took to secure an accurate representation of duty on board ship was not thrown away, for the Duke of Edinburgh said the scene on board H.M.S. *Britannic* was the most perfect ship-scene he had ever witnessed. *Harbour Lights* has been witnessed by more than a million people, and the receipts are as good now as during the first week. The acting of the company, from constant practice together, is now as perfect as it can be. Mr. William Terriss' performance of Lieutenant Kingsley could not be improved upon. His bearing and manner are precisely what you expect to find in a naval officer; he delivers his speeches with perfect naturalness, and from the very commencement enlists the sympathies of the audience. For natural, unaffected, and truthful acting, I commend the study of this character to histrionic aspirants. Miss Millward plays Dora Vane with refinement and artless simplicity. All the other characters are admirably sustained. The plot is the old story—the course of true love never did run smooth—and the audience, who follow and watch every incident with the keenest excitement, are not satisfied till the character of Lieut. David Kingsley R.N. is cleared, and it is plain that he will be married to Dora Vane. Then the audience depart conversing and criticising the drama and the actors in so cheery and delighted a manner as to leave no doubt that they have thoroughly enjoyed themselves and that the piece has come up to their highest expectations.

When an attempt is being made to force on the public exotic actresses, it is pleasant to know that Mr. Robert Buchanan has written an English comedy founded on Henry Fieldings' famous

romance, *Tom Jones*, and that this comedy, *Sophia*, is performed by actresses and actors who have attained their high position as first-class artists by legitimate means, that is, hard-work and study, not by being professional beauties, or who have succeeded by *chic* in obtaining the support of a certain class of society. The part of *Sophia* is played by Miss Kate Rorke with singular refinement and finish. Miss Rose Leclercq is the very embodiment of Lady Bel-lasis, and brings all her finished art and ripe experience to delineate a very difficult character. Miss Sophie Larkin as Miss Western is to be commended—it is a clever portrayal of a somewhat artificial and eccentric character. But what of Molly Seagrim? a character that if over-acted would in these days not be tolerated. Miss Helen Forsyth displays sound judgment for keeping the character within due bounds, while its individuality is never lost sight of. As a specimen of *genre* or character-acting we have seldom seen anything better. With her pretty winsome face and pleasant voice and talent, Miss Forsyth should take a prominent and foremost position in her profession. Mr. Thomas Thorne's Partridge is, perhaps, one of the best characters he has ever played—perfect in conception; and his brother, Mr. Fred. Thorne, as Squire Western exactly realises the character and peculiarities of this not over-refined English squire. Tom Jones and Bliffl were excellently acted by Mr. Fuller Mellish and Mr. Royce Carleton—the frankness of the former and the deceitful sanctimoniousness of the latter formed a striking contrast, productive of much merriment. Those who have the interest of the stage at heart cannot do better than visit the Vaudeville, where they will see an English comedy performed by a body of artists in a manner that will satisfy the most exacting critic and convince him that the ladies and gentlemen who take part in this comedy are artists in the highest sense of the word.

Miss Fanny Leslie will, I regret to say, shortly leave the Strand to make way for a comedy company. She will carry away with her the good wishes of a host of friends. Her performance of Jack is a very clever and finished one, and, like a true artist, she has improved the character by the introduction of many artistic touches. Whatever critics may say to the contrary, a large portion of the theatre-going public are very fond of melodramas, which appeal directly to their sympathies. Miss Leslie has been fitted to a *t* with a character that exactly suits her; and when her friends and admirers in the country will allow her to return to London, Jack will be heartily welcomed, and all hope to see her in another character written for her by clever Mr. Sims.

I must reserve for the next number a detailed notice of Miss Kate Vaughan's performance of Peg Woffington, merely recording the fact that she has amply satisfied the good wishes of her friends—the Public.

I was invited by Mr. Ladd, of Queen Victoria Street, a gentleman who has identified himself with the introduction of several most useful inventions to come and see the "Foot Lever Copying Press" (Capell and Gaskill's Patent). It recommends itself by its simplicity; the ease with which it is worked, the whole pressure being applied by the foot of the operator; and by a simple construction working in conjunction with lever, the pressure on Letter Book can be retained any length of time as desired. The time saved by its instantaneous action. For public offices, like the Admiralty and Horse Guards, the Press embodies *special* advantages, the copying clerk having everything ready to hand. The price is just the same as charged for the old and inconvenient letter press—while the grease and dirt connected with the ordinary screw-press are avoided, and which not infrequently forms the fulcrum of fun for the office boy. The Foot Lever Copying Press is as certain to become "the Copying-Press of the Future" as the present one is to be relegated to the stores of antiquity.

In these days, when the art of "blending" has almost become an exact science, and certainly an expensive one—judging from what Brother Bung has lately had to pay for "blending" his beer, it is pleasant to record the fact that the "Bushmills Whisky" retains its pre-eminence for being a pleasant and wholesome alcoholic stimulant, and pronounced by one of the most popular writers of the day as being "mellow and innocuous." The specimen which the proprietors of the famous distillery in Belfast sent me confirmed all I had heard about its excellence, and I advise all those who like good Irish whisky to try "Bushmills Whisky."

I was present at the eleventh annual assault-at-arms of the 20th Middlesex (Artists' R. V.). The programme was of the usual character at these entertainments, and the various exercises gone through, showed the members of the Artists' Corps to be no mean proficient. After the first part, Mrs. Edis kindly presented the silver badges won at the Fifth Annual Competition, held at the School of Arms Gymnasium. After this ceremony was over, Colonel Robert W. Edis, commanding, in a short soldier-like speech, stated the pleasure it always gave Mrs. Edis to attend these gatherings, and the interest she felt in the welfare of the corps. These remarks were loudly cheered, as both Mrs. Edis and the Colonel are very popular with the corps. There was much variety in the pro-

gramme, and a selection of music was performed during the evening by the string band of the corps. The admirable discipline and physique of the Artists' Corps has been so lately and so highly spoken of, that I have nothing to add beyond hoping that it may long retain as its commanding officer Colonel Edis, who uses every effort to maintain the prestige the corps has won.

Messrs. Fores have just published *Humours of the Hunting Field*, by Finch Mason. As may be imagined, these pictures will be thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated by all hunting men. They are all full of humour, and admirably drawn. I know of no greater incentive to conversation during the *mauvais quart d'heure* in a country house, than looking through this last excellent contribution of Mr. Finch Mason's. The pictures cannot fail to remind hunting men of some one they have met, or recall some incident in their own experience.

FURLOUGH.



Reviews.

THE EARTH AND THE OCEAN. By ELISÉE RECLUS. Translated by Professor A. H. KEANE. London: Messrs. J. S. Virtue & Co.

These two solid, handsome volumes, each containing 250 engravings, and nearly thirty coloured maps, and describing the physical phenomena of the life of our globe, have the good fortune to be written by the best French geographer of the day, and translated by the best English geographer, who, moreover, has not only rendered the work into English, but also added a valuable appendix at the end of the Earth volume, giving an exhaustive account of recent geographical exploration. He has further amplified the Ocean volume, to the extent of one fifth, with fresh matter, bringing, in both cases, the whole subject up to date. In most European countries these important works, packed with knowledge of the most useful character, invaluable, and we may add indispensable, to every educated officer ashore and afloat, would be patronized by the State, and copies would be placed in every library belonging to the two services. Aid of this character is not general in this country, but there are occasions when the Admiralty and War Office subscribe largely to a work, and we think that the present case is one in which the enterprise of the publisher should be encouraged by the Government, and copies freely distributed throughout the army and fleet. In Germany great stress is laid upon the study of geography by military men, and it is time that England gave greater prominence to the subject. Officers who are conscious of their deficiencies in this respect, will find these volumes of great assistance, and there are few, even among the most highly cultured, who will not discover therein a vast amount of information, embodying the latest researches of sciences, altogether fresh to them. To attempt to describe the contents is impossible in a brief notice, but we may say at once that the work is a veritable illustrated encyclopædia of information dealing with the earth and the sea, and that there has been nothing like it up to now in English literature. It is a worthy addition to Professor Keane's numerous scientific labours.

THE WORKS OF GOGOL. Translated by ISABEL HAPGOOD. London: Messrs. J. & R. Maxwell.

Russian works of fiction are fashionable just now, and Messrs. J. & R. Maxwell have ministered to the taste this month by issuing translations of three of Gogol's best works—*Taras Bulba*, *St. John's Eve*, and *Dead Souls*—the first-named having an excellent frontispiece portrait of the author. Gogol, the greatest of Russian humorists, occupies a place in Russian literature similar to Dickens, and has exercised an enormous influence on the novel-writers of Russia of to-day. He possessed to a high degree the art, to use his own words, of "laughing a laugh under which are bitter tears, to analyse the mud of trifling things with which life is shackled, and to expose the triviality and meanness of life and man." *Taras Bulba* is as popular in Russia as *Pickwick* in this country, and *Dead Souls* even better known than *Vanity Fair*. The translations are excellent, and will be highly appreciated by military men getting up the language, or studying the condition of Russia; while the publishers have produced the series in a handy and attractive form at a price placing them within the reach of everybody.

TOILERS OF THE DEEP. Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen.

We have received from the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen the first annual volume of its monthly record, *Toilers of the Deep*. The mission is engaged in a useful work; its record is published at the low price of twopence a month, and the volume as well as the monthly parts are worthy of support by those who take an interest in the sea. The illustrations throughout are interesting and varied, and the letterpress very readable.

SALAMBO. By GUSTAVE FLAUBERT. London: Messrs. Vizetelly & Co.

The popular edition of Flaubert's wonderful romance of Carthaginian life, published by Messrs. Vizetelly, has reached a sale of 25,000 copies, which is clear evidence that the translation of Mr. J. S. Chartres has been more favoured by the public than the preceding translation of Mr. French Sheldon's. There is, in reality, no comparison between the two; that of Mr. Chartres being totally devoid of abridgment or emasculation, and presenting to the English public the romance in language identical with that in which it exists in the original.

THE KITCHEN ORACLE. By SAMUEL HOBBS. London: Messrs. Dean & Son.

We are glad to note the issue of a new edition of this standard work on the modern culinary art, by Mr. Samuel Hobbs, formerly *chef* at Messrs. Gunter's. It contains a practical account of "good dinners," and how to dress them, for every month of the year, and the instructions are given in a manner that can be understood by the most obtuse. The latest novelties and improvements in the culinary art are included in this work.

THE MYSTERY OF THE AGES. By the COUNTESS OF CAITHNESS. London: C. & H. Wallace, Oxford Mansion.

Another book on theosophy—the latest "frivol" in the way of religions. Respecting the theory and practice of this watery cult the writer observes: "We can apply to theosophy with equal truth the statement made by Eliphas Levi of magic, that one cannot practice theosophy who does not therein believe; and as it cannot be known without practice, an unbeliever is incapable of understanding theosophy, no matter how much he may assail it with ignorant disputations."

WORLDLY TALES. By J. W. SHERER. London: Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co.

Mr. Sherer has reprinted a dozen capital stories, nine of which originally appeared in the *World* (hence the title), and three in *Home Chimes*. They are short, racy, and pointed; and will be read with relish again, even by those who may have originally perused them in Edmund Yates's paper and half forgotten them since.

THE MOORS IN SPAIN. By STANLEY LANE POOLE. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

This is another addition to Mr. Fisher Unwin's admirable series of works entitled "The Story of the Nations." On more than one occasion we have seen reason to draw attention to the merits of this popular historical library, and the present volume is fully up to the mark of its predecessors. Hitherto the sway of the Moors in Spain has been very scantily dealt with by English writers, and the subject is one that is practically unknown to the general reader. The gap Mr. Stanley Lane Poole, himself the first authority on the subject, has now filled up in the most at-

tractive manner, providing for the reader a graphic account of the career of the Moors, which never flags in interest, and abounds in stirring episodes. The illustrations are numerous and excellent, and the volume is provided with a good map.

THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH. By Colonel FRANK S. RUSSELL.
London: Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

These two solid volumes of military biography reflect credit, not only upon the author of *Russian Wars with Turkey*, but upon the army generally. Over and over again we have called attention to the paucity of such works in our literature, compared with the achievements of Germany, Russia, and France, and have recommended officers of ability to turn their hand to them instead of writing trashy three-volume novels. Speaking generally, military men make a hash of novel-writing; but they usually succeed with historical and biographical works when they take up a subject, which is too rarely the case, and the present life of the Earl of Peterborough bears out this view. Colonel Russell, whose reputation as a painstaking writer is established, has prepared from a variety of sources, many hitherto unknown, a most readable account of one of England's most famous fighting men; and all fighting men, we are convinced, will read the history with profit and pleasure. It is a history which every young officer should read, because England to-day, as in the past, wages war with "all sorts and conditions of men," and no man knew better how to win victory with a rabble than Peterborough, except, perhaps, Chinese Gordon.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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It is requested that ruled paper be used, the pages numbered, fastened together, and a small margin left.

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Reviews of Books and Notes on salient matters connected with the Army and Navy will be continued each month.

THE ARMY AND NAVY MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1887.

Science for Sailors; or, The Mathematician Afloat.

By R. N.

THE report of the Committee on Naval Education, which appeared some little time ago, has, naturally, attracted a good deal of attention; for, although a widespread impression prevailed that things were far from right in an educational point of view, the public were scarcely prepared for the deplorable state of things that has been brought to light. The evidence adduced before the Committee contains nothing, however, that is not well-known to naval officers, who have, all along, been aware of the faulty character of the instruction imparted to young officers in sea-going ships, of the total absence of real training in seamanship, or in the practical duties of their profession, as well as of the gross injustice attaching to the existing system of awarding seamanship certificates; and there is, therefore, nothing new or surprising to them in the statement which has gone abroad, that officers who have never seen a ship tacked, or taken charge of a watch at sea, are, nevertheless, often duly certified as competent "to take charge of any of Her Majesty's ships." To the outside public there must seem something monstrous in such a state of things, and, now that attention has been called to it, there is hope that the Admiralty may see their way to amend a system of education which competent witnesses have spoken of as "deplorable," "the worst in Europe," and as "simply farcical."

Some valuable suggestions as to the direction in which educational reform should move appeared in the March number of the *Army and Navy Magazine*, by "Nimrod," and it is proposed in

the present article to treat the matter a little more fully, and to point out where, in the writer's opinion—and, he may add, in that of many other naval officers—the existing educational system has failed lamentably in fulfilling the object which, it is to be presumed, the authors of it had in view when they first gave practical shape to it. One reason, no doubt, for the lamentable state of things which prevails, is the absence of any proper supervision on the part of the responsible authorities. “We think it not inopportune,” says the report, “to draw attention to what appears to us to be a distinct administrative defect in the present method of conducting the educational business of the Navy. For the Army, a general officer of high standing, with the title of ‘Director-General of Military Education,’ conducts all educational business; but at the Admiralty there is no such officer, nor, indeed, is there any one whose special function is that of directing and harmonising the various branches which comprise the whole educational system of the Navy.” In plain English, naval education has been left to take care of itself.

A stronger condemnation of Admiralty administration has seldom, if ever, appeared in print, and so keenly is this felt by the authors of it that an attempt has been made to qualify in some degree the severity of their strictures by appending a remark to the effect that “The Board may reasonably feel that the details of education lie somewhat outside its special province.” Now, when it is remembered that naval officers are entered at the early age of thirteen, and that their education for the next five or six years is entrusted to the Admiralty, it is somewhat startling to be told that “the details of education may reasonably be felt to lie outside of the special province of the Board.” Who, in the name of common sense, we should like to know, is responsible for the education of young naval officers, if not the Board? The inquiries of the Committee seem to have been principally directed towards the elucidation of three points—1. Age of entry; 2. System of instruction; 3. Character of education most suitable for naval officers. And although, of course, a divergence of opinion exists on these subjects, there can be no doubt that if the Admiralty can only be prevailed on to act on the recommendations of the Committee, naval education will be placed once more on a thoroughly sound basis.

The rock on which the ship of naval education has split hitherto is that of mathematics. There has been an idea abroad for some time past that, with a view to meeting the exigencies of modern warfare, it is essential that naval officers should be “scientific.” Now, we have no desire to quarrel with this laudable ambition; on the contrary, we are decidedly of opinion that it would be to their

own advantage, as well as that of their profession, if naval officers *were* scientific. But then let us settle what we mean by being "scientific," and first let us come to some understanding as to the meaning of the word "science," for without some common basis of agreement on this point we can never hope to make any advance towards a solution of the wider problems involved in scientific education. If we refer to any good dictionary we find "science" defined as "knowledge, comprehension, or understanding: certain knowledge; the whole body of truths or facts known and believed respecting mind and matter; systematic arrangement of the truths or facts known under classes or heads; statement of the laws of mind or matter in definite terms or formulas; knowledge of the principles and rules of inventions, construction, mechanism, &c., as distinguished from art." Now, if this very liberal interpretation of the word "science," was accepted generally by people who advocate scientific education, there would be little room for controversy, but, unhappily a school has sprung up which seeks to narrow down scientific education to the cultivation of a mere talent for formulas, and which, while asserting the somewhat questionable doctrine that mathematical knowledge is the basis of *all* scientific knowledge, has come in course of time to mistake the means for the end, elevating mathematics on to the pedestal of science, to the almost entire exclusion of every other "art or species of knowledge." Now it is this unnatural inversion of the right subordination between means and end that it is our desire to amend, and if clear evidence was wanted of the utter failure of this guiding principle in naval education, it is abundantly afforded in the Report under discussion. This so-called "scientific" education has been pursued with relentless vigour during the past twelve or fourteen years at the great centre of naval education, the Greenwich College, with every possible advantage so far as the means and appliances of study are concerned. The instructional staff is all that could be desired, and if any "science" ever had a fair chance of being successfully cultivated, it is surely that one which is defined as "the science which investigates the relations between different numbers, quantities and magnitudes, and prescribes the methods by which unknown quantities are deducible from known or assumed quantities." But while every student, regardless of personal fitness, is compelled to devote a greater or less amount of attention to it, the peculiar pride and glory of the College, the *spécialité*, in fact, towards the production of which its highest and noblest efforts are directed, is the Gunnery Lieutenant—to be more definite still, the first-class Gunnery Lieutenant. This officer represents in his own

person the finished article, the type towards the making of which naval education is at present moulded. The Gunnery Lieutenant is, in fact, according to his own estimate, and the opinion of the professors, the "bright particular star" of the Greenwich system. We can only judge of a tree by its fruits, and if we take the Gunnery Lieutenants as representing the ripe apples of naval education, we shall be able, after due analysis, to pronounce a definite opinion regarding the educational tree that has produced them.

Taking the standpoint of the profession first, we may say at once that the Gunnery officers are by no means universally regarded as the shining lights of the service; rather otherwise, indeed, in some important respects. The mere fact of being specialists has the effect of withdrawing them in a greater or less degree from the every day duties of their profession to their own serious disadvantage. They are zealous, plodding, hard-working men, but the results of narrowing their studies down to one special groove are too manifest to escape observation. In fact, the gunnery line has unfortunately become associated in many minds with the introduction of short canes and a particular shape in caps, together with a silly attempt to military-ise the naval service by assimilating the dress, gait, and habits of seamen with those of the more showy sister service. And there can be no doubt that the laughable spectacles to which a good-humoured public is sometimes treated, when the small-arm "companies," consisting of a dozen files of young seamen and boys, shamle gravely past to the spirit-stirring strains of a band, and then shuffle through a number of obsolete and utterly useless military manœuvres, to the extreme edification of their sisters, cousins, and aunts, are due to the peculiar phase of "scarlet fever," with which certain Gunnery officers have been afflicted. We do not, of course, mean to infer that there is any harm in trying to emulate the march-outs of the Salvation Army, but there are certain professional requirements usually associated with the British seaman, such, for instance, as management of boats under sail, and good rowing, which suffer in consequence of this too profound attachment of the Gunnery Lieutenant to the military art, which in very truth he may be said to have loved "not wisely but too well." We have served with a large number of Gunnery Lieutenants, and have a very high admiration for their devotion to duty and thorough knowledge of their own special departments; but it is the rarest thing in the world for a Gunnery Lieutenant to be a first-class seaman or officer of the watch, or a good all-round man, though whether this defect is due to the special circumstances of his training, or that the pursuit of higher mathematics unfits the

mind for the contemplation of common-place matters, we do not pretend to say, but the fact remains, and excites a good deal of prejudice against the species of education which produces such results.

Regarded from a wider standpoint, it may be well asked, what has the Gunnery Lieutenant achieved in the way of discovery and scientific research to justify all the labour and expense that has been expended on his higher education? The science of gunnery has not been revolutionised since the establishment of the Greenwich College, while, so far as we are aware, the Gunnery Department of the Navy has not been identified of late years with any remarkable advance in the art of gun-making. In point of fact it cannot be affirmed of the Gunnery Lieutenant that he has set the Thames on fire. Wherein, then, the sceptical inquirer may well ask, lies the advantage of all his higher education? If we may venture to offer an opinion, we would say that one reason for this failure is the cramping influence of the gunnery ships; the subordination of everything to the drill-sergeant. The pedantic love of little things—the awful importance attached to the minutiae of drill—the everlasting straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel so intimately associated in the vulgar mind with the gunnery-ship system would be amusing were it not for the serious consequences entailed. We should be sorry if these playful allusions to certain notorious defects in the gunnery system were to be interpreted into a desire to throw cold water on zealous endeavours to perfect the gunnery-training of the fleet, for we are second to none in our admiration of the improvement which has been brought about by means of the *Excellent* and *Cambridge*. But the Gunnery Lieutenant should aim at a higher standard than that of the drill sergeant. As the highest product of the Greenwich College, he should set before himself a loftier ideal, and remember that there are branches of the naval art, such as tactics, strategy, naval history, and the intricate problems involved in naval operations of war which might well occupy the attention of scientifically trained minds with a view to elucidating matters which receive but scant attention from naval officers generally. The profession looks to these bright particular stars of naval education for light on these and kindred subjects, and if, after all, the Gunnery Lieutenants are found to be ordinary men, whose reading and meditation has been almost confined to one class of subjects, and who, consequently, though they may possess much valuable information respecting these subjects, are by no means so well qualified to judge of other matters as if they had taken a more enlarged view of literature and

science, an impression will grow up that the tree which, after such infinite pains and attention, can only produce such commonplace fruit, is scarcely worth preserving.

But the strongest possible condemnation of the system comes from the College itself—from the human instruments by means of which the higher education is imparted. One of the witnesses examined before the Committee was Professor Lambert, who may be designated as the chief exponent of the “higher education”—the finishing Professor for the bright particular stars of Greenwich, and who, of all others, might be expected to take as favourable a view as it is possible to take of the educational course prescribed for the advanced students. His evidence is remarkable. In answer to the question: “Do you think that the effect of these studies on their efficiency as gunnery and torpedo officers is quite perceptible, and that they make use of the knowledge which you give them at college?” Professor Lambert replied: “Some of them do . . . but the majority of them, I am afraid, have not very much notion of applying what they learn to their future professional work.” Here, then, we have an educational establishment devoting its main energies to the cultivation of a branch of science which the majority of those who acquire it have very little notion of applying to the practical work of their profession. The utter senselessness of such a system is at length, it seems, beginning to dawn on the professors themselves, for we find Mr. Lambert informing the Committee that he has “a scheme for a modification in the existing course for gunnery and torpedo lieutenants,” the chief feature in which “consists in diminishing slightly the time given to pure mathematics and giving considerable attention to some applied subjects.” He says that it has been his endeavour, “of late especially, to make the mechanical parts of the subjects as practical as possible without making them technical, with the object of giving the officers some idea of the application of their pure mathematics,” and proposes a course of lectures, “the aim being to show how the elementary mathematical principles, which the class have already learned in the more theoretical part of their course, can be usefully applied to some of the practical problems of a naval officer’s every-day work.” This is a most laudable object, but let us remember that the scheme only exists in embryo at the present time, and how unwillingly even this surrender to the claims of common-sense is made, is evident from Mr. Lambert’s admission, that “I should much prefer to see the existing instruction unchanged, and an extra three months devoted to the applied subjects.” There is nothing like leather

after all! Again: "In this scheme, the proposed sacrifice of a certain portion of the theoretical learning I look upon as an evil, as diminishing the great advantage derived from training in accurate reasoning, but I think it is a far greater evil that the course should end, as it does at present, without giving the officers any opportunity of applying their theory to practise." Gunnery and torpedo officers are practical men, who want to know what is the use of all they are learning; and if you could give them this opportunity, I think you would find that they would be more stimulated and more interested in their work, and would derive much greater ultimate benefit from it." It would seem, to people of ordinary understanding, that the best course to pursue in regard to a branch of study which monopolises an altogether disproportionate share of attention at Greenwich, would be to cut out the greater part, and allot the time to studies of more practical use, more especially as mathematics seem to be cultivated under present circumstances more for the training afforded in "correct reasoning" than from any tangible advantage resulting to the student. This is the course that would suggest itself to most people; not so, however, with the Greenwich professor. His cry is for more mathematics: "I do not think there is sufficient time for the mathematical subjects."

It is useless to reason with enthusiasts of this sort. Of course if naval officers were endowed with the longevity of a Methuselah they might devote a number of years to each of the sciences with great advantage; but as the allotted span of life for ordinary mortals seldom exceeds three score years and ten under the present dispensation, and while the vast majority of men have to devote their best years of life to work, instead of to study, it is considered essential that the period set apart for preparation for the active work of manhood should be devoted to studies calculated to bear useful fruit in after years—that have, in fact, a close practical relationship with the chosen pursuits of manhood. The Navy is, before all things, a practical profession, and for that reason practical efficiency is the first thing to be aimed at in the education of naval officers, and we are quite sure that until this end is attained schemes purporting to advance their so-called "higher" education, are unworthy of serious consideration. Jack of all trades and master of none, is a description which is peculiarly applicable to a large proportion of the victims of the modern craze for "scientific" education; and until this reproach has been removed we may brush aside the insidious promptings of a certain school of teachers as merely the "hair-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity." Let it be remembered that most of the men who come to Greenwich in search of

higher education have no sort of taste or inclination for the special science which is inculcated here. Says Professor Lambert: "The acquaintance which the majority of them have with any mathematical work is confined almost entirely to the mechanical and unintelligent use of formulas, and to a few stereotyped rule-of-thumb methods." And again: "I feel sure that in the case of some of those who come to my class their time is almost worse than thrown away, from their hopeless unfitness." And with these facts staring him in the face, Mr. Lambert naïvely remarks "If it were possible to lengthen the course I should much prefer to see the existing instruction unchanged and an extra three months devoted to the applied subjects. . . . I do not think there is sufficient time for the mathematical subjects." Well, of course this is very natural from the standpoint of the mathematical Professor; but what are we to think of an educational establishment conducted on principles so entirely opposed to common sense? Are the tastes and inclinations of the students to be entirely disregarded in carrying forward their higher education? Ought not their "hopeless unfitness" for the pursuit of one particular branch of science to be carefully considered in framing the course of study? To shut our eyes to these things, to refuse to recognize differences of tastes, and mental characteristics, and to narrow education down to one rigid groove of mathematics, is to act like unintelligent beings.

We must be thankful for small mercies, and especially for any hopeful symptoms of a change. There are signs that at length the professors are beginning to perceive the evil of the ways they have been pursuing with such child-like faith for the last twelve years or more. Mr. Lambert solemnly informs the Committee that: "I think it really is very important that officers should know what is the use of what they are doing; they are just the sort of men who are always asking the question, 'What is the use of this?' and if they can see some professional application of it they take more interest; and it is for this reason, to awaken a little more enthusiasm, that I should like to teach them the applied subjects. . . . As they have been practical men, and associated with practical problems for so many years, they will look at the practical side of things, and they are not quite content to sit down as schoolboys at purely school-boy work." We should think not, indeed! But is it not rather late in the day to make the discovery that naval officers prefer to know "what is the use of what they are doing"? They have been asking "what is the use" of these eternal mathematics for years past, and have never yet received a satisfactory reply, working on in blind faith in some

occult virtues inherent to mathematics that are hidden to the vulgar eye. Even now, the chief argument brought forward in defence of mathematical studies is, "the great advantage derived from training in accurate reasoning." Nine months training in accurate reasoning! And this for men of twenty-five and thirty years of age. A strange state of things, forsooth. And the only remedy the Professor has to offer is "permission to introduce into my regular course a little of the applied work," or "an extra three months devoted to the applied subjects." Truly these confessions of a Greenwich professor will be interesting reading in years to come. We have heard of people who considered the methods of their own science as sufficient for all the purposes of existence, but we never expected to find so close an approximation to the mental state described in the walls of a naval college. The wonder is, how naval officers can be found who are willing to bow the knee before this wretched fetish of education. Cannot they see that mathematics is a science which requires far profounder study than any other before any solid and useful results can be achieved? And yet there are fanatics who join with the Professors in the parrot cry for more mathematics! Life is too short, and the exigencies of the naval profession are too urgent to permit of years being spent in the fruitless endeavour to master a branch of science which, at the best, can only prove useful to a very few.

The writer can speak feelingly on the subject, having passed through the mill at Greenwich when the mathematical fever was raging with peculiar virulence. By dint of hard work, and having "to sit down as a schoolboy at purely schoolboy work," he achieved some distinction in mathematics; but he felt at the time that he was being ruthlessly sacrificed to the moloch of higher education, and he can honestly affirm that the talent for formulas which he acquired there has never been of the slightest practical use to him since. The course was not altogether destitute of results, however, though possibly in a way that was scarcely anticipated by the professors. It took the form of a determination to prick the bladder of this so-called higher education; to tear the mask off the grossest piece of humbug that was ever perpetrated under the name of study, and to win back the college from the pedants into whose hands it had fallen, so that it might prove, in fact, what it was already in name, an institution for the higher education of naval officers in every branch of knowledge that bears on the practical work of their profession. The writer may take credit for having been the first to give public utterance to views which were widely held in the Navy as to the utter uselessness of founding the

whole system of study here on a basis of mathematics ; and he has never since lost an opportunity of indulging in a shy at this Aunt Sally of education. He would fain believe that his efforts have not been altogether in vain, for, although shams are hard to kill, he has the satisfaction of knowing that the views which he first gave utterance to now practically "hold the field," and when we actually find Greenwich professors drawing up "schemes for a modification in the existing course," and publicly admitting the failure of their efforts—when, in fact, we find the system condemned out of the mouths of its own prophets, we may hold up our heads again.

The writer has long been convinced, and rejoices to find the conviction gaining ground in the profession, that for some time past—since the establishment of the Greenwich system, in fact—we have been grasping at the shadow and losing the substance of education. To put the matter plainly, the modern craze for "scientific" education has brought us to a pretty pass. The educational team has been driven with a loose rein along a difficult road, and has got off the track. In aiming at being "scientific" we have only succeeded in sacrificing practical efficiency. A lieutenant confessed, not long ago, at the United Service Institution, that "We have fallen between two stools, and are neither mathematicians nor seamen." Let us open our eyes to plain facts, and admit at once that mathematics is not the branch of science essential to the salvation of naval officers. It is a fine thing to talk of the importance of naval officers knowing the "theory" of their profession; but there is "theory" and "theory," and the kind of theory a naval officer requires is not the "brain-fuddling mathematics," but the verbal explanation which any practical man of sound intellect can afford. There is no earthly advantage to an ordinary mortal in being able to prove that such and such a thing is mathematically correct; he knows it is correct from practical experience. What, in the name of reason, then, is to be gained by spending days over investigations concerning pressures, strains, velocities, expansions, &c., which can be ascertained from any tables, and which can be theoretically explained in Queen's English? What practical men want to know is the application of mathematical problems to their every-day work; and this is just what the professors are loth to explain. All the theoretical knowledge that the generality of naval officers require can be imparted in plain English, and there is no necessity for cultivating that talent for formulas which excites the admiration of professors. While as for the "higher" mathematics, they are just as useful to naval officers as the science of comparative philology, and may well be left to

schoolmen and professors. We have seen that they are recommended as affording a training in accurate reasoning. Now this is a habit of mind that has always elicited our utmost admiration, and none the less so from its extreme rarity. But then, surely this much-to-be-desired intellectual state may be cultivated by means of studies which are less barren of results.

We had occasion, some time back, to express our opinion in the pages of this magazine as to the value of mathematics in mental training, and a recapitulation of our views on this subject may not be amiss at the present time. In the first place, then, we have the highest opinion of the benefits to be derived from mathematical study as an instrument of mental culture in early life, and this discipline is none the less profitable, because at the outset it is merely irksome. But so far as the Greenwich *régime* is concerned, we would ask, whence comes it that the expenditure of time and labour is totally put out of the calculation when mathematics is concerned? In other occupations the question is fairly stated between the attainment and the time employed in the pursuit; but in mathematics it seems to be thought sufficient if the least possible good is gained by the greatest possible exertion, as if the end is anything, and the means everything. The one branch of learning in which it seems there can be no excess, no balance of profit and loss, is mathematical learning.

It seems to have been forgotten by the framers of this system that men are sent into the world to work, to be of use to their fellows, and that naval officers, of all people, can least be spared from their professional duties for purposes of study, especially over a kind of learning which, unless assiduously cultivated in early youth can never be followed up with profit in after years; and when, as we find at Greenwich, elderly men, whose minds have no particular bias in this direction, and into whom "mathematics cannot be put, except by a sort of moral force-pump," as a professor once graphically put it, are advised to pursue this line of study into the higher branches, on the grounds of the admirable training it affords in correct reasoning, we can only express surprise at a system which exacts such mistaken zeal. When we consider, moreover, how few there are that ever attain that degree of proficiency in the higher branches of mathematics which would enable them to use it freely and securely, either as a source of enjoyment, or as an instrument of mental culture, or of independent research; how many, within a few years after leaving school or college, who remember nothing but the tediousness of the work, and never taste its proper fruits; we are bound to admit that the system which

obtains at Greenwich looks very much like a case in which there is great expenditure of teaching force with very small results. Then, again, the question arises whether, considered as an instrument of mental discipline, there are not other studies which are not less efficacious than mathematics, whether, in point of fact, a protracted course of mathematics is an infallible panacea for mental discursiveness. To accept this as a well-established fact is one of the cants of the day. But we have only to extend the range of our inquiries to find many eminent men holding to the opinion that there are studies which, in certain respects, are even more beneficial than mathematics, as calling higher powers into action. Archbishop Whately, when asked his opinion on mathematics as a cure for desultory tendencies of mind, replied, "Certainly I should not recommend mathematics as the remedy; though one might naturally expect that the fault of mere mathematicians would be an over-rigid demand for demonstration in all subjects, I have found the fact to be the reverse. They generally, when they come to any other subject, throw off all regard to order and accuracy, like the feasting of the Roman Catholics before and after Lent. With them mathematics is 'attention,' and everything else 'stand at ease.' The defect of mathematics, as an exclusive, or too predominating study, is that it has no connection with human affairs, and affords no exercise of judgment, having no degrees of possibility." Thus far the author of *Logic*. The *Times*, in a leading article on Mr. Spottiswoode's address to the British Association at Dublin some time ago, drew attention to "the warning which was given long ago by Sir William Hamilton, to people who imagined that because mathematical study affords the highest examples of correct reasoning, it must be the best training for precision of thought even in matters of ordinary life. That idea," the article went on to say, "must be taken with great caution; mathematics deal purely with certainties, but nine-tenths of the material of ordinary thought must be modified by uncertainties, and hence it is quite as necessary to cultivate the sagacity which can weigh conflicting probabilities, as the vigour of mind which can draw exact deductions. Some of the greatest mathematicians, such as Descartes and Pascal, have been eager to admit that, so far, their science was not the best of preparations for the rough reasoning of practical life." So much for the "mental discipline" theory. If Descartes and Pascal had been Greenwich professors, no doubt their views would have been different.

To go to the root of the matter; whence came this mathematical craze, this itching of a certain school of naval officers to be consi-

dered "scientific"? It had its origin, we believe, partly in a very laudable desire to be what is called "abreast of the times"; whatever this may precisely mean. No doubt it was also due, to some extent, to a sort of reaction against the dislike—not to say contempt—which had been felt in the profession for mere book-learning—theoretical knowledge as opposed to practical efficiency. Science had not been cultivated very assiduously by naval officers of yore, and it was thought that by striking out a new line in education the reproach which had been levelled against the service in this respect would be removed. But there were stronger reasons at work. It had been considered desirable for some time past to greatly raise the standard of mathematical education for naval architects and engineers; and the astounding theory was broached by a certain school of naval officers, that because engineers and naval architects were initiated into the mysteries of the higher mathematics, it was essential that naval executive officers should be placed on a similar educational footing.

But what if all this mathematics for engineers should prove to be only another instance of misdirected effort—another case of grasping at the shadow and losing the substance? A strong feeling has been growing up of late that the Admiralty have gone on a wrong tack altogether in their treatment of the engineering branch, and that in their desire to make naval engineers "scientific" they have been neglecting their practical training. Said the *Broad Arrow* not long since:—

"A greater contrast cannot be conceived than that between the method of training an engineer for the Royal Navy and that adopted in the large marine-engine shops of the country, wherein are trained the engineers of the mercantile marine. It is very singular if both systems are successful. That the latter is eminently so cannot be doubted. The marine engine of to-day derives none of its details from engineering genius of the Royal Navy. Such as it is, it has been built up and developed by the skill of our mercantile engineers. . . . So much of the time, too, is spent at school and college in learning a quantity of mathematics which not one in fifty will ever afterwards find a use for, that, taking one disadvantage with another, it would be marvellous indeed if these young men proved so efficient in the engine-room and so qualified to cope with a breakdown therein as the engineers of the merchant service."

Lest it be thought that these views are the outcome of mere prejudice, and are not widely shared, let us turn to another quarter for corroboration.

Now of all papers that are least in the habit of running after

the sensational in writing, we may surely instance those connected with the engineering trades; and of these, there is one especially which is not only widely read by scientific people, but carries great weight in manufacturing and engineering circles. It is called the *Engineer*, and has a more than provincial reputation, and has doubtlessly been heard of, even if it has never been studied, by our readers. Well, now, what has the *Engineer* to say on the subject of mathematical training for engineers? Under the heading of "The Prospects of Young Engineers," some, what must seem to many people, decidedly heterodox opinions are propounded:—

"It will be found, and we say it with regret, that one reason why so many men are failures as engineers is that they do not take saleable goods to market; and this opens up a very large question indeed. The question is one of education, the consideration of which we must reserve. . . . Unfortunately, far too exalted an idea has been formed of the worth of so-called science to the steam-engine maker, let us say. All the science in the world would not keep him out of the bankruptcy court, unless he can sell engines for more than they cost him to make. . . . We often hear German and French engineers extolled for the results of their scientific training. What are the locomotives or marine engines which have resulted from it like? The Americans have been the least scientific engineers in the world: yet they have modified engine-building practice all over the world. Germany and France have been unable to compete with us without buying engines from us to copy. Science may prevent a man from making enormous mistakes; it cannot tell him how to produce even moderate commercial success. Standing alone, it is entirely helpless in commercial mechanical engineering; combined with sound practice, it is useful. . . . We have said enough, we think, to open the eyes of some of our correspondents, to startle others, and to put a few, perhaps, in direct antagonism with us. We have said nothing, however, which any employer of labour, any practical mechanical engineer, will refuse to allow."

Then, again, under the heading of "Education of Engineers," it says:—

"Many parents and youths hold that a classical education is a thing of no value, and that the time spent in acquiring the dead languages is time wasted. This is a very mistaken view. It may be urged that Latin and Greek are of no use to the engineer; he is never called upon to read, write, or speak them. But let us ask the great mass of mechanical or civil engineers how often they find themselves called upon to make use of the high mathematics, which

are supposed to replace Latin and Greek, in the pursuit of their calling? The immediate practical value of the one is about as great as that of the others. Fortunately, or unfortunately, a very moderate acquaintance indeed with mathematics will enable the engineer to build steam-engines, and railways, and ships; and the nature of the work which he has to do appears to be so far antagonistic to mathematical methods of thought that the executive engineer, as we may call him, finds it far more advantageous to employ a mathematician to make his calculations for him—when these present difficulties—than to make them himself. . . . The great object of education is to teach people how to think correctly; and this can no doubt be as well, or better, done by classical lore as by anything modern that professes to take its place. Let it not for a moment be imagined that we deprecate book-learning; but art is long and life is short, and the young engineer has to learn his way and earn a living, and this he cannot do without a basis of operations which is not directly supplied by books, and is indirectly supplied by a classical as well as by a 'modern' education. If, indeed, it could be shown that a student could be converted into a competent engineer by reading and attending lectures, then we could readily admit that time spent with Horace or Homer was time wasted; but engineers do not get employment because they are book-learned, but because they are competent men. Their competence may be, and will be, largely due to books; but it is not so much the matter of books as the manner of them which will bring about this."

Now, coming from such a source, these views are noteworthy, as showing the reaction that is setting in all along the line against the modern craze for "scientific" education for young men destined for essentially practical professions.

It is quite a recent idea that a mathematical education can produce good practical men in the engineering line. Certainly all experience, and, shall we say, past teaching is opposed to it. The greatest engineering genius of this or any other country, Robert Stephenson, certainly never recommended the method now adopted as that best calculated to maintain our position of pre-eminence as practical engineers; on the contrary, he declared that "the more my experience has advanced, the more convinced I have become that it is necessary to educate an engineer in the workshop; that is emphatically the education which will render the engineer most intelligent, most useful, and the fullest of resources in time of difficulty." Evidence such as this ought to be sufficient to convince the most rabid naval scientist of the error of his ways; but our

experience has taught us that a taste for mathematics is almost as difficult to combat as a craving for strong drink. The cry is always for more, and argument is thrown away when dealing with enthusiasts who believe the methods of their own science to be sufficient for all the purposes of existence.

In connection with the scientific craze we sometimes hear the monstrous doctrine propounded that theoretical study ought to precede practical training. This is so entirely opposed to the whole range of experience, that were it not for the plausible way in which it is advanced, and the mischievous consequences likely to arise from the acceptance of such a doctrine, it would not be worth our while stopping to consider it. It means that we are to invert the whole order of nature. From childhood to old age we exercise our limbs and faculties with the utmost facility, and yet, with very rare exceptions, without ever attaining to any knowledge of the "scientific" laws involved in these movements. That some acquaintance with these laws enables us to avoid much that is hurtful will be readily admitted; but will any "scientific" enthusiast venture to assert that the practical use of our limbs was preceded by a "theoretical" knowledge of the laws governing their motions? Just consider for a moment the consequences to the human race involved in this extravagant theory. Imagine some scientific parent trying to give practical shape to it by withholding the infantile pap till young hopeful had acquired a theoretical knowledge of the laws of suction. An "unscientific" public would consign the infatuated parent to the lunatic asylum, and a similar fate ought to be reserved for the professors who, whether parents of families, or without encumbrances, propound their silly theories for the government of the world.

If Stephenson or Arkwright had set out to investigate by means of the higher mathematics the problems involved in their inventions, the world would have had to wait a long time for the locomotive and spinning machine. The investigation of natural laws is a profession by itself, and may well be left to specialists and professors, who derive vast enjoyment from proving the soundness of other people's discoveries, and assuring the world that the common sense of mankind has not played it false after all. The professors may have helped us to some important discoveries with their proofs, problems, and formulæ; but as a rule they are wise after the event, and, when a great invention startles the world, they flock around like eagles over their prey, and after much battling, negation, and scepticism, come round to the conclusion that it is right, after all, and then assure us with much pomposity that, as it has received the

hall-mark of the professors, the world may use it without hesitation. All the theoretical knowledge that the practical man of the world wants can be imparted in plain English speech. We cannot stop to investigate the laws governing the reflex action of muscles every time we want to sneeze, or work out the theories of the different orders of levers before locking a door.

Professors are subject, more, perhaps, than other people, to the frailties of human nature, and are too much given to deepening, instead of trying to bridge, the intellectual gulf which, so they imagine, divides their select circle from the common herd. The hill up which they toiled was so steep, and the ascent so laborious, that they are unwilling to extend a helping hand to others, under the belief that any easing of the task would tend to cheapen the prize, and thus depreciate the value of their own attainments. They cannot endure the idea of short cuts. Hence the useless and often childish preliminaries that have to be gone through by the would-be initiate before he is admitted to the "scientific" sanctuary. Hence also the mystifying verbosity with which the professor is so fond of enveloping his "holy of holies," lest it should seem too plain to the vulgar eye.

Of course in an ideal state practice and theory would go hand-in-hand, like twin brothers. But in the present condition of things, which can scarcely be regarded as an ideal state, there is perpetual rivalry between them. Our meaning may be made clearer by borrowing an illustration from the well-worn theological controversy respecting Faith and Works. A couple of belligerent divines, so runs the story, were in the habit of renewing their discussions concerning the relative merits of Faith and Works every time they crossed a river. One day they found their old friend the waterman had scrawled "Faith" on one oar and "Works" on the other. They smiled at his whim, but soon found out what he meant; for when in the middle of the stream he dropped "Works" and pulled only with "Faith," getting on never a rod. Then, taking "Works" alone, he had no better success. Finally, with "Faith" in one hand and "Works" in the other, he shot across to the shore. Now, substitute "Theory" for "Faith," and "Practice" for "Works," and the moral of the story will be evident.

The intellectual world is always crazy about something, always finding out the one thing needful for salvation, and trumpeting forth the discovery till people fall down and worship from sheer *ennui*. Man, as Carlyle says, is a worshipping animal, and, not content with one God, must needs be perpetually setting up images of stone and wood, and investing them with attributes of his own

imagining, and then calling on his fellows to bow the knee. Mathematics has been the god of naval educationalists for some time past, and, having set up their golden image, like Nebuchadnezzar of old, they send out their heralds, commanding all peoples, nations, and languages to fall down and worship, and threaten all who refuse with the fate of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego—in a metaphorical sense. But a sceptical world is beginning to discover the impotence of this new deity, and it is pleasant to instance at least one professor who declines to do violence to the faith that is in him by worshipping this scientific Baal. The chief Instructor on board the *Britannia* has a very clear appreciation of the value of this branch of study for naval officers, and has the courage of his opinions, moreover. His observations are worth quoting. "I would submit," says Mr. Aldous, "with reference to the whole course of naval education, that when once boys have been put very thoroughly through this compulsory course of mathematics . . . they need not have to keep it up or get it up again. The subjects are useful as mental gymnastics for a young boy who is preparing for the naval profession, and as a guide to further studies. . . . The learning of these again at college must be an almost intolerable burden, and *there is, in my opinion, not the slightest value in an ability to work a quadratic or manipulate a fraction to a young man of nineteen, if the knowledge is to be carried no farther.*" (The italics are our own).

The writer desires here most distinctly to disavow any intention of disparaging the value of science or of scientific attainments. He admires these in anyone, and especially in naval officers, and would venture to remind his readers, of all ranks and classes, that there is no royal road to learning. Like everything else worth having, knowledge can only be acquired by much painful and monotonous drudgery. But he distinctly objects to pettifoggish attempts on the part of people with more learning than wisdom to enhance the value of their attainments by placing needless obstacles in the way of study. It is monstrous to suppose we are never to avail ourselves of the labours and experiences of those who have gone before us. Progress would be impossible if we had to travel over the same ground as our predecessors, before setting off on fresh voyages of discovery. Advance is only possible by freely availing ourselves of the accumulated wisdom that has come down to us, and by making the goal of our ancestors the starting point for new departures. Only the most pedantic of educationalists would insist on everyone plodding along the old well-beaten paths, as an "exercise in correct reasoning." Like the Pharisees of old there

is tendency amongst these folk to lay burdens on men's shoulders that are grievous to be borne, and all for the sake of exalting the means at the expense of the end. It is this tendency that we must combat to the utmost.

In conclusion, the writer earnestly commends to the attentive study of all who take an interest in the welfare of the naval service the report on naval education, and trusts that they will use their utmost endeavours to amend a state of things which has become a public scandal. The education and training of our future captains and admirals may be considered by their Lordships "to lie somewhat outside the special province of the Board," but, should unfortunately any great disaster overtake our fleet, which can be directly traced to this misconception of duty, there can be but one opinion as to the verdict which would be passed by an enraged public.

Surat: the Cradle of our Indian Empire.

By CHARLES RATHBONE LOW (late) I.N., F.R.G.S.

SURAT is a port and city of our great Indian dependency, of which little is known or thought of in these times, though in the early struggles of the East India Company for a footing in the East the place plays an important part. Surat was our first factory in India, and from thence were ruled the other subordinate agencies at Mocha and Gombroon, and all the factories in the littoral of India. But its brief day has long since passed away, and Surat is now an unheeded unit in the vast empire, mightier than that of Aurungzebe, which owns the sway of the British Crown.

The early voyages of the ships of the East India Company were made to Acheen in Sumatra, Bantam in the island of Java, the first ship to anchor in the port of Surat being the *Hector*, Captain Hawkins, in the year 1607. Hawkins, considering there was a good opportunity of benefiting himself as well as his masters, resolved to remain at Surat for the purpose of founding a factory, and accordingly ordered his chief officer to proceed in the *Hector* to Bantam and join Captain Keeling. He had brought a letter from King James the First to the Great Mogul, and thought he could not do better than deliver it in person. This was the first occasion on which an Englishman representing the Company made his appearance at the Court of the Mogul, and the Emperor Jehangire, when he graciously received the ship-captain at the foot of his throne, little thought that, in the humble suppliant for permission for his fellow-countrymen to trade with a distant port in his Empire, he saw before him the representative of the nationality which, by its maritime supremacy chiefly, grew gradually from a "puny infant," as, a few years later, the agent of the East India Company called their commercial settlement in Gombroon or Bunder Abbas, to the strong-limbed giant who was to subvert the dynasty that Baber had founded, and Akbar and Aurungzebe built up and strengthened with such assiduous care.

Soon after Hawkins' arrival at Agra, on the 16th April 1609, Jehangire, after promising to grant all the trade privileges solicited by the Company, proposed to him to remain permanently at his Court as the English Representative, on a salary which was to begin at £3,200 a year. Hawkins consented to the proposal, as he quaintly said in a letter to his employers, giving his reason: "Trusting upon his promise, and seeing it was beneficiall both to my nation and myselfe, being disposessed of the benefit which I should have reaped if I had gone to Bantam, and that after halfe a dozen of years your worships would send another man of sort in my place, in the meantime I should feather my neast and do you service; and, further, perceiving great injuries offered us by reason the King is so farre from the ports, for all which causes above specified I did not think it amiss to yield unto his request." But the Court nobles and some Portuguese Jesuits intrigued against this new Court favourite, whom they regarded as an interloper, and Hawkins, fearful of being poisoned, appealed to the Emperor, who proposed that he should marry "a white mayden out of his psalace," the orphan daughter of an Armenian Christian. Not long after his marriage, Hawkins found that the fickle monarch had got tired of him, and, so far from "feathering his nest," he did not receive even the promised salary, while all the commercial privileges conferred on the English were cancelled; he accordingly left Agra and made his way to Surat.

The next of the Company's ships to arrive at Surat were some under the command of Sir Henry Middleton, arriving at the port on the 26th September 1611. Here he found a Portuguese squadron, consisting of seven ships, lying outside the roads, and thirteen smaller vessels inside the bar. They had heard of his arrival in the Red Sea, and, though the English were not then at war with Portugal, they disputed his right to trade at Surat, and would not even allow him to communicate with the Englishmen who had been left there by Captain Hawkins. This arbitrary proceeding the Portuguese admiral justified on the ground that he was invested with the office of captain-major, an office which made him guardian of the northern coast of India, and warranted him in seizing all vessels which presumed to trade without his *carta*, or permit. Such a right would have made the Company's charter little better than waste paper, and Sir Henry Middleton at once declared his determination not to recognise it. In the correspondence which ensued, he told the Captain-Major that he had been sent by the King of England, with a letter and rich presents to the great Mogul, in order to establish the trade which his countrymen

had already commented; and that, as India was a country free to all nations, and neither the Mogul nor his people were under vassalage, he was determined to persevere at all hazards, and, if necessary, to repel force by force. When he gave this answer he was in the belief that an extensive and lucrative trade had been, or was about to be, established by the Company at Surat, but the information which he shortly after received, convinced him that for the present all idea of establishing such a trade must be abandoned. Captain Hawkins, by the information he imparted on his return from Agra, made it evident that no trading privileges were to be expected from Jehangire, while the Portuguese, being able to support their pretensions by force, appeared to him the European Power whom it was most conducive to his interest to propitiate. If Hawkins had any doubts about the impossibility of trading at Surat in the present position of affairs, it would have been dissipated by the natives themselves, who confessed that so long as the Portuguese retained their ascendancy, they durst not incur their displeasure. Sir Henry Middleton, accordingly, sailed for the Red Sea, where his trading was not of a legitimate character, to say the least of it.

As a result of the opposition experienced at the hands of the Dutch and Portuguese, the Company fitted out their ships for fighting as well as trading, and, on the 5th of September 1612, Captain Best anchored in the Swally, or roadstead of Surat, with four ships. Soon a Portuguese fleet hove in sight, consisting of four galleons, and more than twenty armed vessels, which had come with the avowed determination of expelling the English. The Admiral's ship mounted 38 guns, and the three others 28 and 30. The armed vessels, called by Orme "frigates," had no cannon, but seemed intended for boarding and for service in shoal water. This fleet appeared off the bar of Surat on the 28th of October, and on being joined by other ships in the river, the number of so-called "frigates" now amounted to 40 sail. Captain Best was well prepared for them, and deeming it unnecessary to wait till he was attacked, at once assumed the offensive.

"On the 29th October," says Orme, "Captain Best bore down from the roadstead of Swally, and engaged the Vice-Admiral's ship, separated by the tide and sands from the others. Placing himself in the *Dragon*, at a distance of two cables' length, 'I began,' he says, 'to play upon him with both great and small shot, that by an hour we had well peppered him.' A shot from the *Dragon* sank his long boat, and another wounded his main-mast. The day after Captain Best engaged all four of the ships, and three of them, either from

ignorance or confusion, grounded on the sands, where they would have upset if the crews of the frigates had not shored them up with their yards, until the tide and further assistance got them afloat again. On the 31st, the fight was renewed, and with still more success on the part of the English, who again defeated the Portuguese, and drove "three of their four shippes on ground on the sands thwart of the Barre of Surat." At night, a frigate, prepared as a fire-ship, bore down on the *Dragon*, which discovered her in time, and sank her. Eighty dead bodies floated to the shore; of the English, only two were killed in the three fights. The four succeeding days passed, without action, in the repair of damages. Captain Best, not doubting that the Portuguese would follow him, cruised down the coast with two ships, and on the 22nd November the four Portuguese galleons again appeared, and at night anchored within gunshot. Early in the morning Captain Best stood towards them, when they weighed and put before the wind. A hot fire was now opened until, owing to their superior sailing qualities, the Portuguese got out of range. The next morning, at sunrise, Captain Best stood towards them again, and maintained the fight until noon, when both sides retired. Best then finding, on examination, that both his ships had expended more than half their store of ammunition, resolved to reserve the remainder for defence, and steered towards Damaun. The Portuguese followed, but did not venture near enough to renew the fight. On the 27th the two ships, no longer dogged by the Portuguese, anchored at Swally, and renewed the intercourse with their factors at Surat, where the result of the recent fighting had greatly raised the English reputation, even in the opinion of their enemies.

The confirmation of the Articles by Jehangire, which arrived a few days after, was sent to Swally as a common letter of business; but Captain Best, aware of the intended contempt and its consequences, refused to receive it, unless delivered with the usual formalities. This show of spirit brought the Governor to Swally, who presented it in state on the 11th December, and congratulated the English Captain on his victory. The goods intended for the factory were immediately landed, and those collected there received on board. Captain Best then continued cruising down the coast until the end of February 1618, when he sailed from Cape Comorin for Aoheen. From this date the Company assumed a definite position as a trading corporation, recognised by the Great Mogul, and not as mere interlopers picking up the crumbs of commerce under sufferance of their European rivals the Portuguese. The Company obtained permission to establish factories,

not only at Surat, where a small marine, the nucleus of the late Indian Navy, was established for its defence, but at Ahmedabad, Cambay, and Gogo, which were selected as the best situations.

It was not until 1st October 1614, that a fleet of four ships, commanded by Captain Nicholas Downton, again appeared at Surat. Jehangire was glad of the assistance of the English to check the arrogance of the Portuguese at sea, and on the 9th December an alliance was concluded between the Mogul General and Governor of Surat and Captain Downton. After committing great devastations on the coast, the Portuguese fleet appeared at the bar of Surat, commanded by the Viceroy of Goa, Don Jeronimo de Azevedo, who hoisted his flag as Admiral, on the *Todos Santos*, of 800 tons, having on board 260 fighting men (of whom 30 were of family and distinction), and 28 pieces of ordnance, which, probably, were of large calibre, for two are expressly said to be 42-pounders. Five others of the ships were from 700 to 400 tons, with from 180 to 140 men, and carrying from 20 to 14 guns. These six were rated as galleons. The two next in force were each of 200 tons, 50 men, and 8 guns; and there was also a pinnace, of 4 guns and 80 fighting men, and two galleys, each having 50 men. The "frigates" had 18 oars on a side, and were manned with 40 fighting men besides the rowers, who were probably two to an oar. The numerical strength of the crews of this armament accordingly, amounted to 4,320, and, with the mariners in the larger vessels, made a total of 6,000 natives serving with the fleet. The number of Portuguese, or Europeans, was 2,600, whose duty it was to work 134 pieces of cannon, against 80, of much inferior calibre, in the English ships and Surat gallivats, which formed the nucleus of the Company's local marine. Captain Downton considered the success of this armament as involving the certain destruction of English commerce in the Mogul's dominions, reasoning that, if his own ships should be driven from their station at Swally, the Portuguese Viceroy, by ravaging the city itself, would compel the Nawaub to refuse all future resort and intercourse. The Captain, therefore, regarding the loss of his ships as of much inferior moment to such a result, deliberately resolved to perish with them rather than recede. But, like Lord Howard of Effingham, Captain Downton, we are told, "did not despair that stratagem might avail to supply the defect of force." The Nawaub, terrified by the appearance of the armament, sent his Shawbunder, or Custom-Master, and several other principal men, to the Viceroy, with a large present of provisions, and many promises to obtain peace. This the haughty Admiral refused, not doubting, like the

Spanish Duke of Medina Sidonia, that he could destroy the English ships; after which he intended to exact much severer terms, or the full price of remission.

Early in the morning of the 20th January 1615, at low water, Downton sent the *Merchant Hope* (called in the accounts the *Hope*,) of 300 tons, to anchor at the south entrance of the Channel, where the galleons would not have sufficient depth to come near her until the flood was high; the three other ships soon after came out of the cove, but anchored again in the Channel. These manœuvres produced the intended effect, which was to induce the Portuguese admiral to believe that the English ships had quitted Swally, in order to put to sea and avoid an action. The *Hope* had scarcely anchored, before the whole fleet of the enemy were under sail, in order to stop the Channel; the two smaller ships with the pinnaces which were present, simultaneously grappled and boarded the *Hope*; but the attack, being expected, was well met. Downton cutting the cables of the three other ships, came down and fired into the enemy's ships entangled with the *Hope*, the men of which had thrice beaten off the Portuguese boarders. In despair at finding themselves between two fires, from which they suffered severely, the crews set fire to all the three, and took to the water. Upon this a number of the "frigates," which had hitherto given no assistance, came upon the scene, and saved many of the drowning men. In the meantime, the *Hope* had taken fire in her main and fore rigging, but, nevertheless, her crew managed to disengage her from the three ships, which were blazing fiercely and drove on the sands, where they burnt until overwhelmed by the flood. All this while the galleons kept on the outside of the spit, across which they cannonaded the English ships within the Channel; the cannonade was answered, but with little loss on either side.

The success changed the aspect of affairs. The Viceroy sent a deputation proposing a treaty to the Nawaub, who answered with a present of provisions, and a refusal to make any peace in which the English should not be included. He also ordered his officers at Swally to give every assistance to the latter, and sent a spar from the city to replace the mainmast of the *Hope*, which had been destroyed by fire. Desultory operations succeeded, during which Captain Downton displayed an admirable combination of courage and discretion. On the 13th February the Portuguese left the scene of action, thoroughly discomfited, and Captain Downton, who had not neglected his duties of embarking cargoes, as well as water and provisions, deeming the season too far advanced for the Portuguese to renew the attack, took leave of the Nawaub, who

received him with ceremonious state, and paid him the honour of returning his visit on board the flagship. The *Hope* now left for England, and the other ships proceeded to Batavia, where Captain Downton died on the 6th August, as Orme says, "lamented, admired, and unequalled." In these affairs the Portuguese lost 850 men; and, says Mill, "the splendid achievements of the English against an enemy whom the Governments of India were ill able to resist, raised high their reputation for prowess in war." On the other hand the Mogul fleet took little or no part in the action.

The Emperor Jehangire had already received a request that the English might be permitted to fortify their factory at Surat, which he had referred to his minister Mocrif Khan, through whom the original firman for trade had been obtained; but there appeared to be no desire to grant the boon, which must have appeared, and rightly, the thin edge of the wedge that was to make the Company a territorial power. Mr. Edwardes—the Company's factor at Ahmedabad, who, with Mr. Kerridge, the agent at Surat, may be regarded as the first representatives of the Company in India—proceeded to Agra, and was presented to the Emperor on the 7th February, by Asaph Khan, brother of the Empress Noor Mahal so celebrated in Indian history for her beauty and goodness. During his stay, after the arrival of the news of the Portuguese defeat at Swally, Jehangire expressed his satisfaction with the gallantry of the English, and presented him with a firman, directed to the Governor of Surat and Cambay, allowing the English to trade in his dominions.

In consequence of the increasing importance of Surat, the Government at Bantam was reduced to an agency dependent upon the President of the former city, which became the Chief seat of the Company's Government in India. The English had to sustain at this time the commercial rivalry of the Dutch, who outbid them at Surat, selling European goods cheaper than the Company's agents. Great rivalry also existed between the English and the Portuguese, who had so lately been ousted from Ormuz, and the Mogul Emperor supported the English agency at Surat.

A large Portuguese fleet, consisting of 9 ships, with 2,000 soldiers on board, arrived in India in September 1680, and when the Portuguese admiral, Don Francisco Continha, tried to prevent the entrance of the English ships into Swally, a sharp action ensued, in which the Company's ships had the advantage. This action was followed by frequent skirmishes, both at sea and on shore, the English still being successful in maintaining their

ground. Irritated by failure, the Portuguese admiral made an unsuccessful attempt to destroy the English ships by fire, but, notwithstanding all his efforts, the latter succeeded in landing their cargoes.

Captain Alexander Hamilton, in his *New Account of the East Indies*, where he served in the Marine, between the years 1688 and 1728, says, of this action :—

One season the English had eight good large ships riding at Swally, which is about ten miles from Rannier, where the President and his Council then resided, and Swally was the place where all goods were unladed from the shipping, and all goods for exportation were then shipped off. The Portuguese, thinking it a fit time to give a deadly blow to the English commerce, came with a fleet of six large ships, ten small, and ten or twelve large galleys, and anchored to the northward of the English, in a narrow channel not musket-shot wide, and a tide generally of six or seven miles an hour. The Portuguese landed near 3,000 men and seized some carts laden with the Company's goods. The English could not bear the insults they daily received, held a council, wherein it was resolved to land 800 men out of the ships and attack the Portuguese, while they were lulled in security by their own strength and numbers, and if they were overpowered, that those left on board the English should try if they could cut a Portuguese ship's cables that lay near them, and her driving on board of another might, with the force of the tide, put them all aground on the shore, or a sand-bank that they lay very near to. Accordingly, by break of day, the English were all landed, and every ship's crewed by their own commander. As they had conjectured, so it fell out: the English were among the Portuguese before they could get in a position of defence, and put them in confusion. Those on board had done as they were ordered; one being cut loose, soon made all the rest run aground, and most of them lost, especially the great ships. The little English army pursued the Portuguese and killed many in their flight; but at a point of land, about three miles from the ships, the Portuguese made a stand, and rallied; but the little victorious army soon made them take, a second time, to their heels, and so the English got an entire victory, with small loss; for there were not twenty killed on the English side, but above 1,500 of the Portuguese. In anno 1690, I was on the field of battle, and saw many human skulls and bones lying above ground, and the story of the battle I had from an old Parsee, who was born at a village called Tamkin, within two miles of the field, and could perfectly remember the action.

According to Hamilton, the present city of Surat had no existence at this time, there being a neighbouring place called Rannier. He says :—

Surat was built about the year 1660, on the banks of the river Tapta, or Tappee, which being incommoded with banks of sand at Rannier, the then mart town on this river, the English removed about two miles further down the river, on the opposite side near a castle, which had been built many years before, to secure the trade from the insults of the Malabar pirates, who used to lord it over all the sea coast between Cape Comorin and Cambay. In a little time after the English had settled there, others followed their example, so that in a few years it became a large town, but without walls, and so it continued till about the aforesaid year, that Rajah Sevajee, who had never submitted to the Mogul's dominion, came with an army and plundered it, except the European factories, who stood on their guard.

In 1652, war was declared between England and Holland, and a Dutch fleet of eight sail appeared off Swally; but, not deeming it

prudent to attack the English shipping and factories, proceeded to the Persian Gulf, where they overpowered some of the Company's vessels. In 1658, some years after the conclusion of peace between the two European Powers, the factory was placed in peril by the feuds between the four sons of the Emperor Shah Jehan; but ultimately Aurungzebe, the third son, was successful, and, having cleared the field of all rivals, confined his father in his palace, where he survived seven years, and established his rule over almost the entire Peninsula. In these contests the general of one of the rival competitors took possession of the Castle of Surat, and another pillaged part of the town; but the English factory escaped molestation, owing to the prudent neutrality observed by the Company's servants. At this time, besides their factories at Surat and Fort St. George, which had been constituted into a Presidency in 1653-54, though subordinate to Surat, they had stations at Agra, Ahmedabad, Mooha, Bussorah, Gombroon, Scindy, Rajahpore, Carwar and Caile Velha; also inferior agencies at Cossimbazar, Ballasore, and Patna, which were subordinate to the factory at Hooghly, which, again, was placed under the Presidency of Fort St. George. The stations in what were termed the Southern Seas, remained, as heretofore, dependent on the President and Council of Bantam.

In 1664, Surat was menaced by a great and rising power, and owed its immunity from destruction to the bravery of the Company's officials and the Marine. On the 5th January 1664, Sevajee, the founder of the Mahratta power, advanced rapidly upon Surat with 4,000 horse, and arrived within fifteen miles of it before any tidings of his movements had been received. On his approach the Mogul Governor left the town to its fate, and retired into the Castle, while the inhabitants fled either in boats, or into the surrounding country. In this emergency, the President, Sir George Oxenden, and the Company's servants shut themselves up in the factory with their property, of the estimated value of £80,000, and, after fortifying the building, called in the ship's crews for its defence, while the "grabs" and "gallivats" in the river took up positions enabling them to act with effect. Horace Hayman Wilson, the historian, in referring to Mill's meagre narrative of this event, says:—"Scant justice is done to the Company's servants in this brief notice of a conduct highly remarkable for cool and resolute courage." "We replied to Sevajee," writes Sir George Oxenden, in his despatch to the Court, dated 26th January 1664, "we were here on purpose to maintain the house to the death of the last man, and therefore not to delay his coming upon us." It does not appear that any orga-

nized attack was made upon the factory; but the Mahrattas assembled in considerable numbers before it, and broke into an adjoining house. To prevent their establishing themselves in a situation from which they might offer serious annoyance, a sally was made from the factory, which had the effect of dislodging the assailants, and putting them to flight with some loss, and three men wounded on the part of the English. This success was followed up with spirit, the plundered house was occupied, several sorties were made, and pushed even to the gates of the Castle; and the neighbourhood, for about a quarter of a mile round, was cleared of the enemy. No further attempts were made to molest the factory or its vicinity during the three days that Sevajee continued in possession of the town, and the inhabitants of the quarter in which the factory was situated "were very thankful in their acknowledgments, blessing and praising the English nation," to whose valour they ascribed their exemption from the calamities which had desolated the rest of the city. The Governor presented Sir George Oxenden with a dress of honour, and recommended the interests of the Company to the Emperor Aurungzebe, who subsequently granted to the English a perpetual remission of a portion of the duties. The Company also showed their approval of the conduct of their servants by presenting the President with a gold medal and a gratuity of £200, and distributing £400 among his subordinates.

In 1670 affairs at Surat again assumed a critical aspect. Bahadar Khan, the General of Aurungzebe, arrived with 8,000 horse to defend the city against Sevajee, who appeared at its gates at the head of 15,000 men. The great Mahratta chief effected an entrance on the 3rd of October, and pillaged the city of an immense amount of booty and treasure. A party of seamen came from Swally to defend the factory, and notwithstanding the repeated and desperate assaults of the Mahrattas, succeeded in making a successful resistance. During the conflict many men were killed and wounded, and some goods, stored in detached warehouses, were lost, but the factory remained unscathed, and the most valuable part of the Company's property had, on the first report of Sevajee's approach, been sent to Swally, or put on board the ships. The gallantry of the seamen of the Marine contrasted favourably with that of the French in their factory, who compounded with the Mahratta robbers. The Dutch factory, being in a retired quarter, escaped pillage.

The importance of Surat waned after the acquisition of Bombay, which rose into eminence and became the seat of Government.

The native Government also became more exacting, and the position of the factory was, at times, one of extreme danger. On one occasion, in 1695, the Company's agents and servants were thrown into prison by the authorities to prevent their falling a sacrifice to the fury of the mob. Disputes arose between the Nawaub and the Seedee or Emperor's Admiral, and, as the controlling power of the central authority declined, the Company's agents agreed to assist the former in return for certain privileges. An expedition was, accordingly, fitted out at Bombay, consisting of 5 of the Company's ships and a body of 850 European troops and 1,500 sepoys. The whole was placed under the command of Commodore Watson, of the Bombay Marine, an officer of remarkable skill and tried ability. The armament sailed on the 9th February 1759, and the troops were landed at Dentilowry, about nine miles from Surat, where they encamped for three days. The first operation was against the "French garden," where the Seedee had placed some of his troops, which were dislodged. A battery was then erected, on which were mounted two 24-pounders and a 18-inch mortar; and, for three days, a heavy fire was maintained against the walls, but without effect. A council of war, composed of military and naval officers, was then convened, at which it was decided that the following plan of operations should be put into execution.

"The plan was," says Grose, a contemporary writer and traveller, "That the Company's grab of twenty guns and four bomb-ketches, should warp up the river in the night, and anchor in a line of battle opposite the Seedee's 'bundar,' one of the strongest fortified places they had got." This they did, and a general attack began from the vessels and battery at the appointed time on the 1st March. The Commodore's intentions in this were to drive the enemy from their batteries, and to facilitate the landing of the infantry, whom he had embarked in boats. The bomb-kitchens kept up a continual fire until half-past eight, when a signal was made for the boats to put off and land, under cover of the vessels. This proved very successful by the prudent conduct and gallant behaviour of Captain Watson, who landed the troops with the loss of only one man. They attacked the Seedee's bundar, and soon put his troops to flight, with the loss of Captain Robert English mortally wounded, Lieutenant Pepperell wounded in the shoulder, and some privates killed and wounded. Having gained this point, and getting possession of the town with its fortifications, the next thing to be done was to attack the inner town and castle, for which purpose the 18- and 12-inch mortars were planted on the Seedee's bundar, and began

firing as soon as possible at a distance of 700 yards from the castle and 500 from the inner town. About six in the evening the mortars began to play very briskly, and continued their fire until half-past two the next morning, which put the garrison of the castle and town into such a consternation that they soon ceased to reply. Negotiations were now opened by the enemy, and on the 4th March the British force marched in with colours flying. The fighting during these operations must have been rather brisk, as we find that the losses of the British, in killed alone, amounted to 150 officers and men. A gratuity of 200,000 rupees (£20,000) was divided among the captors. Some troops and a squadron, for the protection of the newly-acquired settlement, were left at Surat, and the remainder of the expedition returned to Bombay on the 15th April. From that day Surat has formed an integral part of the British dominions in India.

Every Inch a Soldier.

By M. J. COLQUHOUN.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CALL OF DUTY.

CAPT. WHITBY was riding home from morning parade, the sky was cloudless and luminously clear, and the sunshine bathed the whole scene in the most glorious golden light. From the road on the Ridge of Delhi, on which he was, he could see the splendid ancient city beneath him, while near at hand on the roadside was one of those unenclosed semi-deserted grave-yards filled with artistically carved monuments, such as are always to be found outside the walls of Mahomedan cities.

At the foot of a slab of beautifully sculptured white marble he saw a patch of dirty-tinted colour, resembling a bundle of rags; it was in reality a crouching human figure, and as Whitby approached nearer an aged grey head was raised, and he found fixed on him a pair of gleaming black eyes, all ablaze with misery and hatred. It was the Witch of Megara! Whitby was a bit of a philanthropist, and it struck him as deplorable to see a human face so distorted with evil passions and discontent. He alighted from his horse, and, holding the bridle in his hand, approached the old woman. "What is troubling you, my friend?" he asked gently.

"Why should a Sahib care what troubles an old woman? Ride on, and fulfil your destiny!"

"But what has happened?" he continued. "Does that young lady no longer protect you?"

The old woman rose excitedly and poured out a stream of maledictions against Louisa. "What have I done?" asked the aged crone, "that I should be driven from her door with insult by her Hindoo servants, the sons of burnt fathers! She has turned

me away saying, 'Go, eat stones, for I will give you no more bread.' All men, even the Faithful, say, 'Go, accursed witch!' "

"I do not say so," answered Whitby, gently. "While I remain in this place you shall not die of hunger. Come to me on the first of each month when I get my pay, and I will give you five rupees so that you may have bread."

The old woman asked suspiciously, "Do you fear the power of my curse that you do this? Why should you befriend me?"

"Why not?" he asked. "Your prophet says that the road to Heaven is through the gate of charity. My faith also teaches me, that it is a man's duty to assist the poor. He placed some silver in her hand, and with a good-natured smile added, "You will not forget to come every month. You know where I live."

She murmured many high-flown compliments and benedictions, and seemingly inspired with renewed life, despite her advanced age, she tripped quickly away toward the city, and Whitby, remounting his horse, went on his way.

He found his wife waiting at the door of the house to welcome him. "Nellie, as I was coming back from parade I met that old soul they call the Witch of Megara. It appears that now Carew is gone, Louisa or her servants have turned the unfortunate creature away."

"She is a mischievous old woman, is she not?" asked Eleanor.

"Poor thing! To me there is something infinitely pathetic in ill-used old age. Probably she did her work and duty in her day, and now tottering on the verge of the grave she is absolutely alone; besides, she is hated for no sensible reason that I can see."

"Do you think witchcraft impossible?" asked Eleanor.

"I have not studied the subject," he replied, "but if that poor old woman is malignantly inclined towards the human race, I am not surprised at it, for the world does not treat her with either common humanity or justice. I intend to pay her a trifle monthly while we are here."

"You are right, dear Dick," said his wife.

Some wise man has told us to beware when all our hopes seem realised, all our wishes fulfilled. This caution might have been laid to heart by Whitby, for there were few happier men in the world than he. The things which composed his contentment were the not uncommon elements of life, a moderate income, a loving wife, congenial work, and the respect of his fellow men. There was a marvellous affinity of mind between him and the woman he had married; they thought alike on all important subjects; they

had the same pursuits, and in things of smaller moment they agreed to differ. A man must have something in him, or at least is fortunate who has a thoroughly devoted partizan in his wife. Whatever the world at large thought of Whitby there was one mind, and that not an unintelligent one, to whom he was the best and bravest, the cleverest of men. It is said that love is blind, but is it so? It is only with the eyes of love we can see the Divine in each other. To Eleanor her husband was a demi-god walking among mortals, and who can say that the influence which Whitby exercised over those who came into contact with him was not the outcome of the subtle home atmosphere in which he was so revered, and which kept him true to his manliest instincts?

One morning, not long after his interview with the witch, Whitby—looking very grave—entered the room in which his wife was seated. "Eleanor, I have been asked," he said, "by the Lieutenant-Governor to undertake a somewhat singular duty, but it is left optional with me whether I accept it or not." He spoke so gravely that Eleanor listened with trembling surprise.

"If," continued Whitby, "you say stay, I will stay; if you say go, I will go."

"What is it Dick?" she asked in perplexity. "You know far better than I can what you ought to do, and you always do what you think right."

"It is more or less a post of danger," he answered; "that is, it may be."

"Oh, Dick!" and the tears rose unbidden to her dark eyes.

"Don't cry, Eleanor darling. It may prove nothing, after all. Scindiah's troops have revolted, or at least are inclined to revolt, which is not quite the same thing. The Resident at Gwalior wants me to take them in hand. It is some muddling of somebody's about pay and privileges."

"But must you really go?"

"If it is mutiny or rebellion it is better to kill it in the bud. Of course use fair words and fair means first. But," and there was a grim look on his face and his eyes flashed ominously, "if needs be, they ought to shoot or hang the ringleaders. The Governor wishes me to talk to them, but rebellions cannot be bound up with red tape, and I, for one, expect no very logical answers from exasperated men with arms in their hands. But, sweetheart," lowering his voice to soft, loving tones, "it is not my legitimate work. Shall I go?"

She answered calmly, though with an effort, for the impulse to say "Stay!" was strong within: "If you can do any good,

Richard, go! and may God preserve you"; and then she pillowed her small head on his broad breast and sobbed. He was so dear to her, he was her all in this world.

"It is leaving you," he said, "which makes it hard for me to go. I know you are as brave-hearted as you are gentle. I know you would not keep me."

She tried to answer cheerfully, quoting the words of an old poet, "I could not love thee dear so much, loved I not honour more."

"Cheer up, darling," he said; "it may all end well, and will, most likely, end in smoke. Do not break your heart."

"I am a very coward on your account, Dick," she answered, "but as you say, of course nothing very dreadful is likely to happen. I am so happy when you are with me, so utterly wretched when you are away, that your leaving for a single day seems an overwhelming misfortune. Cannot I go with you?"

"It would be better not."

"When do you leave, Dick?"

"To-night."

"So soon?"

"Well, my darling, the sooner the better. As I said before, mutinies cannot be mended with red tape."

The day was passed in all the stirring activity of packing and preparations, and in the evening a travelling carriage stood under the portico of Whitby's house, for the hour of his departure had come. He himself (his tall figure muffled in a military cloak) stood in the drawing-room talking to his wife.

"Before I start, Eleanor," he said, "I will give you a pistol. I have not had time to load it, and you are not likely to require it. Still, it is as well to have fire-arms in a house with only women and a sick man in it."

"Very well," she answered; "I can load it."

The weapon was left on the table, and she followed him to the hall door. They bid each other a final good-bye. As Whitby entered the carriage Eleanor said, "You will be back in ten days, and will write every day"; then she added with a sad little smile, "You know I cannot be happy one minute without you."

Richard Whitby had led a stirring soldier's life, his career had not been one of fun and finery passed in garrison towns. He had been wounded more than once, and had seen a great deal of active service. As soon almost as he had joined he had served at Candahar, in the first Afghan War. Then he had been in the thick of the fighting in the two Punjab campaigns, and had been present at the hardly-fought battles of Ferozeshah, Sobraon, and Chilian-

wallah. He was not one of fortune's favourites; added to which, in 1852, as we have before stated, he in common with the whole of his regiment had incurred the wrath of Lord Dalhousie. It is possible that, but for this, his good services, his knowledge of Asiatic languages, and the almost miraculous influence his simple and manly character exercised over orientals, might have gained him recognition and a post of wealth. However, that was not to be; for one thing he never advertised or pushed himself, but rather held aloof from influential circles. Moreover, he had more than an average amount of moral courage; he would speak unpalatable truth and "shame the devil," as he expressed it, therefore it may be conjectured that His Satanic Majesty or his vice-regents on earth did not particularly admire Richard Whitby, nor study his interests; still he had friends who believed in him, and it was one of these who had requested he might be sent to Gwalior.

A few nights after her husband's departure, as Eleanor sat alone trying to beguile her loneliness by reading, her ayah suddenly entered the apartment.

"Madam," she began in a low mysterious tone, coming up close to her mistress—she was a so-called Portuguese, and she spoke English.

"What is it?" asked Eleanor, a little impatiently, struck by the woman's peculiar tone, and noticing how strange and timid she looked.

"That old woman, the Witch of Megara," answered the trembling servant, "has given me this," holding up a silver coin, "to take a message to you from her. She says such terrible things about your Excellency's going to be murdered. Heaven forbid it!"

"You are joking," said Eleanor, calmly. "Why should anyone murder me? What have I done?"

"Truth is known to God alone," answered the ayah; "I am but a woman, nothing is known to me, but the wise one says that your days are numbered."

"Absurd," said Eleanor. "I have always thought her mad."

"The Lord alone knows the secrets of the wicked," continued the ayah. "Knowledge is not given to your servant. Question the wise woman, for she says she is coming secretly this very night to see you. Will your Excellency admit her? Hark! what is that sound? She has arrived."

Most Anglo-Indian houses are built with back entrances for the convenience of the numerous servants, and from behind a heavy curtain which did service as a door leading to one of these entrances, the strange-looking old witch of Megara suddenly emerged.

Eleanor could not help noticing how extremely small she was, barely five feet in height; and as she came near, Eleanor and Florence looked as if they belonged to a race of giants beside her. It happened that Florence Rawley had entered the room unexpectedly, and the advent of the stranger surprised her extremely. The old woman wore the very unbecoming Mahomedan dress of the country, only rendered picturesque by the upper part of her person being covered with a quantity of red-coloured drapery; and this added to wild dark eyes, wrinkled face, and snowy hair, made her a very singular-looking object.

After making the customary salaam, she threw herself at Eleanor's feet with the most impassioned gestures of terror. The ayah translated the following words: "Fly, fly, while there is yet time!" she exclaimed, "or you and the good Sahib will die. It is the will of Fate that my days are few. Your slave is old. I am ready to depart, to rejoin those who have gone before me. But, ah! your Grace" clinging to Eleanor's knees, and raising her withered black hands imploringly, "save your own life, and the life of your Sahib, and that of Carew Sahib, whose salt I have eaten, and of that child who is beloved by you," and she pointed to Florence. "To them and to you life is sweet! Your Excellency has heard nightly the noise of quarrelling in the servant's quarters, near the house. Your Excellency has sent to tell them to be quiet, but they will never be quiet more. Nightly they, and the guard, with others from the city discuss plans of rebellion and murder. The Moslems and Hindoos cannot agree to terms. Do they not hate each other? They conspire against the English; they write letters; fear is in the heart of all; voices come out of the wilderness and cry Smite! smite! Dogs howl dismally round the villages. Woe, woe, is foretold. Some of the prodigies are familiar, such as thunder, and some are unaccountable."

"I do not fear such things," said Eleanor, imperturbably, hardly following the translation of the old woman's sybilline warnings poured out in the strange guttural language, and accompanied by frantic gestures. "The Sahib is gone," she continued, "and if I fly, whither should I go?"

"The Lord be praised he has left," answered the ancient crone. "It is well; follow him; depart, depart at once or you will surely die! But I must hasten hence or I shall be missed; no one knows that I have come to warn you. Silence! To no one repeat what I have said, but fly! fly!" she implored in her thin quavering voice, with a deprecatory gesture of her dusky arms.

Eleanor thanked her gently, but in her usual calm, unmoved tones. The old woman then left and the Englishwomen from the pillared verandah saw in the clear moonlight the diminutive form of the Witch of Megara as she walked along the road to Delhi.

Eleanor's nature was a particularly fearless one; she was not easily alarmed; moreover, she felt thoroughly convinced that the warnings of her aged visitor were simply the raving frenzy of a mind that had lost its balance.

But there had been one auditor upon whom the witch's ravings had had some effect, and that was poor little Florence, who looked pale and terrified.

"Eleanor, dear!" she cried, "why did you let that dreadful old woman come? She is very, very wicked! She is a bird of ill omen! She is thought to have brought that thief who nearly murdered poor Desmond; some harm will happen to us, be sure of that."

"Why should anyone murder us? Absurd; she is mad, poor old soul. But if you wish it, Florrie, I will load that pistol; but Richard will soon be back, and then it will be all safe."

Mrs. Whitby awoke early the next morning, and the sun rose as if it were an ordinary day, and so came and went the next and the next, and several days had passed, and the evil predicted to her had not happened, and the memory of the old woman's visit nearly faded from her mind. All was well with her husband; he had not yet arrived, but would soon return. Scindiah's troops had behaved with a discretion not to be expected of armed men; everything at Gwalior had returned to its normal state; a few ringleaders of martial discontent had been imprisoned, and that was all.

CHAPTER XX.

SAVED.

THE difficulty with Scindiah's troops having been arranged, Whitby was rejoiced to receive permission to return to his regiment at Delhi. It was a journey of more than twenty-four hours, posting unceasingly, and only stopping for hasty meals, and the necessary changes of horses at the dāk bungalows. He made his way homeward without any mischance, and with no annoyance beyond the difficulty experienced in starting the wretched quadrupeds, provided at the different stages, and who apparently were suffering from a recent rise in the price of corn. A miserable animal would

be brought forth, seemingly without even the power of motion, but after four or five men had beaten and kicked, and pushed and pulled him, he would be induced to make a spasmodic start, generally at a gallop; and finally his six miles were accomplished, although the same difficulty occurred over again with his successor. But Whitby forgot all his compassion in his intense eagerness to get on with his journey; he certainly pitied the unfortunate animals, but that was all. Fortunately, the tedium of travel was broken by his being able to sleep in the recesses of his vehicle, while his old bearer, his only attendant, smoked his hookah contentedly on the roof of the carriage.

To Whitby's great satisfaction, he discovered that they had got over another stage, and they had stopped at a staging-house in the cool grey dawn. It was just sunrise, and a great red sun was rising above the horizon, and could be seen across the broad level plains, while its rosy beams brightened the brown herbage by the side of the road.

As the impatient traveller emerged from his equipage he perceived that there was another dāk gharry standing near, with the horses taken out, and this fact informed him that he was not the only visitor who had arrived. However, as dāk bungalows are usually constructed to admit two separate parties, he did not anticipate any annoyance. He marched into the house, ordered his breakfast, and was soon enjoying some refreshing tea.

Whitby had concluded the meal, and was sitting in a placid mood on the Indian bedstead, covered with a mattress—which constituted the principal furniture of the apartment—when he perceived the figure of an Englishman standing in the verandah, but whose back was towards him. The stranger appeared to be a man about six feet in height, and broad in proportion; he had light hair and whiskers, and was dressed in a suit of grey flannel, white shoes, and a light wide-awake hat, with a lilac-coloured silk puggeree wound round it. He seemed to be admiring the fiery sun rising over the plain of brown grass, when suddenly a tall, graceful woman emerged from the bungalow, and going up to the admirer of nature familiarly placed her white hand on his shoulder.

"Reggie," she said, "when will those brutes of natives be ready? The sun will be horribly hot before we reach the next stage."

"Ah! my love," said the man, "I perceive our quadrupeds being conducted from their stable with that oriental dignity and slowness of movement which puts our fussy Anglo-Saxon hurry to shame."

Whitby sprang to his feet; he saw before him Louisa and her lover Reginald Carew.

"This slow way of travelling is distracting," Carew said. "We shall certainly lose the mail steamer which leaves Bombay on the thirteenth."

"And," added Louisa, crossly, "my father or that insufferable Wake, when they find out that I have not gone to Meerut, will come after us and catch us up."

Whitby now walked forward. "Carew! Louisa!" he cried.

The lovers started apart, and, on seeing Whitby, both looked guilty and confused.

"Is it possible, Mr. Carew," continued Whitby, "that you have persuaded this misguided woman to leave her husband? I did not think you capable of such conduct, or that you, Louisa, would do anything so wicked."

"Her husband! whose husband?" gasped the Squire, red with confusion.

"Is it possible that you do not know that Louisa is privately married to Henry Wake?"

"Married? no!" blustered the Squire. "She is engaged to him, and is in his power."

Whitby turned gravely to the woman. "Louisa!" he said, "am I not speaking the truth when I say that you are Wake's wife?"

She looked terror-stricken, but answered nothing coherently, though she muttered some indistinct words.

"Tell me, Louisa," cried Carew, noticing her overwhelming confusion. "It is not, it cannot be true! You have not deceived me?"

For a moment she made no answer; then recovering herself, she said defiantly: "I know I cannot legally marry you, but I would sooner be your mistress than Wake's wife! Do not listen to him, Reggie," she continued excitedly. "I cannot live without your love. You promised to take me to England; and once there, no one need know."

"You must be lost to all sense of shame to talk thus, Louisa," said Whitby. "Carew," he added, turning to the Squire, who stood perplexed and distressed, "would you dare to take advantage of this wretched girl's infatuation and make her and yourself miserable for life?"

"Reggie!" cried the distracted woman, "do not leave me! Take me away with you. I do not care what happens afterwards, only take me away. If you leave me now you can never have loved me."

The Squire paced up and down the verandah of the bungalow. "My poor darling," he said at last; "I thought that savage brute Wake had terrified you into an engagement, and, as a man of honour, I thought myself justified in making a runaway match with the girl I loved. Louisa," he said sadly, "I would gladly have made you my wife; but I love you too well, after all, to place you in a lower position."

"Louisa," said Whitby, addressing the now weeping girl, "you must return to Delhi with me, and I pledge you my word of honour that no one shall know of this, not even my wife. I consider it very fortunate that I have accidentally been able to save you both from taking a step which you would have bitterly regretted all your lives. Where is Wake?"

"I don't know, and I don't care. I never want to see him again."

By this time the equipage in which the runaway pair had intended to proceed had drawn up to the door.

"Let me beseech you," said Whitby to Carew, "to go on at once and alone. Let Louisa's luggage be removed from your carriage, and I will take her back to the protection of her father."

Whitby gave the necessary orders, and Carew, pale as death and with tears in his eyes, kissed Louisa, bidding her farewell for ever, and rushed from the house.

Very soon after, Whitby and Louisa started in the opposite direction; after a silent journey of several hours—he being too grieved and she too sullen to talk—they approached the high walls and fine buildings of the city. Their equipage rattled through the crowded bazaars, then they thundered through a mediæval gateway—the Cashmere gate—and were soon in the pleasant, fresh, and green English suburb of the cantonments. Fortunately no people with gossiping tongues or prying eyes saw them, although the world was just awakening—officers were proceeding to parade, and ladies and children were sallying out to enjoy the cool morning air. Before going to his own house Whitby deposited Louisa at her cheerless home; but as she entered the threshold of her abode, she addressed him in passionate tones, and with anger darting from her brilliant eyes:

"You have made a fool of yourself and of me! What right had you to interfere? We were doing no harm! Mr. Carew was only escorting me to Meerut at my father's request. I don't like travelling alone, and I had to go to Meerut on business to sell our house and furniture."

"But I heard you say you were going to England."

"And what of that? After I had arranged our affairs and sold everything at Meerut, my father and I are certainly going to England. If my father was himself you would not dare to insult me! Go! I hate you!" she cried; "never dare to speak to me again."

"Louisa, if you were going to Meerut, how was it I met you on the road to Agra?"

She did not deign to answer him, but entered the house; then Whitby left. The carriage next drew up at his own bungalow, and, in the joy of meeting his wife, all thought of Miss Page vanished from his mind.

"Oh, my darling!" cried Eleanor, "how tired, how ill you look!"

"Do I? Well, I have been travelling day and night," he answered, "added to which I have been somewhat worried; but now that I am home again I shall soon be once more the happiest man in Her Majesty's service."

Florence Rawley then came in to greet the returned wanderer. She was in the gayest, merriest mood.

"I can guess," said Whitby, "from your appearance that Desmond Burke is making a good recovery?"

"Yes, thank God! he is doing well; but I have a great secret, a great piece of news to tell you: I am going to England!"

"To England?" said Whitby in astonishment. "Then what will poor Burke do?"

"Oh, he is going with me," she said.

"Lucky fellow! But how, Florence?"

"He has been ordered home on sick leave. I am going to take care of him; he requires a nurse, but, of course, we are to be married first."

Whitby laughed. "So you are marrying him out of pure pity?"

"I am not half good enough for him. I wonder what he sees to like in a foolish little girl like me?"

"Oh, I see," said Whitby, "he is making the sacrifice. Poor fellow! I always thought he would throw himself away."

"Nonsense! We are to be married at Meerut on the 15th of May."

"So very soon?"

"Oh, but we have been engaged for more than a year, and we love each other so."

"That alters the case, certainly; and all I can say is that he is a lucky man."

"He is such a patient darling. Why, even Dr. Ingledew said Desmond owed his recovery more to his singular equanimity of temper than to anything else."

"Well," said Whitby, "I am not surprised at a young man evincing a sublimely serene disposition when he was waited upon by an angel."

"Come, come, Dick," said Eleanor, "if you pour the butter so thickly over Florence, I shall be jealous. You never had such a talent for paying me compliments."

"Arrah now," said Whitby, with a tolerable imitation of an Irish brogue, "and haven't I had a fine young gossoon from the ould counthry here; and hasn't he kissed the blarney-stone, me darlints, and do yez think I've larn't nothing from him at all, at all!"

At this moment the portiere was hastily drawn aside, and Burke, looking decidedly paler and more emaciated than of old, came into the room, but with a countenance beaming with fun, and a sly twinkle in his bright blue eyes. He had heard the voices and had caught Whitby's assumed Milesian accents, and, with a scrape of his leg on the floor and a genuine Irish bow, he began:

"Welcome home again! Shure an' yer anner's the very gintleman I want to say." Then speaking seriously, he said: "Have you heard the good news, and will you and Eleanor come to the wedding?"

"Of course we will," answered Whitby, cordially; "and I wish every happiness to Florence and you."

"Ooh!" shouted Burke, "long loife and more power to yer anner! Shure an' its meself's the happy bhoys this day entoirely." Then seizing a stick which was near at hand he twirled it round his head, and, with a wild who-o-op, began to dance in the centre of the room. "Come along, Mavourneen," he said to Florence, and taking her by the hand the young couple stepped and footed in a wild Irish jig. "Shure an' it's meself can do the stip," said Burke. "Horoo!" and he waved his imaginary shillelagh. "By the Howly Poker, we'll dance a hole in the flure. Arrah now! stip out, me darlint. Horoo!" and he jigged about, dragging Florence after him until he dropped exhausted upon a couch.

The good humour of the wild Irishman was infectious. Eleanor and Whitby danced also, while, peering cautiously through the portieres, could be seen the dusky faces of the servants, staring in scandalised astonishment at the young Sahibs, feeling more than ever confirmed in their opinion that they, like all other English people, were certainly mad. It needed youth and overpowering animal spirits to dance with such joyous light-heartedness in such hot weather.

CHAPTER XXI.

EDUCATIONAL ADVANTAGES.

"Who on earth do you think has returned to Delhi?" exclaimed Ensign Burke, rushing impetuously into the garden where his *fiancée* and Captain and Mrs. Whitby were assembled. "Why, Carew of all people in the world," he continued excitedly, "and he says he has come back on business!"

Florence only remarked "How strange!" and did not seem much interested in the matter. Eleanor was silent, but a strange and rather bitter smile crossed her handsome face.

"Carew returned! The designing villain!" exclaimed Captain Whitby, hotly, in a fit of honest indignation.

"Designing villain!" said Burke; "rather strong words for you to use—and why?"

Whitby's countenance in general wore a calm expression, but the anger and scorn depicted on it, and reflected from his flashing eyes, showed that he was deeply moved.

"The fact is," he said with unusual warmth, "I cannot stand by and see a silly woman like Louisa Page led astray by Carew; I cannot forget that I have known her from her childhood, and that she is utterly friendless; for her old father is now absolutely imbecile, and, therefore, no fit protection for her. That man is planning to run away with her, and this is the fine 'business,' indeed, upon which Carew has come back to Delhi."

Whitby was one of the little band of plain livers and noble thinkers who keep morality alive, and the world on its upward way. He had hitherto not spoken about having found the lovers at Gazi-ghur dāk bungalow, nor revealed that he had brought Louisa back to her home; but Carew's unjustifiable return to Delhi he considered had released him from his promise of silence.

Whitby's auditors were amazed, for they now heard for the first time the probable explanation of Reginald Carew's re-appearance among them, when everyone thought that he had left for England. It is needless to say that the two ladies were indignant at the news.

Florence looked at Whitby in childish astonishment; by race and education she was one of those good women—"women of honour" as the last century styled them—and she could not understand that one of her sex should fail in the duty of a wife; Louisa's conduct seemed incredible to her.

"Are you perfectly sure, Dick," asked Eleanor, with a scornful

smile, "that Unlimited Loo was about to outrage society by eloping with Carew? If she had run away openly in the face of day, and taken the consequences, it would have been endurable; but I know Louisa would never do that."

"Eleanor!" said Whitby in consternation, "what do you mean?"

"Only this," she said, blushing crimson as she spoke, for to her reserved nature it was painful to express openly what she felt so deeply, "only this, it seems to me to be a far more honest action to go away openly, than to continue a life of sham, hypocrisy and deceit. I, too, have known Louisa from her childhood, and believe her to be utterly incapable of acting in a straightforward manner under any circumstances. Don't think I am spiteful and ill-natured," she remonstrated "but she seems to have blighted my whole life by one act of treachery. If I had never loved her I could not feel as bitterly as I do now. It was through her pretending friendship for me that she reached my brother, whom she never loved, but married only because she believed him the heir to a fine estate."

The revelation of the frustrated elopement came upon Burke like a thunder-clap. Louisa was pretty and amusing; certainly she had allowed him to kiss her in the dark corners of the garden when no one was near, and had expressed a partiality for him which flattered his vanity, yet he could hardly believe that she, Wake's wife, had tried to elope with his cousin Carew! Despite his astonishment he could not prevent a certain sense of amusement from taking possession of his mind. Carew had trained her to *this*. *This* was the result of the syllabus of education which Carew had propounded of metaphysics, ethics, and general enlightenment, all to end in a vulgar scandal. Oh! what a falling off was there."

"You take it very quietly, Burke," said Whitby; "but you brought Carew here, and now you seem quite content that he should bring disgrace into my wife's family; I call his conduct abominable."

"But are you certain of what you say? Of course I know he always admired Unlimited Loo, and has been constant to her for years; and I know he wished to act honourably, and intended to marry her. Loo ought not to have sailed under false colours, pretending to be an unmarried girl."

"As he is your relation you must know that it will not add to his happiness to run away with another man's wife," said Whitby.

"Oh," answered Burke, "Carew wouldn't listen to me, he is infatuated about Louisa—absolutely off his head; and she is not a bad sort altogether."

"Get him to leave India sharp," cried Whitby; "there is nothing like change of air for these intrigues, and I will telegraph to Wake and tell him to come here at once. He ought to look after his wife himself."

Burke mounted his pony, to ride two miles to the walled city, to clatter at a hand-gallop through the streets of the crowded bazaars, and finally to draw up at a long, one-storied building, was only the work of half an hour, and then Burke inquired for the traveller, "Carew Sahib." He was shown into a comfortless room, where he found the Essex Squire in his shirt-sleeves, writing at a square table under a punkah which was being violently agitated. He looked up with an exclamation more of surprise than pleasure, on seeing his cousin.

"It's beastly hot," said the Ensign, awkwardly; "I advise you to get out of this as soon as you can, for the heat is becoming decidedly unbearable, and you look ill too."

"Ah, yes! I had intended to leave by the last steamer, you are aware, but I unfortunately missed it, so I have returned to Delhi to complete my business," answered Carew, equally awkwardly. "That Whitby is a d——d interfering fellow," he continued. "He has told you of our meeting at the Gazighur dāk bungalow. I see it in your face."

"Why, yes, he has," answered the Ensign, hesitatingly.

"Doubtless he has chosen to put a bad construction upon my escorting Miss Page to Meerut?"

"Well, it was rather peculiar for you to be travelling alone with Wake's wife, you know."

Carew's brow contracted with a look of almost physical pain.

"He has spread that report about, I suppose?"

"No," answered Burke, "it is not generally known; but naturally I am now looked upon as one of the family, and they have no secrets from me."

The real reason of the Squire's return to Delhi (although he did not enlighten Burke on the subject) was that Louisa had telegraphed to him to come back. She wished to exculpate herself in his eyes; and she, moreover, shrewdly thought his presence in Delhi would silence any possible imputation of her having gone away in his company.

"My friendship for Miss Page is purely Platonic" said the Squire, pompously. "I repudiate the ill-natured aspersions of

malicious people. Her case is a very peculiar one, is it not? and would touch any sensitive heart."

"She is very pretty," answered Burke, evasively, "and rattling good fun."

"I propose to take her to England under her father's care—that is quite proper—and I shall then place her with my mother; no one can say a word against that. Louisa is the best and purest of women, and I defy calumny; besides, then I can complete her education."

"Do you still intend to carry out your scheme of training her, then?"

"Yes. As I think I have told you before, it naturally occurs to me that if I require my carriage, boat, writing-table, or easy-chair, I have it manufactured after a fashion peculiarly mine own; much more ought I to take care that my wife, the most important of a man's goods—if she be a good—be cut out according to my own views."

"But a wife is not a block of wood?"

"Certainly not. I even go so far as to assert that she has a soul, which is denied in the East, and doubted even by Europeans. I have great faith in education; I believe that the mind—especially that of woman—is pliant, and susceptible of being moulded into various shapes according to the pressure exercised upon it from without, and this can be effected with much greater certainty than is commonly supposed."

"And how do you intend to set to work?"

"In the following simple manner. I wish to have the young lady altogether in my hands, metaphorically speaking, for at least a year before I marry her, and wish to put her into a position in which I can still observe her mental organization and pursue my course of training without her suspecting my design. Then, if I find that I fail, if I find that impenetrable obstacles exist, or if she fall in love with another man, it will be evident that she was not intended by nature to be my wife. If I succeed, and find that she reciprocates my ideas, and sympathizes generally with my habits of thought, shall I not have a thousand better chances of securing domestic happiness than by marrying under the mere slavish influence of infatuation, without really knowing anything of the character, I mean physiological, not simply moral, of my bride?"

"This sounds all very well," said Burke, "but you seem quite to forget that Louisa is another man's wife."

"A mere legal fiction, my dear fellow, which can be easily set aside, and has nothing to do with the main issue. You will now

see how the idea of my taking her to England came about. I had discovered the father's weakness, with which, of course, you are acquainted, and also that neither of them appear to have any ties of kindred, or other connections; Louisa seems to be only anxious to take her parent to some quiet place, in the hope, doubtless, that he may get rid of his remarkable mental delusions. It happens, fortunately, that a small house of mine, in the little town of Hurst Hill (where my property lies) is vacant; it also happens that the doctor there has had some experience of mad people, and generally has a mild lunatic or two under his care. I offered my house to them, and there they are going."

"What! do you mean to say that Major Page and Louisa are to reside at Hurst Hill as your tenants?"

"Yes. Perhaps you may remember the house, an old-fashioned affair of plaster, interlaced with dark beams with carved woodwork about it, and that sort of thing. It stands near the middle of the little town; it is a nice little place though, with a garden behind, and a fine view."

"Well, this is strange!" ejaculated Burke.

"I do not see anything strange in this occurrence," said Carew. "What can be more simple or more natural? I see a young girl in Dublin, and admire her for her appearance alone; I meet her again here, and find she is pre-eminently teachable; I adhere to my scheme: that is clear enough. But I wish further to remark, that you seem to have cut poor Louisa lately, and she feels it very acutely, especially now that the Whitbys are saying things derogatory to her fair fame. Remember she may be your relation by marriage, and, as she will be leaving India approximately, I think you should go to bid her farewell."

Burke knew well enough that it would be wise to say "No" to this proposal, but it is not given to all mortals to say the important word at the right moment; and although he loved Florence, he did not see why he should drop, with seeming unkindness, so beautiful an acquaintance as Miss Page.

"What harm was there in the girl?" he reasoned, "She flourished upon flirtation like a fly upon sugar. Her nature-panted for adoration like a flower for water, but these were feminine weaknesses to be admired, not condemned; for was it not the creed of the 200th Regiment to 'Flirt and let flirt'?"

There is a time in the history of most of us, when the mind takes a sudden awakening, and we enter into a new order of thought, rarely knowing how or when this happens. This time had not yet come to Burke, who was still young and unthinking,

and who accepted, more than most men, glitter for gold. When, among the sterner scenes which followed, it came, it came, not as to many, by gradual experience, but in awful letters of fire, bringing regret and bitter contrition. Alas! poor blind mortals that we are! would that some god would only enable us to foresee! For ignorance of cause and motive is the true serpent by which women are ruined and men deceived.

But before venturing to visit "Dalilah," Burke felt it would be better to obtain the consent of his promised bride to do so; therefore he hastened back to Florence.

"It's all right, Florence," he said; "the Whitbys are too hard upon Carew and Louisa. She is rapid, of course, but nothing worse, and Carew is very anxious for me to say good-bye to her; she is going to England with her paternal guardian. Now, I won't go if you would rather I did not."

"Oh, I am glad that things can be explained, dear."

"Shall I go, Florence? I will do just as you like."

"I will not begin life, Desmond, by being jealous of you. I can afford to be generous, and I am sorry that she has made such an unhappy marriage, poor thing!"

Burke, whose conscience was quieted by his cousin's explanation and Florence's acquiescence, again mounted his pony and proceeded to visit the young lady at the Red House.

"Poor girl!" he said to himself, shrugging his shoulders; "with such a father and husband it is no wonder she is rather peculiar."

On reaching the Red House he found that Major Page was about to take his daughter for a drive in his buggy, but he had been interrupted by a matter requiring his immediate attention. His daughter was just beginning to pout sulkily at Destiny for thus interfering with her pleasure, when the Ensign arrived.

"Oh, here is Mr. Burke," said the parent; "perhaps he will escort you. I was about to take my daughter for a drive, Mr. Burke; but I am wanted for some business which must be settled at once. Will you take my place? She you will drive may be Princess of the Isles some day, you know," he added in a whisper.

"If Miss Page will take me for a companion, I shall be delighted," said the Ensign, gallantly.

"And Miss Page will be very happy to take you," said the young lady.

Between the distraction not unnatural at finding himself wedged in a buggy with a creature of whose attractions he felt consider-

ably afraid, and the remembrance of the scene in the Whitbys' garden, and the accusations against Louisa, his abstraction led to a lack of skill as a Jehu, and he managed the animal so badly that Louisa dispossessed him of the reins, with a laugh, after he had nearly upset the vehicle in a ditch. With a firm grasp of the reins, her bright eyes kindling, she urged on the not unwilling horse, and in this combination of high spirit and womanly gentleness the Ensign fancied he recognised one of those characters born to enthrall mankind. "How wonderfully discerning Carew had been in Dublin five years before!"

"In a short time I shall leave this place," said Burke, "and I have been very happy here."

"But you will be glad to return to England, will you not?" she asked.

"I ought to be, at all events, for I am going there after my marriage to the girl to whom I am engaged."

"Are you really? Oh, Mr. Burke, let me congratulate you. I'm sure I hope you will be very happy. Miss Rawley is so pretty."

"Yes," answered Burke, "and very good."

"Oh, how nice! I like good girls so much. Heigho! how happy she will be!"

As they were ascending a gentle incline, the quadruped sank into a jog-trot, and Miss Page, seemingly taking no more interest in quickening his pace, let the reins hang loosely and looked dejected.

"Oh, Mr. Burke," she said, pleadingly, "you won't be angry with me, will you? But if ever I get back to dear old England you will let me know your wife, won't you? She has been prejudiced against me very unjustly by those who ought to have known better; but I feel that I should like her to be my sister. I am very foolish; but I have no one to love except papa, and I should so like to have a sister—you know, we are very old friends, now."

"Then I am to be your brother, Miss Page?"

"Oh, brothers should not be so formal—call me Louisa."

"Louisa, then, may I talk to you a little about my friend Carew?"

"Yes, if you want to; but I'd rather you would talk to me about yourself, Desmond. May I call you so in spite of our little quarrel? Do you know, I have thought of a favour I should like to ask; will you write to me from dear England? Will you write so that I shall get the letter on my birthday? I've an absurd fancy for receiving letters on my birthday—it's the 23rd of October."

"I will write with pleasure," answered the Ensign; "but you will be in England before that."

"I may not; and if I am to stay here it will make me so happy, if you will keep your promise, and we shall always be friends. I value your friendship above everything—you will never forget me?"

The proud and bright girl of a few moments before had changed into a tender being, nestling at the Ensign's side, who felt himself insensibly yielding to her subtle fascinations. It was a hard fight between the memory of an absent love, and the present witchery of a pretty girl seated by him. Indeed, there is no saying to what this drive might not have led, had not some other personages come upon the scene.

There advancing along the road to meet them was an object which had the effect of freeing the Ensign's individuality from the spells which were being rapidly woven round it. This was no other than the Whitbys' carriage, with Mrs. Whitby and Florence seated in it. They passed the buggy with cold, averted looks; but Florence turned faint and sick, for through her heart there ran a fierce throb of jealousy, painful as a blow, or even death itself. It was true that Burke had called on Louisa, with her permission; but that he, her affianced husband, should drive in a buggy on the public Mall with that noted flirt was not what she had anticipated. Poor child! she bravely determined not to be jealous, although her lovely eyes were full of tears, which she could not repress.

"Oh, you will catch it, Desmond," said Louisa, with a mocking laugh, as the Whitbys' carriage drove by, "you will get it hot and strong. How those women hate me, although I have done them no harm."

The rest of the drive passed in comparative silence, and soon afterwards Burke deposited his fair companion at the paternal mansion, and then hurried away to dress for the mess dinner, to which he had been invited that evening. It must be owned that the too susceptible Ensign was not sorry that he should not see Florence until the next morning, when probably a night's sleep would have cooled down any passing annoyance which vexed her gentle soul, for he well knew that resentment and anger in her sweet nature were never of long continuance.

Florence's visit at Delhi had been unconscionably long; but while Burke remained there, too ill to be moved, she could not make up her mind to return to her father, and leave the man whom she adored.

Life was to Florence and her lover an untried country, whose

difficulties and perils were to be met with the sole aid of a few instincts and a few maxims. It had no meaning beyond the pleasures of to-day, for the tragic side of existence did not concern them at all. Burke's scheme of life was to laugh, dance and jest; and if evil came, why think of it? Why meet trouble half-way?

Although they were much of an age, Florence's feeling towards Eleanor was one of admiring reverence—the regard which a child might have for a person older, sadder, wiser, and infinitely better than herself.

(To be continued.)

The Best and Cheapest System of Artillery Defence.

It is an object of paramount importance to a maritime country with widely-scattered possessions, that she should employ the best and cheapest system of artillery defence for her harbours and coaling stations. The British Islands are not self-supporting in the matter of food supplies. In fact, if the arrival of ocean-borne stores were to cease, we should feel the pinch of want in a very few weeks, and in as many months we should be surrounded by the horrors of famine. The protection of our commerce must, therefore, be amply provided for. It is a necessity of our very existence.

Not only must our commercial harbours be rendered secure, so that the usual inlets of our food supplies may be at all times free and open, but the coaling stations which enable our cruisers to keep the seas must be so defended that no enemy would venture to attack them with a light heart. Naval and military strategists of the first rank have for many years persistently pressed on the attention of the country and the Government the danger which we incur by leaving our harbours and coaling stations so inadequately defended. But whether it is due to apathy or to insufficient mob-pressure—this being a subject which the masses cannot grasp—or to want of money, or to the exigencies of party rivalry, successive Governments have allowed the danger to remain. They have made speeches calculated to produce the impression that decisive and immediate steps would be taken, but there the matter has ended. This is a glaring example, among many in recent times, of the degradation produced by the scramble for office, in which duty, honour, piety and patriotism are sacrificed to a despicable personal or party ambition. It becomes a question for thoughtful men who desire to see a growing and united Greater Britain how much licence is to be allowed to the schemers in party politics. So far from being made a field of political strife, the honour and defence of the Empire should be regarded as a sacred trust by men of every party.

It is now, happily, determined that something is to be done by

way of defending our harbours and coaling stations, and the country ought to see to it that money's-worth is obtained for every penny expended. The time has surely gone by when a ring of officers belonging to the so-called scientific corps can spend millions of John Bull's hard-earned money without efficient check or control. It is undeniable that within the past thirty years, millions have been spent on defences which are now absolutely useless. Nor can it be admitted that these works were good and sufficient when constructed, but that time and the development of artillery have rendered them obsolete. They were shown to be weak and costly when taken in hand, and a stronger and cheaper system was brought into competition with them. That stronger and cheaper system was known as the "Moncrieff" or "Protected Barbette" method of defence. It was advocated by the best and most enlightened officers of the Navy, the Artillery and the Engineers; but such is the power and *prestige* of office, and so great is the reverence of the ordinary Briton for assumed superiority, that the new system was suppressed. There are, however, signs of returning animation. It was scotched, not killed.

There has arisen a new generation of officers, which is not content to accept its creed, ready-made, from a departmental hierarchy, and the question of harbour defence has come to be regarded as one to be dealt with by educated common-sense. A proposal has been made that it should be handed over to a Parliamentary Committee. The person who made that proposal is himself an officer of artillery, who has had exceptional opportunities of knowing the capacity of his brother officers, and he has evidently come to the conclusion that business of this nature ought to be taken out of the old groove. Military and scientific knowledge is sometimes of service in estimating these matters; but it is most injurious and objectionable for officers of those corps to suppose, and for the public to agree with them, that their decisions and traditions are necessarily right, and that it is presumption to call them in question.

Although the world-wide services of such a corps as the Royal Regiment of Artillery cannot be referred to except in terms of the highest respect and admiration, it is nevertheless remarkable that the great landmarks of artillery which have for nearly thirty years bulked most largely in the eye of the public, as indicating eras of progress, have not been due to any of the thousands of officers who in that period have passed through the Royal Military Academy. Who was the first to gain fame and reward by giving us a serviceable rifled gun of large calibre? Mr. Armstrong, a solicitor; now Sir William Armstrong. Who

invented the most penetrating projectile ever fired? And who saved the country an untold sum by rifling her old guns and making them carry shot of double the weight originally designed for them? Major Palliser, a cavalry officer, afterwards the late Sir William Palliser. And who, by interposing a moving fulcrum between the gun and the platform, converted the destructive energy of recoil into a helpful and obedient force, providing for the safety of guns, magazines, and men? Captain Alexander Moncrieff, an officer of the Artillery Militia, now Colonel Moncrieff, C.B., F.R.S. There have also been numerous minor inventions and improvements in artillery, the known or reputed authors of which had neither the education of Woolwich cadets nor the experience of Artillery officers.

It is now nearly twenty years since the Moncrieff system of artillery defence was brought before the public, and it may be desirable in the interest of the general reader to give a rough sketch of its author's designs, and to show how these designs were frustrated. The facts are obtained from published and authoritative documents.

After a long course of study, observation, and experiment, Colonel Moncrieff came to the conclusion that, except at the moment of firing, his guns should remain under the natural surface of the ground. In a paper read at the Royal Institution in 1869, the inventor remarked as follows:—"The recoil of such guns represents a violence of force, the like of which man has never had to deal with before. Imagine 12, 18, or 25 tons of compact iron started in an instant into rapid motion with a violence that mocks the blow of a steam hammer. This force has to be controlled and restrained. It is no wonder, then, that when met directly and stopped by friction, as is now done in the ordinary system, the difficulties are enormous. The horizontal strain on the platforms, pivots, and racers, is so great that it has not yet been quite successfully met; constant changes and inventions are being made to render this force more harmless." The law, however, had, up to that time, remained in force, that "what was gained in protection was lost in efficiency, and the converse." Colonel Moncrieff continues, "Happily I had the good fortune to conceive and develop an idea which abrogates this law. . . . In 1855, while watching the interesting operations before Sebastopol, and endeavouring, as well as I could, to understand the conditions under which the siege artillery was used, I conceived the idea which is now realised. It was then that I saw the value of earth and the importance of simple expedients. It was plain that the weak point of a battery

was the embrasure, which formed a mark to fire at, an opening to admit the enemy's shot, and required constant repair, even from the effects of its own gun, which in firing injured the revetments of the cheeks."

Colonel Moncrieff designed a counter-weight gun-carriage, on which the recoil of discharge acts so as to lower the gun completely under cover, the whole arrangement being situated in a pit or sunken emplacement. As soon as the recoil has brought down the gun to the loading position, the mechanism is clamped. When it is unclamped, the counterweight sinks, and the gun rises to the firing position. At the next discharge it instantly sinks, once again, under cover. A correct idea would hardly be conveyed without the following account of the mechanical construction of the carriage, taken from the paper quoted above. "That part of the carriage which is called the elevator may be spoken of and treated as a lever; this lever has the gun-carriage axle at the end of the power-arm, and the centre of gravity of the counter-weight at the weight-arm, there being between them a moving fulcrum. When the gun is in the firing position, the fulcrum on which this lever rests is almost coincident with the centre of gravity of the counter-weight, and when the gun is fired the elevators roll on the platform, and consequently the fulcrum or point of support travels away from the end of the weight-arm towards the end of the power-arm, or, in other words, it passes from the counter-weight towards the gun. Notice the important result of this arrangement. When the gun is fired its axle passes backwards on the upper or flat part of a cycloid. It is free to recoil, and no strain is put upon any part of the structure, because the counter-weight commences its motion at a very low velocity. As the recoil goes on, however, the case changes completely, for the moving fulcrum travels towards the gun, making the weight-arm longer and longer every inch it travels. Thus the resistance to the recoil, least at first, goes on in an increasing progression as the gun descends, and at the end of the recoil it is seized by a self-acting pawl or clutch."

Among the merits of the system are concealment, unlimited thickness of parapet, safety of magazines, all-round fire, cheapness of construction, economy of men, dispersion of guns and concentration of fire. It can at once be comprehended that if a pit be dug on the crest of a hill overlooking a harbour, and a gun mounted on a Moncrieff carriage be placed in it, nothing is visible from the water, and there is nothing for an enemy to aim at. Therein consists the concealment, or rather the absence of any indication of defensive works. The thickness of parapet and safety

of magazines are due to the fact that solid mother-earth protects the gun-pit. When the gun is elevated to fire, it can be pointed in any direction. There is no obstruction to all-round fire. No costly masonry nor iron shields are needed, and as one gun can do the work of two or more guns in casemates, there is no comparison between this and the old style of works in the matter of economy, whether it be of men or of money.

Guns mounted *en barbette* are fully exposed to view, and, when opposed by an ironclad, are absolutely unworkable. In casemates and embrasures the weak and open places are, of course, nearest to the gun, and on these there is, in addition to the ordinary shell-fire, a continual fire from machine guns or rifles; but in Moncrieff batteries not a single man is exposed for a moment. The advantages of dispersion of guns and concentration of fire are gained through the selection of the most suitable and commanding positions for gun-pits. Instead of building a conspicuous stone fort or battery, in which to cram a number of guns, apparently with the view of furnishing an easy and vulnerable target for hostile fire, the Moncrieff system takes up all the best isolated positions for its guns in ones or twos, or larger numbers if desirable. Here, again, we see that common-sense and true military science go hand in hand. This is the principle on which skirmishers are dispersed so as to avail themselves of cover, suffer the smallest loss, and inflict the greatest. The old system to which Moncrieff's is opposed, is represented by troops in mass standing up fully exposed to the fire of the enemy, a state of matters for which the officer responsible would be brought to trial. Massing guns together in this manner, and smothering them in their own smoke, is not a whit better than a return to the column attack formations of last century. The Moncrieff system gives the great *desideratum* of modern riflemen, namely, cover, or, better still, concealment and dispersion, but it also gives concentration of fire.

It is a part of the method originally proposed by Colonel Moncrieff that batteries and isolated gun-pits should be supplied with range-finders and graduated racers, and be connected by electricity and internal communication, so that the officer commanding the artillery of the defence may have a certain amount of tactical power, and may, if necessary, direct all his guns simultaneously on any one point. This system of mounting ordnance is, therefore, not merely one for the adoption and use of a certain carriage, however ingenious; and Colonel Moncrieff cannot, in fairness, be described as merely the inventor of the carriage which bears his name, but his system includes the due observance of the rules which he has

laid down for the application of the invention ; and, sad to say, although in a sense the carriage was adopted, these rules have never yet in any one instance been fully observed. It is a humiliating fact that either from dense bigotry, or from some other even less respectable causes, the system has never had a fair chance afforded it by those who were entrusted with its application, and the very proper promise made to Colonel Moncrieff that the plans for its application should be submitted to him for his remarks, was never once fulfilled *until too late*.

If we turn our eyes to Milford Haven, the scene of the recent interesting operations, in which the attack and defence of a fortified harbour were represented, what do we see ? We see a magnificent natural harbour of great extent, with deep water and good anchorage, capable of being entered in all states of the wind and tide, defended by useless and costly works, the granite blocks of which would fly into splinters, and be more fatal to the defenders than the shells of the attack. Milford Haven is selected for the purpose of argument, because, owing to these operations, public attention has been largely drawn to it, and also because the Moncrieff system is exactly suited to it. When it was forced on the tardy and reluctant intelligence of official "armed science" that stone walls were a mistake, a beginning was made to strengthen them with iron shields ; but if an ironclad were to pound a shield, the wall supporting it would not be worth much to stand behind ; and if the shield were made thick enough to resist modern ships' guns, they would prevent their own guns from traversing right and left, or even from being run out far enough to fire at all. It is no exaggeration to say that many thousands of pounds have, in spite of protest, been absolutely thrown into the sea at Milford Haven ; and it is not too much to assert that for less than a third of the money so spent, the Haven might have been rendered impregnable by the Moncrieff method.

The Haven is in very few places more than two miles wide, and is surrounded by high sloping hills, bluffs and cliffs, on which Moncrieff batteries and gun-pits might be constructed without interfering with the contour of the land as seen from the water. These batteries and gun-pits could be secured against surprise by the means locally most appropriate in each case, and could be connected with each other by roads invisible from the sea. All the guns on both sides of the Haven could be connected by electric wire with the commander's station, so that they could be concentrated on an enemy when necessary. The guns would be placed in those positions in which they could best support one another and

command the greatest area liable to be occupied by an enemy's ships, their all-round fire giving them a vast superiority over guns confined and circumscribed by masonry and shields.

The foregoing remarks may convey some idea of the system, and the manner in which it was intended that it should be applied. But in what way has it been made use of? As a matter of fact, in such a way as to obscure its merits and neutralize its advantages. Concealment, as we have seen, is of the essence of the system; but the military scientists to whom our defence is committed, placed the Moncrieff carriages in conspicuous artificial positions, calculated to demonstrate their whereabouts and draw fire upon them. Cheapness is another feature claimed for the invention; but these same munificent scientists to whom we have confided our purse-strings, effectually disposed of that claim by making expensive and utterly unsuitable surroundings for the reception of the carriages. In some instances Moncrieff gun-carriages were placed *on the top of casemates*! In short, there is hardly a feature of the system that has not been destroyed, and there has never been one single instance in which its advantages have been fairly and decently brought out.

It was noted, during the bombardment of Alexandria, that the Egyptians under Arabi, had placed a Moncrieff carriage in the open, without any attempt at cover, and it was regarded as an extraordinary mistake for even semi-savage artillerists to commit; but it was a mistake easily rectified. Not so the errors of our highly scientific officers at home, whose elaborate works in this connection are permanently ridiculous. But were they errors? Were they really the outcome of earnest, honest stupidity? It surely could not have been deliberately intended to misplace these carriages so as to throw discredit on the invention and extinguish the inventor; and yet that is the end which has very nearly been attained. If that was not the intention, why was the inventor's advice not taken, according to the arrangement that, on the face of the published papers, appears to have been made with him?

The objections raised to this method of defence were puerile, and not particularly candid. It was said that the carriages were complicated and liable to damage; but carriages are, as a rule, never disabled except by direct fire, from which this system gives complete protection. The gun-pits were called "shell-traps," the ingenious inventor of this name doubtless supposing that they would never survive such a terrible designation. Shell-trap is not at all a bad name, however, and describes them fairly well. A trap is concealed and cannot be aimed at, and a shell would be very much

surprised on getting into it, seeing that there are so many thousand chances to one against it. A distinguished general of artillery answered this objection somewhat in the following manner: If you set up a target half a mile off and fire at it with a rifle, you may hit it a larger or smaller number of times; but if you lay it down flat, out of sight, and elevate the muzzle of your rifle, how many bullets will you drop on the target? It is also to be remembered that ships' guns, to which Moncrieff batteries would be mostly opposed, are fired from moving and unsteady platforms, and thereby the chance of dropping shells on a small and invisible area is made extremely remote. Another objection, almost too ridiculous to reproduce, but nearly as valid as the above, was this: that soldiers should stand up like men, and not be ashamed to show themselves; that they should rather be ashamed to skulk and hide in a hole in an un-English and unsoldier-like manner. This is an argument begotten of anger and despair. The audacious fire-eater who propounded it must long ago have fallen a victim to his own theory, if his professed contempt of cover was carried out in practice. Such are specimens of the science and logic which were arrayed against this invention.

From the above description it may be gathered that the Moncrieff system differs from what previously existed, not only in principle but in every detail, so much so indeed that the latter with its concentration of guns, and other features, cannot be adapted to the more effective and cheaper method. The development of naval fire, of machine and quick-firing guns, has rendered some of our most expensive forts extremely dangerous to the garrison; and doubts are entertained whether their guns could be fought to any advantage, owing to the difficulty of laying them on moving objects and the exposure of the men. This, together with the neglect and gross misapplication of the Moncrieff system itself, is now a serious matter. Not only have enormous sums of money been wasted on works which may be said to have been obsolete before they were constructed, but some of these works are a standing danger and encumbrance, which will cost the country much to maintain and perhaps more to remove.

When the counter-weight carriage was adopted in the service, Colonel Moncrieff was appointed to a permanent post in the Director of Artillery's Department, in order that he might superintend the manufacture of his carriage and be consulted on matters connected with it. He remained in that position for nearly eight years. He also accepted a sum of money as payment for the patent rights relating to the counter-weight carriage. But that carriage

was never utilized for anything heavier than the 12-ton gun, and, as guns were rapidly increasing in weight, Colonel Moncrieff, in or about the year 1878, invented a hydro-pneumatic carriage, by which the recoil is absorbed without the aid of counter-weight. That carriage was a perfect success. The principle was applied to siege-guns, and was proved to be capable of application to guns of any calibre ; but instead of its being applied further, Col. Moncrieff's official connection with the Department was brought to a termination. Notwithstanding the ample proofs furnished and the satisfactory experiments witnessed, his services were dispensed with at the moment when their success and usefulness promised to be the greatest. The care of his system was handed over to others—the results here described, and a delay of ten years, being the consequences.

His very name was dissociated from his invention. It was renamed the *Disappearing* system—the adjective being very appropriate, especially as applied to the inventor.

In Colonel Moncrieff's last lecture on this subject, he said : " I may only observe that the passage from counter-weight to hydro-pneumatic agency is a great stride in advance, and that all the recommendations by committees in favour of using the counter-weight carriages, apply with still greater force to the use of hydro-pneumatic carriages with heavy guns."

An alarm has been raised about defective bayonets and munitions of inferior manufacture ; but if people could only realise the enormously greater sums expended on dangerous and inferior fortifications, there would be a more general and more determined investigation. For this reason the committee recently moved for in the House of Commons, to take up this question, ought to have been appointed.

The following is from the pen of General Scratchley, Royal Engineers : " In protesting against this policy of obstruction we should be careful to put the saddle on the right horse. So far as I can judge, the blame cannot rest on the Engineers. They cannot adopt the system and modify their plans until the Artillery accept the disappearing carriage, and the War Department is prepared to supply them. I am told that some gunners object to the hydro-pneumatic carriages on the grounds that they are complicated and require extra care and attention. I believe this is a complete mistake, and that these carriages will be found not to require any more care and attention or special skill, on the part of the men working them, than the present service pattern carriages and traversing platforms. But even admitting that they do, I think

it mere foolishness to continue the use of appliances which are admitted to be most defective, as exposing the gunners to an unnecessary and dangerous extent, simply on the ground that the proposed system may give more trouble."

Lieutenant-Colonel A. W. Duncan, Royal Artillery, says: "I myself practised with one of the first guns mounted upon Colonel Moncrieff's principle, and I candidly confess that, as an officer of artillery, I would far sooner fight a battery of guns upon his principle than upon any other. There is no comparison, in my opinion, between the Moncrieff system and the system of defending guns by iron shields. . . . My impression has all along been that the great objection to it has arisen from the enormous iron interests in this country, and perhaps not a little from official jealousy."

Admiral Selwyn, R.N., gives it as his opinion, that "There is no comparison whatever between the best protection by shield and the ordinary protection which the Moncrieff batteries give. . . . Why, then, is it that we have still to regret this opposition? Strong vested interests may have something to do with it; there may be something in the idea that a profession is unwilling to accept teaching from the outside; there may be something in the idea that our present system secures magnificent theorists, but very bad practical men, and that they hate practical men because they upset theory."

Mr. Anderson, C.E., states that the Moncrieff system "has been adopted for the new Russian ironclads for mounting the 12-inch 50-ton guns, 35 calibres long, with a muzzle velocity of 1,950 feet a second. I have not the smallest hesitation in saying that the carriages for these fine weapons will act quite as well as the ones they have already had. The fact is, the theory is so plain and clear that there is no difficulty whatever in mounting guns of any size."

Let the above suffice as examples of the testimony of Artillery, Engineers, sailors, and scientific civilians, in favour of the system, although many more might be added from such men as Sir J. Lintorn Simmons, Admiral Boys, General Wray, and General Strange, F.R.S.

When a man has grown grey under treatment which is repugnant to every sentiment of chivalry, or even of candour; when his representations and arguments, which run through the published papers, suggesting much that does not meet the eye, are, from one year's end to another, met by silence or evasion, he may be expected to show some signs of indignation and disgust. Colonel

Moncrieff has, nevertheless, been wonderfully calm under the ordeal. As he on one occasion intimated at the Royal United Service Institution, it has cooled his enthusiasm, but not destroyed his faith. He now sees the confirmation of his arguments and the fulfilment of his predictions, while a generous country ignores the author of the greatest change and advance in fortification of this age. Naval fire has been so greatly developed that nothing can stand against it but the Disappearing, or perhaps it will now be called the Re-appearing system. The Australasian Colonies, which are preparing for self-defence, have adopted it unreservedly, although probably not aware who its author is, and in their decision they have doubtless been influenced by an aversion to squander their money on needless masonry and iron shields. The course which they have adopted was recommended by the late General Sir P. Scratchley, who for a long period watched the progress of the invention, and was thoroughly acquainted with it.

Reflection is seldom exhilarating. In this case it is particularly sad, but it may be salutary. The printed discussions and other documents relating to this subject, present a record of prejudice, obstructiveness, and lavish expenditure, which have entailed loss and damage on the country as well as on the author. Although the Moncrieff system, under other names, is now being fully adopted, Colonel Moncrieff does not appear to be employed by the War Department. So far as the matter can be understood, he is left out in the cold, while the work of his lifetime is entrusted to the successors of those who brought about the waste of time and resources complained of. The country accepts the results of his labours, and apparently requites them by neglect.

The Battle of Beachy Head, 1690.

By GEORGE F. HOOPER.

IN a previous number of this magazine the present writer attempted to throw light on the battle which formed a prelude to our long naval war with France from 1689 to 1697.* He will now deal with the next battle of that war, the battle of Beachy Head, which was fought in the year following that of Bantry Bay. It will bear more ample treatment than has yet been allowed it, and is surrounded by questions of great interest, not only for students of naval history, but also to readers of general history. There is a stereotyped verdict on this battle and on Admiral Lord Torrington's conduct and seamanship, to be found in most of our histories, which accurately represents the fervour of popular opinion and feeling in England just after the event had happened, but which is hardly borne out by a calm, candid, critical judgment of the line of action taken by the allied English and Dutch admirals. If, therefore, the following pages can help to show that the stock statements to be met with in English histories must be considerably modified, if not flatly given the lie to, the writer's purpose will be served. Even Lord Macaulay's version of the battle has to be read with caution. But in saying all this, there is no intention to whitewash the professional character of Torrington, whose carelessness before the battle—as we shall see—was most reprehensible and bears unfavourable comparison with the watchfulness displayed by French commanders, and the pains they took to obtain information of the enemy's movements.

War was formally declared against France on 7th May 1689 (O.S.),† but during the remainder of that year no naval operations of primary importance were undertaken. While Commo^{dore} Rooke was performing good service round the Irish coast, Admiral Herbert (now

* See vol. xii. p. 468.

† To avoid confusion in comparing English and foreign authorities, I have distinguished the Style of most single-figure dates, and have given the more important in double reckoning.

Earl of Torrington) cruised in the Soundings with a combined fleet of some 70 line-of-battle ships, on the look-out for the enemy. Tourville was expected round from Toulon with 20 sail of the line to effect a junction at Brest with the Western or Atlantic squadron, under Château-Renault. Torrington, however, did not manage to prevent this junction, nor did he venture to look into Brest. At Brest, where the Minister of Marine himself, Marquis de Seignelay, was superintending the equipment of Château-Renault's squadron, there was great activity. "C'étoit un fracas terrible dans le port de Brest jour et nuit," says a contemporary French writer. On 31st July (10th August) Seignelay received orders from the Court for the fleet to sail, and a few days later Count de Tourville, senior Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-Chief of an *armée navale* of over 80 ships of line, weighed anchor. The English fleet of some 70 sail of the line was then not far from Ushant; but strangely enough, although the rival admirals were searching for each other for a fortnight, they were never close enough to prepare for action. Both fleets returned to their respective ports by the end of August, having only had an engagement between their scouting frigates, which involved the loss of an English vessel.

When Parliament met early in the winter of 1689, grievous complaints arose about the bad victuals supplied to the fleet by the Commissioners of Victualling, and of the mortality among the seamen caused thereby. Among the salt meat were found galls and copperas, and in the beer guts and garbage were discovered, which naturally brought on disease, while in ships supplied with decent victuals there were few deaths or none. A Parliamentary inquiry, perhaps more potent than in the detection of corruption than now, revealed the cause and causers of this villainy. But so strong was the feeling evoked that it was deemed to be convenient to appoint a new Board of Admiralty with the Earl of Pembroke as First Lord.

With the New Year of 1690 arrangements were being made to despatch Vice-Admiral Henry Killegrew to the Straits of Gibraltar, where he was to carry out two objects. He was to arrange convoys for the merchantmen proceeding up the Mediterranean to Spanish, Italian, Greek and Turkish ports; and having despatched all these from Cadiz, he was, with the remainder of his squadron, to lie in wait for the Toulon squadron and attack or pursue it, as circumstances demanded. Killegrew sailed from Plymouth on 7th March 1690 (O.S.), and met with such bad weather that two Dutch ships of the line belonging to his squadron foundered, and several others were much crippled. After spending a month at Cadiz, the Admiral

received intelligence on 9th May (O.S.), that Lieutenant-General Château-Renault, with the Toulon squadron, had been sighted off Malaga and Alicante on his way round to Brest. Killegrew called a council of war, and at 4 A.M., on 10th May, got out of Cadiz and made sail to the southward. He had with him seven English line-of-battle ships, two Dutch ships, under Lieutenant-Admiral Almonde, two fifth-rates, and two fire-ships. With westerly winds Killegrew reached Gibraltar on the 11th, at 1 P.M. There he received information from the Governor of Ceuta that fourteen ships had been seen at anchor at Tetuan Bay. The English Admiral, accordingly, weighed anchor the same afternoon, and with his squadron increased to ten English sail of the line, five Dutch ships, two fifth rates, and two fire-ships, stood over to the Barbary coast. Not finding the French squadron, and the wind having shifted to the S.E., Killegrew headed back for the Spanish shore, when he sighted ten sail to leeward, making through the Straits to the westward. Ceuta Point then bore W.N.W about six miles distant. This was the looked-for enemy. Chase was given, topgallantsails were set, and the pursuit was continued from the afternoon of 12th till 10 A.M. on 13th May (O.S.). Château-Renault's squadron numbered some six men-of-war and seven other vessels, fire-ships and merchantmen; and having only just come out of Toulon he could show a pretty clean pair of heels to his adversary, some of whose ships had not been careened for seventeen months.

Killegrew gave over the chase as only four of his ships were able to keep up with the enemy. One of Château-Renault's merchantmen was chased and forced to run ashore to the westward of Tarifa, but with great labour she was got off again. This prize was the only result of Killegrew's mission in search of the Toulon squadron, and with feelings of keen disappointment he bore away from Cadiz. After making his arrangements for the Mediterranean convoys, he set sail for Plymouth, and after a passage of thirty-five days his squadron of five English line-of-battle ships, six Dutch men-of-war, a fifth-rate, and a fire-ship anchored in Plymouth Sound at the beginning of July.

Thus ended the first act of the drama which was to be played in the Channel during the summer of 1690. Château-Renault could join Tourville at Brest without the slightest apprehension of being attacked, since there was no Allied cruising or blockading squadron in the Bay. Would the Allies have a Channel fleet in readiness, of strength sufficient to contest the mastery of the Narrow Seas with this powerful and united *armée navale* of Louis XIV.?

Père l'Hoste in his work on naval tactics, published in 1697,

suggests that to effectually guard a strait or narrow channel, the defending squadron should be double that of the enemy attempting to pass through, and that the former should be divided so as to cruise on either shore of the strait. Thus the defending force would always hold the weather-gage, and, theoretically, the enemy would stand a small chance of being able to run through between them. The good Father then proceeds to show that Killegrew and Almonde lost their chance in 1690, by not adopting this method of defence, and by keeping on the weather-shore so as to have a better chance of bearing down on the French. But l'Hoste did not weigh the conditions of the weather sufficiently when he expressed this critical opinion. Fresh westerly breezes prevailed from 10th May till the morning of 12th, and the Barbary coast only became the weather-shore then by the wind shifting to S.E. The Allies did not hug the weather-shore of the Straits, and their stern-chase was a lost one owing to the foulness of their ships' bottoms. Château-Renault certainly displayed admirable coolness and boldness, but the safety of his squadron was entirely due to its superior sailing qualities. Popular opinion is said to have blamed Killegrew, but popular opinion was, and is, sometimes not worth much. The Cornish Admiral did all that he could do under the circumstances.

Now, returning to the Channel fleet and home squadrons, we will pass on to the second act of the naval drama of 1690.

Commander Cloudesley Shovel cruised off the Irish coasts and in the Soundings between December 1689 and July 1690, but he did not prevent Lieutenant-General d'Amfreville landing 6,300 French troops, under Count Lauzun, at Kinsale and Cork in March, and the French squadron remained nearly a month on the coast without being disturbed. Amfreville then returned to Brest with some 5,000 Irish troops, in exchange for the contingent furnished by the French King. No attempt seems to have been made to intercept Amfreville's squadron, and the Admiralty and their newly-formed Transport Board were mainly occupied in hiring merchant vessels of all sizes along the West Coast of England to convey William's army over to Carriekfergus. Shovell escorted the King over from the Mersey in the middle of June, was made a Rear-Admiral, and ordered to join the Channel fleet as soon as possible.

Meanwhile, preparations for equipping a strong Channel fleet were going on in a desultory and dilatory fashion. At Spithead, during May, there was the nucleus of a combined fleet, amounting to some 30 sail, but we do not hear of any energy being shown either by the Admiral of the Fleet, or by the dockyard authorities, which at all corresponded to the vigour of Seignelay and his sub-

ordinates. Torrington was ill for some time and was engaged in disputing the power of an Admiralty Board to sign his commission as Admiral of the Fleet, while the other flag officers and the captains of the fleet were occupied in drawing up an Address to the King, setting forth their allegiance to him. William thanked them for this manifestation of loyalty, and knighted Rear-Admiral Ralph Delaval, who presented the Address.

In the middle of June, Torrington rode with the fleet at St. Helen's, waiting to be joined by Cornelis Evertsen, his Dutch colleague, and a few more Dutch men-of-war, but, having no suspicion that the French Fleet would yet have left port, he had not detached a single cruiser or scout either into the Soundings or along the French coast. On the other hand, the French were continually despatching small frigates, or *barques longues*, as they called them, over to our shore to obtain intelligence of what was going on. These little craft mounted from 6 to 12 guns, carried 45 men, and were most useful in summer-time for scouting duties and privateering work, while, during the winter season, they were used as fishing doggers by the Dunkirk men.

Château-Renault had joined Tourville at Brest on 21st June (N.S.), and two days later 18th June (23rd June), Tourville sailed for the Channel with a fleet of 70 sail of the line,* 5 frigates, and 16 or 18 fire-ships. The van was commanded by Count d'Estrées who wore the white and blue flag, Tourville himself in the *Soleil-Royal*, of 104 guns, commanded the White Squadron, or centre, and Château-Renault was Admiral of the Rear, or Blue Squadron. The French were delayed by light head-winds and calms for the first few days, and did not sight the Lizard till 20th June (30th June) at daybreak. The wind was then in their favour at S.W., and on the following evening, when off Plymouth, Tourville sent several armed boats close inshore, and some Cornish fishermen were brought to the flagship and examined.

On 22nd June (2nd July) the French were in sight of the Isle of Wight and discovered Torrington lying quietly at anchor at St. Helen's, whereupon Tourville gave orders that the fleet should put about and stand off to the southward, in order that line of battle might be formed and preparations made for action; but he soon afterwards anchored, as the breeze fell and the ebb-stream began to make.

That same evening an express reached London to inform the Queen and her Council of Nine that the French fleet had been seen off Plymouth. The Board of Admiralty hurriedly assembled at

* Authorities differ; this is about the mean total.

3 A.M. and despatched an express to Lord Torrington to warn him of the enemy's approach. Unhappily he had already been surprised by the enemy, whose superior force rendered him, he considered, powerless to do aught but remain on the defensive.

For the next few days both fleets were manœuvring in sight of one another, at the back of the Isle of Wight, with the wind generally at N.E., but no fighting took place.

Tourville received despatches from Seignelay on 27th June (7th July) informing him of the French victory at Fleurus, in Flanders, where the Duke of Luxemburg had defeated the allied army, and also ordering the admiral to fight. On the previous day Queen Mary and her Council of Nine had met at Whitehall to settle what orders should be given to Lord Torrington. He had been joined by Evertsen, the Dutch admiral, on 24th, and the combined fleet amounted to 56 or 57 line-of-battle ships;* but in more than one council of war, held on the flagship, it had been agreed that they were too weak to engage the enemy, and a message to this effect was sent to the Queen. Torrington determined to stand up Channel and began this retreating movement on the evening of 26th. Next day the French fleet were not to be seen, and on 28th the allied fleet kept off Beachy Head, sometimes under sail and sometimes at anchor. Tourville had, during this time, gone over to the Normandy coast, but, after anchoring for only a short time, he once more steered northward, and the two fleets were again in sight of each other.

Macaulay has described the proceedings of the Council at Whitehall, and how their decision was arrived at. Bold measures were needed amid the Jacobite plots then threatening, from so many quarters, disruption in the kingdom; it was absolutely necessary that the allied fleet should assume the offensive, and, at the worst, defeat would be better than disgrace; the enemy must suffer and be weakened, instead of ravaging the coast and burning towns, in full-blown pride at seeing their adversary retreat without firing a shot. And, therefore, peremptory orders were sent to Torrington, ordering him to engage the French. These he received at 4 P.M. on Sunday afternoon, 29th June, and on communicating them without delay to a council of war, the officers of the fleet were of opinion that battle should be given while the fleet had the weather-gage. The Queen was informed of this by a return express; and the same evening Torrington got under sail, being then some nine miles off Beachy Head, and took advantage of the evening flood-stream.

* See note later on.

Here, then, opens the third act of our historical drama. The events of the battle itself call for attention, and we will first of all give the line of battle of the allied Anglo-Dutch fleet:—

1. Van, composed of the Dutch squadron of 22 ships :*—

	Guns.		Guns.
Utrecht . . .	64	Hollandia, Flag .	70
Alkmaar . . .	50	Veloce (?) . . .	60
Tholen . . .	60	Province of Utrecht?	50
W. Friesland (?) .	82	De Meiers (?) . .	64
Princes, Flag . .	92	Friesland . . .	68
Castricum . . .	52	Ellewonto (?) . .	50
Agathea . . .	50	Reigersberch (?) , Flag	74
Staten landt . .	52	Geertonidenberg .	62
Maid of Enkhuisen	72	North Holland . .	72
Dort Holland (?) .	44	Veere . . .	60
Maid of Dort . .	60	Cartien (?) . . .	50

The Dutch admirals were Cornelis Evertsen, Gerard Callenbergh, and Van der Putten, the two last being Vice-Admirals, and Rear-Admirals van Brakel and Dick.

2. Centre, or Red Squadron, 15 or 16 ships [see note below]:—

	Men.	Guns.	
Plymouth . . .	340	60	Captain Carter.
Deptford . . .	280	50	„ Kerr.
Elizabeth . . .	460	70	„ Mitchell.
Sandwich . . .	660	90	Vice-Admiral Sir JOHN ASHBY, Captain Bridges.
Expedition . . .	460	70	„ Clements.
Warspite . . .	420	70	„ Fairborne.
Woolwich . . .	280	54	„ Gother.
Lion . . .	340	60	„ Torpley.
Fire-ships			Wolf, Vulture
Constant Warwick†	180	36	Captain Beverley.
Rupert . . .	400(?)	66	„ Pomeroy.
Albemarle . . .	660	90	„ Sir F. Wheeler.
Grafton . . .	460	70	„ Duke of Grafton.
Royal Sovereign .	813	100	Admiral of the Fleet, Earl of TORRINGTON, Capt. Neville.
Windsor Castle .	660	90	Captain Churchill.

* Those names marked (?) I cannot vouch to be accurate in spelling, either in Charnock's list or in the MS. list on which this one is based. For the same reason the captains' names given by the latter authority are omitted.

† This ship does not appear in Charnock's list. If she was actually present, the line of battle amounted to 57, if not, to 56.

	Men.	Guns	
Lennox . . .	460(?)	70	Captain Grenville.
Stirling Castle . .	460	70	„ Hastings.
Fire-ships . Roebuck, Dolphin, Owner's Love, Speedwell.			
3. Rear, or Blue Squadron, 19 ships :—			
York . . .	340	60	Captain Hopson.
Suffolk . . .	460	70	„ Cornwall.
Hampton Court . .	460	70	„ Layton.
Duchess . . .	660	90	Rear-Admiral Sir GEORGE ROOKE, Capt. Gillam.
Hope . . .	460	70	Captain Byng.
Restoration . . .	460	70	„ Botham.
Fire-ships . Hound, Spy.			
Anne . . .	460	70	Captain Tyrrell.
Bonadventure . .	280	48	„ Hubbard.
Edgar . . .	445	72	„ Jumper.
Exeter . . .	460	70	„ Mecs.
Breda . . .	460	70	„ Tennant.
St. Andrew . . .	780	96	„ Dorrell.
Coronation . . .	660	90	Vice-Admiral Sir RALPH DELA- VAL, Capt. Munden.
Royal Catherine . .	540	82	Captain Aylmer.
Cambridge . . .	420	70	„ Foulkes.
Berwick . . .	460	70	„ Martin.
Swallow . . .	280	48	„ Walters.
Defiance . . .	400	64	„ Graydon.
Captain . . .	460	70	„ Jones.
Fire-ships . Fox, Thomas and Eliza, Charles, Griffin, Hawk, Cygnets, Hunter, Cadiz Merchant.*			

The armaments of the rival fleets were about on a par as regards the total number of guns, for by the above list (which may fairly be relied on, as a critical examination has shown) the Allies carried some 4,700 guns, while the French fleet mounted 4,702.†

At daybreak on Monday, 30th June (10th July), with a fresh breeze at N.N.E., Torrington bore down under topsails upon Tourville's fleet, which, in inverted order of battle, was standing towards the chalk cliffs of old England. Torrington had the ebb-stream in his favour, and about 8 A.M., when within a league of his adversaries, hoisted the red flag—the bloody flag, as it was called—

* The list here used is that in Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 81,958, f. 28 b.

† Dr. Campbell in his *Lives of the Admirals*, quotes this French total from de Quincy's *Histoire militaire*. Campbell's estimate for the Allies seems underrated at 3,462.

being the signal to engage. The French had previously formed their line of battle, and now braced their head-sails to the mast, and hove-to with their heads to the northward, some three or four leagues off Beachy Head. At about 8.30 Torrington, with the Red Squadron, brought-to out of range of the French fire, while the Dutch were rapidly closing with the French Blue Squadron under Château-Renault. The French line of battle was not semi-circular or in crescent form, as some writers have made out, but rather described a sinuous curve on lines of bearing from N.W. by N. to S.E. by E., the largest bend being about the centre of the line and to leeward. At 9 A.M. the action began between the Dutch van and part of the French Blue Squadron, at first within cannon-shot, but afterwards at closer range when they were warmly engaged. The Dutch, in hauling round on to the starboard tack, did not, however, stretch along to the head of the French line, and so left nine French ships ahead of them. For over three hours the Dutch pressed the French squadron so hard that several ships of the latter were forced to make more sail and sheer off. But about 1 P.M. the French ships that had been left ahead tacked so as to weather and double the Dutch, who thus found themselves compelled to fire both broadsides, and with ships already much crippled there was great confusion, and also danger from the double fire through this confusion.

To return now to the rear of the allied fleet, we find that Delaval and Rooke, with the Blue Squadron, bore down in line abreast, and did not bring-to till they were within musket-shot of the French Squadron under D'Estrées. At 9.30 they opened fire, and for five hours these squadrons engaged each other fiercely, both sides suffering severely. The *Anne*, an English third-rate, was dismasted, and several other ships much damaged. The French *Terrible*, 80 guns, commanded by Captain Panetié, who had led Château-Renault's line at Bantry Bay, had about 100 of her crew rendered *hors de combat* by a bomb, which exploded on her quarter-deck, and razed her as if she had been cut down for a frigate. Three or four other ships of the French rear were also greatly crippled.

There were two large gaps in the allied fleet, between the Dutch and the Red Squadron, and between the latter and the Blue, besides which, the allied squadrons were quite irregular in their respective distances from the enemy's line. Sir John Ashby, with his division of the Red Squadron, attempted to close up the interval between himself and the Dutch, and, as Lord Torrington followed him in turn, the gap between the centre and the rear of the

English fleet became emphasised, and remained quite noticeable all through the action. Torrington, with his squadron, had begun to engage about 10 A.M., but he and his seconds were at no time nearer the enemy than at half-range. The bow in the French line made it extremely unadvisable for the English centre to close with the enemy's opposite divisions, and both fleets in this part of the battle-field engaged by backing and filling their topsails.*

A little later on, Torrington proved the wisdom of his tactics. Just after the Dutch had been doubled by Château-Renault's leading ships it fell calm, which was unfortunate for the Allies, and especially for the Dutch Squadron, as it placed them completely at the mercy of the enemy, who thus had the opportunity, as Torrington himself said, of destroying all their lame ships. When the English Commander-in-Chief saw the plight of the Dutch, he sent them orders to anchor, and himself, with the Red Squadron, hove down, with the help of the ebb-stream, between the lame ducks and their assailants. He then anchored, and by this manœuvre saved all but one of the Dutch cripples. The *Friesland*, Captain Vandergoes, was one of the dismayed vessels, but, not anchoring as all the others did, she drove with the tide towards the French, and was soon afterwards captured by Commodore Nesmond, in the *Souverain*.

The action ended at about 5 P.M., for the French did not anchor when Torrington ordered his squadron to do so, and they, therefore, drove to leeward with the ebb-stream, and were out of range in an hour's time. Tourville then anchored at about three miles' distance from his adversaries, and waited to observe the movements of the latter. The result of the action was the loss of one Dutch ship of 68 guns, for which, as far as we know, her captain was entirely to blame by not obeying the orders given him. The Dutch loss in officers and men was heavy, including 2 rear-admirals and a captain, while the English loss was 2 captains, Botham and Pomeroy, the latter being mortally wounded, 2 captains of Marines, and 350 men (? killed only). On the other hand, the French had sustained a considerable loss in *personnel*, amounting to 6 officers and 400 men killed, and 4 officers and 500 men wounded,† and had expended nearly all their powder. Tourville sighed vainly for the squadron of galleys which had been left under Chevalier de Noailles on the French coast, and in his official letters he reiterates his opinion that with them the battle of

* Why Torrington did not make use of his fire-ships, I have nowhere found explained.

† Tourville Memoirs, iii. 122.

Bevéziers, as the French call it, would have been a crushing defeat, a veritable La Hogue to the Allies, and a splendid victory for the French, whose navy could then, with some truth, have inscribed on their medals the motto *Nec pluribus impar*, which Louis had claimed for it.

Torrington's tactics have received warm praise from Père l'Hoste, who recommends an inferior fleet to windward to form in the way that Torrington adopted off Beachy Head. He demonstrates the difficulty that the enemy would have in doubling their antagonists' rear from leeward, and mentions one of the risks run by the former as being the calm which generally occurred in naval battles; from the heavy cannonade lasting for so many hours in fine, light weather. And that the French naval officers admired the way in which the English admiral handled his fleet is manifest from Bishop Kennet's statement, that in 1697, after peace had been signed, several officers who came over to England declared that "he deserved to be rewarded, rather than censured, since he had preserved the best part of the fleet from being destroyed."

Among our own countrymen there is one distinguished voice of approval, which has, however, been somewhat lost sight of in the general chorus of dissentient and unmerciful malediction. Sir Cloudesley Shovel wrote the following letter to Lord Torrington, which we give *in extenso*, as it will be fresh to many readers, doubtless. Charnock knew of the letter, apparently, when he wrote his *Biographia Navalis* (see vol. i. p. 270, note), and it is printed in the *Naval Chronicle* (1801, iv. 116-117). In transcribing it from the latter authority, the spelling has been modernised, for want of the original MS. to serve as a test of complete accuracy. The letter is dated 31st July 1690, but no place is given.

MY LORD,

I must believe you a person so steady for the preservation of their Majesties and their Kingdoms, that the breath of ten thousands of the better sort of the unthinking mob cannot shake your loyalty; and for your courage, were I worthy to be your Lordship's bail, I durst with my life be bound to answer for your default; though I suppose 'tis not unknown to your Lordship that both your loyalty and courage are questioned. My Lord, I have been so unfortunate as not to have had one line from any one of my friends in the fleet; nor till within this week have I spoken with any one man that was in the late action with your Lordship; and now am, as [I] have been all along, well satisfied that your retreat was absolutely necessary, and for the service of our country; but till now knew not the reason of your fighting.

When your Lordship was first in sight of the French, I was then off the Land's End with 8 frigates in my company; and by small vessels that came from the Eastward, I had still notice of your seeing the French fleet for 5 or 6 days together; and nothing more rejoiced me than that your Lordship declined fighting then; and,

Sir, in any other country but ours, your declining fighting would have shown your generalship, and been esteemed as it deserved. My Lord, there are many people in these parts [who] can very well remember that it was my opinion that nothing could be more to your Lordship's honour, nor to our country's safety, than your keeping out of the reach of them; and nothing could hurt us but fighting them; and one need not go far for a very substantial reason, which is, [that] you wanted about 25 sail of good ships that were designed for the line-of-battle; and if it was thought you could beat the French without this 25 sail, why were we at the unnecessary charge of so many supernumerary ships? My Lord, I have not else at present, but to assure your Lordship I am, as ever,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most faithful and obedient Servant,

C.S.

This letter is very interesting, as showing the firm and emphatic opinion of a rear-admiral who was currently described as being one of the best seamen of his time. The Government, and not Torrington, were solely to blame for the dismal failure of the Channel Fleet to guard our shores in 1690. William, when Prince of Orange, had not kept up the Dutch Navy to its former standard of excellence and readiness for action, and on becoming King of England his care was bestowed far less on the naval organization of the Kingdom than on forming a costly standing army of a somewhat hybrid character. Secretary Pepys happily left his department in good working condition and fairly strong; but the succeeding Boards of Admiralty had miscalculated the importance of this war, or acted, as Sydney Smith said Boards were often meant to do, as *screens*; and in either case, from the want of a higher controlling power, either King or Parliament, they had neglected to meet French naval activity with a due counter-balancing policy. From the experience of 1689 it might have been reckoned that the Dutch would not be too quick in joining with their squadron. Evertsen, however, did wish to wipe off the imputation of unnecessary delay which had been attributed to him. So that with a proper strength of English line-of-battle ships, Torrington and he might have given a very different aspect to events. The Council of Nine were probably right, from a political point of view, in enforcing an offensive line of action, which, viewed strategically, was deemed unwise by some of the highest naval officers of the day; but their subsequent conduct in making the unfortunate admiral the scapegoat to bear all their short-sighted mistakes and political errors, was indecent and shameful. Before digressing further on this point, we will return to Torrington and his fleet, to witness the fourth act of our historical play.

On the evening of the day of battle, Torrington weighed at 9 P.M., and with the flood-stream took his lame ships in tow. He

managed to get some fifteen miles to the eastward, while the French fleet still rode at their anchors. His intention was to escort the crippled English and Dutch ships into the Thames or into Portsmouth, and at a council of war held on 1st (11th) July, it was resolved to retreat thus, and, if pressed by Tourville, to destroy the disabled vessels rather than risk another engagement. The French admiral gave chase that day, in formal line-of-battle, as far as Rye Bay; but had he acted as Admiral Russell did during the pursuit of the French after La Hogue, and ordered every ship to act freely and do her best individually, the crippled ships of the Allies would probably have been roughly handled, as Burchett justly remarks. There was another lucky factor in favour of the Allies, viz. their superior knowledge of the tides, which, with the light north-easterly winds, was an important one. Both fleets worked eastward by "stopping tides," *étalante les marées*; but Tourville appears to have been unable to make use of local knowledge, and was nervous about acting boldly on his own responsibility. Torrington thus managed to gain considerably on him.

The third-rate *Anne*, seventy guns, had to be abandoned and run ashore near Winchelsea. She was utterly crippled, and Captain Tyrrell saved the enemy trouble by burning her himself. One of the Dutch flag-ships had also been so much damaged, and was dropping astern so fast, that Captains Cornwall and Byng, of the *Suffolk* and *Hope*, were sent to burn her, as there was no hope whatever of saving her. Four other Dutch ships are said to have been beached and burnt by their crews; so that the total allied loss in ships of the line was seven, of which only one was captured by the enemy.

Tourville's ineffectual chase lasted for four days, at the end of which he headed back before the wind for Havre and Honfleur. He had not made any descent on the English coast, because the galleys were not with him; at least so he writes in his official letter, but Dalrymple, the historian, states that it was because Seignelay, who had been prevented from embarking with the Admiral through illness, had not communicated to the latter the details of his scheme for attacking some of the English ports with frigates and fire-ships. Meantime the Allies were making themselves secure among the Thames sand-banks by taking up all buoys; but any fear of attack was short-lived, and preparations were soon made for getting the fleet once more to sea.

We must now go back to Plymouth where, during the first days of July, were waiting in anxiety Killegrew and Shovel with their respective squadrons. It was determined to take the ships up into

Hamoaze for greater safety, and the large fleet of 150 to 200 merchantmen which had safely come in from Lisbon and Mediterranean ports chiefly, were disposed as best they could be. It would have been madness for Killegrew to venture up Channel with his squadron in its very foul condition; the battle had been fought, and, therefore, security against the expected enemy was the best precaution. And the enemy did shortly put in an appearance off the Devonshire coast.

After detaching some small cruising squadrons, Tourville left Havre on 16th (26th) July, and, being joined by the squadron of fifteen galleys, he anchored in Torbay. The weather had been rainy with squalls from S.S.W. and the galleys were only too glad to find shelter, as they were hardly adapted for even summer service outside the Mediterranean. A boat-expedition was immediately planned, and the little port of Teignmouth fixed upon as a convenient landing-place. The boats of the fleet were towed by the galleys to the eastward after dark, whilst a small detachment made a false attack on Torbay to occupy the militia force there drawn up. At 4 A.M.,* about 700 men were landed, when the galleys had, after a fashion, bombarded Teignmouth, and in three hours' time they had burnt, ransacked, and plundered the town. Out of some 300 houses 116 were burnt, with eleven ships and barks in the port. The inhabitants estimated their loss to have been about £11,000, and they are said to have benefited, in a way, by having good new houses built for them in place of the dilapidated ones burnt by the French.† This Teignmouth affair has been rather under-rated by English writers, and *very* much over-rated by French historians; but the faults of exaggeration were common to both sides of the Channel, and we must not throw stones when we find an equally ludicrous exaggeration on the part of our own writers in their accounts of the Anglo-Dutch fleet ravaging the little islands of Groix, Honat, and Hædic off the coast of Brittany in 1696.‡ By the 7th (17th) August, Tourville was in Brest harbour, and his naval campaign had ended for that year.

We now come to the fifth and last act, in which the principal

* The date of the attack on Teignmouth is 13th July (O.S.) according to English accounts, but the Tourville Memoirs give as the date the morning of 5th August (N.S.)

† See Lyson's *Magna Britannia* (Devonshire) vi. 489, where the petition of the inhabitants of Teignmouth is fully quoted. That Teignmouth possessed other craft than fishing-boats appears from the fact that, in 1744, 20 ships of 50 to 200 tons were fitted out for the Newfoundland trade.

‡ See a little pamphlet published at Lorient in 1888, under the name of Père François-Marie Galen, a Capucin monk of Belle-Ile-en-Mer.

character figures alone and awaits the decision of his judges. On 10th July (O.S.) Torrington had come up to Whitehall, and had then been arrested and sent to the Tower for high misdemeanours. Legally, imprisonment in the Tower could only be awarded in cases of high treason, but in this instance it is said to have been adopted because the Admiral might not have been safe in the Marshalsea from the mob. Luttrell tells us that a warrant for high treason was soon afterwards issued against Torrington. Preparations were made for the Admiral's trial; but there was some delay in settling the mode of procedure, and two months elapsed before anything definite was accomplished. Popular feeling ran very high against Torrington in London; but it was eclipsed by the agitation of the Dutch, who made an effigy of the Admiral representing him as riding on a dog, with two women behind, one combing his wig, the other filling his pocket with French gold. The motto ran thus—"The Dutch got the honour, the French the advantage, and the English the shame."*

On 2nd October 1690, Parliament met, and the King in his speech referred to "the ill-conduct" of his fleet, and announced that he should not be satisfied "till an example had been made of such as shall be found faulty upon their examination and trial." At this time Torrington was petitioning the House of Lords either that he might receive his liberty or be tried by his peers; but the petition was refused, on the ground that he had received his commission as Admiral of the Fleet from the Lords of the Admiralty, and was, therefore, subject to the Statute of Charles II., which had established our first Naval Articles of War. Accordingly, by a warrant from the Admiralty, Torrington was committed to the Marshalsea to await his trial.

Still there were technical difficulties in the way, and the power belonging to the Lord High Admiral by the statute in question, had to be granted by a new statute to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. Objections were raised to thus entrusting to a Board "unknown and unlimited power," but the Bill passed through both Houses and received the Royal Assent on 18th November. A few days previously, Torrington's case had been brought before the Commons, and on 12th his Lordship took his seat at the bar of the House to make his own defence. Not being accustomed to Parliamentary debating, he relied chiefly for his pleading on the papers which he had himself laid before the House. He mentioned his long service in the navy, during which he had lost an eye; he spoke

* Luttrell's *Diary*, ii. 117.

of his loss of office and emoluments when, under James II., he had refused to support the Catholic movement, and then he dwelt on the circumstances of the battle off Beachy Head. But his defence produced no effect, he was to be tried by court-martial, and the King, it was said, had resolved not to embark for Holland till the sentence of the Court was made known. The Admiralty, without delay, after the Act had been passed giving them power to do so, issued a warrant for a court-martial, of which Sir Ralph Delaval was to be president.

On Saturday 6th December, Torrington was carried down to Sheerness, with a guard, and on Monday the court formally opened on board the *Kent*, a frigate lying near Sheerness, to read their commission and adjourn. The trial was held on Wednesday 10th December, and lasted from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.—the charge against Torrington being “that he had, through treachery or cowardice, misbehaved in his office, drawn dishonour on the English nation, and sacrificed our good allies the Dutch,” or, in technical language, “for not succouring a friend in distress, and withdrawing from the fight,” according to Statute 13, Car. II. cap. 9. Several witnesses against him were examined, some of these being Dutch officers who showed an unwarrantable feeling of hostility and partiality; but he did not need to examine any of his own witnesses. Macaulay has exonerated Torrington from the charge of disaffection or treachery, at the same time praising his personal courage, of which, from various sources, there is ample evidence. But he has charged him with lack of moral courage, or political courage, as Nelson called it. Macaulay’s charge does not rest on sufficient evidence, and is quite controverted by the events of the battle itself. That, in the face of strongly hostile evidence, and an evident desire on the part of the Court party to give the Dutch all possible amends for their alleged grievance, an unanimous sentence of acquittal was passed, is proof conclusive that the charge of ill-conduct or weak conduct was a baseless one. Torrington bore no malice towards the Dutch, for he had written on the day after the battle, “Most of our officers behaved themselves very well; but the Dutch, in point of courage, to admiration.” He had done his best to save them, and had succeeded. If he had, with his own squadron, pushed on to closer quarters with the enemy’s centre, it is exceedingly doubtful, whether, under the circumstances, he *could* have done what he did? His acquittal had been expected by many who considered that the court contained several officers with a strong bias in his favour. Hence we find Luttrell remarking: “The Whigs generally are angry at it, and the Tories well pleased

therewith ; His Majesty is displeased with it ; and the Dutch ambassador is very angry, and has sent an account thereof into Holland." But Delaval, the president of the court, must have been beyond suspicion, although a Tory, as he obtained a command shortly after.

On the day after his acquittal, Torrington returned in his yacht to London, with the Union flag flying to denote that he was still admiral of the fleet, and at his departure from Sheerness "the drums beat, the trumpets marine sounded, and several salvoes of cannon were fired." Thus ended the first recorded court-martial on an English admiral, and thus did Byng's prototype escape the fate of his shamefully-used successor. Dutch feeling ran so high that the English ambassador's house at the Hague, was threatened with destruction, in spite of the subservient care that both William and Mary had taken to appease the States General after the battle. Whether influenced by this show of Dutch implacability or not, William refused Torrington his presence, and the Privy Council deprived the admiral of his commission. His connection with the navy was severed.

The failure of the fleet in 1690 had threatened, as Dalrymple says, to shake the English realm, but it really ended in strengthening it. In 1667, shameful disaster had been quickly followed by peace, and, although a lesson had been learned at bitter cost, there was no immediate call for energetic reaction. In 1690, however, the facts were different ; war must be continued, and a naval policy of activity and alertness must supersede that of dawdle and don't care, and from this time we find a marked difference in the character of the naval war. Hence, Dalrymple was justified in remarking : "All Europe was convinced of this truth, that nations which join freedom to wealth rise always stronger from defeat."

A Jubilee Joke.

By MATTHEW FFORDE.

"A rumour is current that the Government will grant to all officers one year of service in the time reckoning for pension, in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee."—*Bombay Gazette*, January 21st, 1887.

"OH—ho! what a joke! what a good joke! So likely—isn't it? Nonsense, man! it's some confounded rot some fool has trumped up. Don't believe a word of it."

"Well, all I can say is, if it isn't actually *in orders* it's next door to it. Bet you anything old Brown is packing his traps by this time."

"By Jove! if it were only true. But I tell you it can't be—it's too good. Such luck could never come my way. It would, indeed, be a Royal Jubilee Gift, well worthy of our Sovereign Lady. I mean if it were true—wouldn't it, eh?"

"I can't see that it's anything out of the way, it hurts nobody, and to some of our fellows—you, for instance—it means—why it means——"

"Go on Potters, *it does*; it means life to me. I daren't think of it, don't say a word more. Why, damn it! it makes me feel inclined to cry like a girl. It—it would mean off home—*home* by next mail. Nonsense—hal—hallo. . . ."

"By Jove! the poor old boy has fainted dead away this time. Fancy the mere thought of it! Hoosein! here—brandy! make haste, will you!" and laying the sick man tenderly back on his pillows, the young officer strode hastily out into the verandah calling for help. The old butler was not far off, and came hurrying at the summons, upon his turbaned brow the dejected look that was at once suitable and sincere.

"*Sahib bahut sick*," (master very sick) he groaned with a mournful shake of the head.

Captain Potters looked down at the pale face of his friend very wistfully, while the old servant continued to groan and lament as

he administered the familiar restoratives. Presently, as a faint colour tinged the lips, and the ashen grey of the face became less ghastly, Captain Potters hastened to crush old Hoosein.

"Don't be an old fool, Hoosein, whining over the Sahib like that. He's all right; it's only Europe he wants to set him up, and he can go at once. I tell you he *can*. Look what you're doing, don't stand staring at me like a stuck pig—give him more brandy."

No wonder old Hoosein was taken aback. Had he not counted every day of his master's service, deducting the leave that was not to count; did he not know what his pension would be if he went home now, to a rupee; and was he not only too well aware that his master had yet a full year to serve (from this very month) before he was entitled to a sufficient pension, upon which to feed, clothe, and educate his children? What splendid *butchas* (children) they were, and how proud a number—six—and he knew them all.

Had he not borne them, every one, in his arms, and cried over each one as its turn came to go to Europe, because it was growing pale and thin? And when the pretty *Madam Sahib* was at last broken down by fever, and carried on board the ship in an unconscious state that looked like death, had not he himself prophesied that she would die on the black water? (only she didn't). And now had he not watched the Sahib pining for the wife and children, pinching and screwing to send money home at a cruel rate of exchange to feed the many rosy mouths; living on the weekly budget of letters; and at last slowly dying alone out here, because to throw up the service before he had served for his next pension would be ruin—and that pension was a year away. And had not faithful old Hoosein all along said in his heart, "*Kismet*, the Sahib will die. God is good."

And now what did Potters Sahib mean? When it had been explained, the old fellow shook his head; "For what reason does the great Ranee do this thing?" he asked, and upon hearing the nice kind impulse that was supposed to sway her, he wagged his beard and smiled sadly.

The sick man slowly came back to life, and along with consciousness came the maddening dazzling feeling that some great new joy was his. He had opened his hungry suffering heart, and let it in, and not one among his friends was found willing to slay him with a doubt. The first piece of good luck the poor fellow had known in all his honest virtuous life, the very first joy that was all joy, and had no pain or shadow of parting and bitterness and tears at the back of it.

Actually going right away home to the wife and little ones! To

think that the time had indeed come—the grand time for which he had worked all his life, for thought of which he had cheerfully undergone most horrible privations and hardships, and had hoped for always, as the happy rich ones of the earth can only hope for heaven.

And what would the wife say?—the loving wife who was keeping the little nest warm for him at home, whose life he forbore to sadden all these past months by writing of his illness and despair. And the children—the young hearts that loved and remembered him, and looked forward always to *their* jubilee, when dear father should come back and stay at home for good. Another year of India, and he knew well that three volleys would have been fired over his grave; his name well nigh forgotten at mess. And now, after all—!

Oh, yes! he cared for his Queen and country too, and had served them long and loyally. *Duty?* To be sure; but there are more ways than one of doing your duty, and poor old Bowen had done his right well. Government had had more than its pound of flesh out of him.

Do any of you know what it is to spend ten weary months in the infernal regions for climate, utterly alone as regards a “Europe” face, your only apology for a companion a Hindoo clerk, who presently dies under your nose of heat apoplexy? As for yourself, when you have buried the gentleman decently and left him for jackals to dine upon, you fall to wishing that the sun would deal in a like manner with you. A fierce wish to escape seizes upon your weakened mind—that you might just lie quietly down and die, roll over, and have done with it like the mild Hindoo. Be where your legs would not be a prey to festering ulcers that eat to the bone, and your bread full of maggots. Where (please God!) you would not be quite so scorched by days, and burning hot at nights; where you would escape that unquenchable thirst and crave no more for the sight of a green vegetable. Where potshots from behind rocks, and stabs from Afghan knives are unknown; where the rupee is at 2s., and yourself—at rest!

That long martyrdom is at an end, it is true; but a man’s physique never can recover so severe a strain, and it has told cruelly in this case upon a constitution that was once of iron.

And now, when certain small luxuries are procurable, and are almost necessities in the feeble state of his health, he persists in denying himself in order to meet the drain of remittances home at current rate of exchange—so that, presently, fever sets in. First it comes and goes like some gaunt spectre, ever eager to lay its

hands—one of ice, the other of fire—upon his shaking frame. After a little it comes, and goes not ; and in the warm noonday of his life the poor fellow knows how sad and strange it is to look upon death at close quarters.

Only one more year? No, not one more anything! Twelve weary months, three hundred and sixty-five miserable dragging days, eight thousand seven hundred and sixty hours wherein to count the fever throbs, and to court the peace that only comes with death.

That is what your little year means, and that is why Major Bowen said in his heart that his brother officer was a fool. Aye, and that is why he thought it such a joke that—he took it in earnest and swallowed it greedily, and it did him more good than any physic ; so that when Potters came back armed with champagne, he said to himself, “It will be the saving of the poor old chap.”

“I tell you what,” he says, bustling in, “here you are, you’ve got to drink the dear old lady’s health—three cheers for the Queen! Hurry up, Hoosein! Champagne glasses! *Bon voyage*, Major, and here’s to a jolly meeting with the wife and the young ’uns at home!”

He stopped. The Major’s hand was shaking; his sad brown eyes were dim with tears. “I’m thanking God,” he whispered, “and the Queen, God bless her!” and he tried to rise with knightly instinct, but discovered that the flesh was weak.

“Potters,” he went on, huskily, “you don’t know what it is. I’ve been sick so long; sick, you know, with hope deferred, in mind and body. You see, I’m past larking with you youngsters, and why—I’m getting on, I suppose; a man ages quickly in India, by Jove! My father before me, you know, *he* died out here in harness, a soldier at his post. My mother, too, she’s buried in this accursed country. I’ve thought lately it was *Kismet* for me, too; but then, again, I’ve been weak enough to pray I might live to see them all again. And now—why, why—perhaps I haven’t prayed in vain. God be thanked!”

Then for a time he lay silent, too weak to speak; but with a happy look in his eyes that Potters had not seen there since the wife and youngest child had gone and left him desolate.

CHAPTER II.

THAT evening the Major was worse. The doctor dropped in as usual about sundown, and looked grave when he saw the change. He was somewhat puzzled to account for the increased prostration,

especially as it was not mail-day—always a trying day for the invalid.

“Potters sahib say Major sahib go home,” remarked old Hoosein, at length, wistfully. He was standing behind the doctor, who stood looking down upon his almost unconscious patient in silence.

“Confound you!” he exclaimed, in a low startled tone, “what do you mean?”

“The great Queen,” replied Hoosein, solemnly, “has given to her soldier people the splendid gift of one whole year. Therefore the sahib will go home and live. God is good.”

The doctor drew in his breath sharply. “A parcel of fools,” he said to himself; “yet it’s the only chance, and worth trying.” Then, as the sick man moved slightly, and opened his weary eyes, he spoke to him with a gentle briskness. “So you’re off to England, to-morrow, old fellow! The best bit of news I’ve heard for a long time. You’d be food for jackals in no time if you stayed on here. There, don’t get excited, it pulls you down; we’ve got to tinker you up for the journey to Bombay—once on board ship, you’re all right. Why, man, I wish I were you!”

A wan smile, but one of perfect content, and a feeble pressure of the doctor’s hand were the only reply; but Potters, clanking in fresh from parade, caught the doctor’s last words.

“Yes, ain’t it a real Jubilee joke! My eye! don’t I wish I had a pretty wife and half a dozen kids to bless this day, and smother me when I got home. Lucky dog! all he’s got to do now is to obey orders, swallow your beastly stuff, and get well.”

There is no medicine like happiness; though it knocked him over at the first, it picked him up with marvellous rapidity, and soon the doctor was able to announce that his patient might travel.

“Is it true?” he asks over and over again. “Tell me, is it really a fact, is there no doubt, is it in orders yet?”

“It is all right,” they answered him, “not in orders, but true enough.”

Aye, true enough. Once get him off, give him a taste of hope and joy—let the future take care of itself. Of course, it was true, why not? The papers said so.

At last the day has dawned, and the Major is really off. His brother officers are crowding round the *ghari* to bid him God speed, to shake him by the hand, and look their last into the kindly, pathetic brown eyes. The native officers and sepoy, whose devotion had often moved him, press forward now with low salaams and a respectful touch of the hand, and here and there something like

a sob. Last of all, fearing a collapse after so much excitement, the doctor ordered an immediate start. Many of those men will never forget the frequent kindnesses he did them at his own expense; how, at times, when their spirits had flagged, and they were ready to sink to the earth with bodily fatigue, his had been the ready help and encouraging word; and now a great cheer and an unspoken prayer went up in the morning air as the *ghari* moved on.

The doctor goes with him as far as the railway, and that is a matter of sixty miles' jolt; no small trial to an invalid. Potters goes too, though it is the drill season, and he has got fifteen days on "urgent private affairs," intending to stick to his friend till he sees him safe on board ship.

"But this leave, my dear boy: it won't count for service."

"Oh, bother the service! Fifteen days, more or less, at the end won't make much difference."

"Fifteen days!" sighs the sick man, "and twenty-four hours in each day. How many throbs of the battered aching brain to each hour? God bless you, old fellow!"

Going home! Ah! the sunshine as you jolt along to-day is sunshine, and not a brassy glare that you curse. The gaunt peepul trees that stretch their arms above you here and there, the babul scrubs, the ground, which has been a marsh all the rainy season, and is now arid and roughened by cracks and prints of buffalo-hoofs, and dried into a network of sharp ridges over which the light *ghari* jolts with excruciating leaps: all are clothed with a new beauty.

And bye-and-bye, as they approach the railway, and are nearing another "station," how pretty the native garden looks! An oasis pleasant to the eye, in which, through a gap in an immense hedge of the castor-oil shrub, are to be seen avenues of plantains, primly graceful, and now and then the exquisite outline of a young cocoanut palm, that perfection of tropical vegetation. The pale guava, too, and the double glowing pomegranate: there is a smile and joyous farewell from all.

The sun is setting as they approach the traveller's bungalow, where the second night is to be passed, and the tall palmyra palms are bidding him good-bye in their soft whispering swish, stirred by the breath of the distant sea. More greetings from a crowd of those hated coal-black crows, with their restless eternal cawing and flapping, and from a thousand green parrots, with their ear-piercing screeches. And there stands the stern uncompromising *Baobab*, that quaint original of the forest; nor did you ever see a *Baobab* at nightfall without a company of owls haunt-

ing its grim branches. Let them hoot their very worst to-night, it will be for the last—the very last time.

Later on, through the open door, from his bed in the traveller's bungalow that night, he could actually look along the railway. It stretched away so straightly, that the glimmering iron parallels and the green fences of babul met in far prospect. Along that iron way his thoughts travelled all that night long—to Bombay and beyond—over the seas to the little home, where they knew by this time:—knew that dear Father was indeed coming home, and their very own Jubilee was beginning!

CHAPTER III.

AND have you never seen Bombay? Then go see it and live; it is the proper thing to do now-a-days.

It is Jubilee-time, and the son of the great Queen-Empress and his wife are there. Will they tell their mother, we wonder, how the thing was done in Bombay? Do they themselves know—do they at all realise the innocent large enthusiasm of this great simple People, who, as a whole, look up to the great *Ranee* in their hearts as to some wondrous grand Imperial Goddess, whose throne is set beyond the sea?

And from the midst of this simple People there arises a deafening shout of blessings on the Queen: that mysterious Unknown, who is yet, as they say themselves, "Our father and our mother."

And lo! the heart of the brave army beats with fresh love and loyalty, and quivers with a joyful expectation that finds expression in a buzz of eager hopeful inquiries—always the same—"Is it true? *is it true?*"

And in the heart of one sick man there is peace and a joy unspeakable. He lies there gazing at the magnificent illuminations, and says to himself that the light and sparkle which have just begun to light up his own life are brighter than they, and what is more, *his* Jubilee will endure.

Across the calm waters of the Bay he can see the great name of VICTORIA, for it shines to-night, traced in giant letters of fire upon the scarp of Malabar Hill, and as he looks, his lips move to bless that name.

Potters is near him.

"Dear old fellow," says the Major, turning to his friend, "you have been very good to me. Some day—before long, I hope—you will come to the little home and stay with us. What a welcome you will get from the Madam Sahib! That dear little nest! I

can see my darlings now. The sweet mother—God bless her!—telling them all, with tears of joy in her eyes, that Father is really coming. The pretty smiling faces of my little daughters, the boys' boisterous delight. They will half throttle the mother! They're all so young, yet, you see, plenty of time for them to learn to know and love their Dad before they grow out of knowledge and leave the nest. Thank God for that!"

"Don't talk, old man," says Potters, whose eyes somehow are dim and whose voice falters; "keep all your strength for to-morrow. Even the happiness of it takes it out of you."

"To-morrow? yes, *to-morrow*! Then good-bye to India for ever!"

* * * * *

"How nice that it should be at Easter, my darlings, that God has given us this great joy."

"Mother, it's the Queen's doing, isn't it?"

"The Queen, yes, our gracious Queen. Do you thank God every night, my precious ones, and pray for blessings on our Queen, who is giving dear Father back to us a whole year sooner?"

"Three cheers for the Queen! Come and look for the primroses, sweet little Mother; the house is to be filled with them to greet dear Father. What a blaze we shall have at our Jubilee! They are not in bloom yet, but we must see where to find them; so as to be ready."

"Be ready, yes, ready; he might arrive any day. Come, we will see where the primroses grow——"

* * * * *

"Take care of him, Captain, take good care of him, and for God's sake don't let him guess there's any doubt. He has sent in his papers, so he can't go back of it, but don't let him know, whatever you do, till he gets home; he will be strong enough to bear it then, and his wife will help him. She's a trump!"

"Well, good-bye, dear old boy. Can't half thank you. A year less for you too, remember. Good-bye—till we meet *at home*."

The ship's bells ring to clear the decks of outsiders; many tears, many partings, many a heartbreak, and the good ship steams away, homeward bound.

Swiftly she speeds on her way, while all across the smooth Indian ocean the young moon, like hope, looks down and gilds her path upon the waters. Behind her, as she cleaves the waves, she leaves two tracks, like fingers of fate pointing backwards into life's mysterious past.

The tropic night falls early, and there is a perpetual babble of laughter and song, and much flirtation to the sweet, ceaseless accompaniment of the soft lapping of the waters against the ship's sides.

Aden is past with its sharp needle-rocks, and the nights in the Red Sea are stifling, so that the Major has lost a little of his slender store of strength.

It is too hot to sleep below, and tonight they have rigged him up a bed on one of the great skylights, where he is completely hidden from the vulgar gaze, and can defy the early deck-washings.

And so he lay placidly watching the great masts that swing like giant pendulums across the sky. Sometimes they dip down quite deep on either side, then pause for an instant and consider with a kind of shudder, and then down they plunge again.

Some men close by were laughing and talking while smoking a last cigar before turning in. The doctor would look round presently, and then all would be quiet for the night. All quiet; only the swing of the great silent pendulums and the twinkle of the stars up there behind, and the musical swish of the waters as they parted for the ship.

"It's an awful joke," said one man; "never heard such a thing in my life. Who set it going?"

"I've no idea, but it gained ground wonderfully. It got into the papers and was quite believed. Why, I'm told that that poor fellow Bowen has been cheated into retiring purely through that pleasant little fiction."

"But it never had any foundation, had it?"

"None whatever that I know of."

"A regular hoax—what an awful joke!"

Was that a faint hoarse echo, or what was it? The men looked at each other in horror.

With the strength of a mighty despair the figure over there on the skylight raised itself, and sat for a moment staring stupidly at the backs of the speakers. Then a white face was raised to the laughing stars, and over it there broke a vacant tortured smile that yet struggled to be brave.

"Oh, doctor!" he gasped. "All a joke—an *awful* joke—too good a . . ."

* * * * *

"Any moment now, darlings, we might get a telegram. Why, if he landed late and came on by the night mail he might just walk in—"

She was standing with her arms full of golden primroses, and

a joyous sparkle in her blue eyes, and little glad faces all round her looking up.

"Dear little mother!" shouts a big boy, bounding up the stairs, "here's a letter from the Queen—hooray! Another present. See, '*On her Majesty's service*' ; golly! how grand we are."

What is this? The open letter has fluttered to the floor, and lies on a heap of fallen Jubilee primroses; the mother stands there dumb and stricken, and stares stupidly at the piteous, frightened little faces that were but now so glad. One of the boys picks up the "letter from the Queen." It is dated from the India Office. He reads it, and his lips quiver, and his face turns white as his mother's.

"Oh, it is *awful*!" he cries with a sob. "*Father is dead.*"

Poor mother—poor little mother!

The Commissariat and Transport Staff.

By Q. E. F.

THE necessity of introducing a re-organization of this department, the importance of which to the service at large cannot be over-rated, appears at length to have been recognized; and, if rumour is to be believed, changes of a sufficiently drastic nature may before long be expected. And it is time that such should be inaugurated. The present working could not much longer be suffered to endure without serious danger to the country in time of a war of any magnitude.

The single argument in its favour has hitherto been its economy; which supporters of the system have not failed to urge as a solid and tempting argument against reform; but common sense points to the falseness of an economy that cuts down, in time of peace, the working strength to the lowest conceivable ebb, without any adequate provision against the inevitable waste of war and the large expansion required for its operations.

Under existing conditions, to satisfy the requirements of an army in the field, the country is almost denuded of officers of the Commissariat and Transport Staff, who are hurried off, often at inadequate notice, to the scene of operations, their places being supplied principally by retired officers of all branches of the service, brought into temporary employ. This system, besides proving, owing to the frequent inexperience of these officers, a very expensive one, allows no provision whatever for casualties, which may always be largely expected among men so over-worked as commissariat officers must necessarily be on a campaign.

No branch of the service has hitherto been so frequently subjected to reform as this department. The fusion of the Transport with the Supply was celebrated with a considerable flourish of trumpets as an infallible panacea for all past evils; but, as might have been expected when departmental officers, unaccustomed to handling *personnel*, are placed in charge of large numbers of men and animals, under diffi-

cult conditions of organization, success did not follow. Transport came to be regarded as solely for the fulfilment of commissariat demands, to the exclusion of other and almost equally important duties connected with the fighting branches.

The question of a separation again of Transport from Supply was recently under the consideration of a War Office Committee, who were unable, however, to come to an agreement on the subject, the divergence of opinion, it is understood, being very great. It may be assumed, however, that condemnation was passed upon a system that requires an officer to be one day superintending the exercises of men and horses, and the next estimating the repairs necessary to the mops, brooms, and other numerous utensils required for the more domestic operations of our soldiers when in their barrack-rooms at home. If all the officers could be Admirable Crichtons, and equally skilful at a variety of trades, such a system might answer; but unfortunately the British officer is only human, after all, and is unable to attain to such a pitch of theoretical excellence. The whole work of the department is therefore carried on under a strain. Transport officers are frequently compelled, owing to considerations of economy, to carry out both the duties of their own and that of the supply branch at the same time, to the detriment of both, and often to the loss of the unfortunate individual; for either alone would sufficiently occupy his time and energies.

The need for reform, however, being practically admitted, let us examine the different propositions that have been put forward. They are mainly two:

(1.) The separation into distinct corps of Transport and Commissariat, the latter remaining a non-combatant department, much as at present constituted, and the Transport promoted to combatant rank under its own chief. (2.) The transfer of the whole corps to the Quartermaster-General's Department, with combatant rank and status equivalent to their individual service and capacity for the non-combatant officers, until absorbed. Those appointed from the line under more recent regulations, to remain with the Transport and serve in it as a combatant corps. In either case a "Barrack" department to be formed, more or less distinct from the Commissariat, the officers not being interchangeable as at present.

The second of these two schemes is said to be the one that obtains most with the authorities, and is likely to be adopted. This is much to be regretted, as it has many practical objections. In the first place there would be the startling innovation of the transfer to the general staff, with combatant rank, of a large body of departmental officers. This alone would certainly be most un-

popular in the service, and would probably tend, in time, to make the Quartermaster-General's department synonymous with the present Commissariat, and cause this branch to be as much avoided by Staff College officers (destined under this scheme to replace the vacancies caused by the absorption of the officers of the old department) as was the Commissariat and Transport Staff by them when it was first formed.

Even assuming that this did not occur, the new department would be composed of such varied elements that friction would assuredly ensue. Further, in such a system who would be the accountants? Could it be expected that combatant officers, after an elaborate and expensive training at the Staff College, would take kindly to the issuing of beef and arrow-root, port wine and tea, and the compilation of the intricate accounts of the same required by the War Office officials? It has been suggested that a sub-executive Department of Quartermasters should be formed, under the above officers, to carry out this part of the work; but such a course would be open to obvious objections. There would ensue a divided responsibility—one officer responsible for the quality and the supply, another for the issue and accounts—that could not fail to lead to hopeless entanglement.

Again, the making of contracts, the drawing up of leases, and other similar duties, are not such that an aspiring officer fresh from the Staff College would care to undertake.

In fact, the solution of the question is open to considerable difficulties. What is *required* is a combatant corps of highly-trained officers, in which both Supply and Transport would be combined under one head; but the old departmental officers block the way to such a reform, for the question of their disposal still remains. True, a considerable number could be employed in a resuscitated Barrack Department, but there would even then be a by no means insignificant remnant. These might certainly be retired on pensions suitable to their length of service, but such a course would be open to the grave objection of expense, and lay an undoubted hardship upon the officers concerned.

The following suggestions would appear to offer a solution:—

1. The Commissariat to remain much as at present, but as a distinct department.
2. The Transport to be a separate branch and formed into a combatant corps; the companies commanded by selected officers from the Line; the whole under the command of a general officer with the status of a D. Q. M. G. at the Horse Guards.
3. A Barrack Department to be formed.

The one objection to the above is the separation of Transport from Supply, for the consensus of opinion is apparently in favour of the system of combination, but as, for the reasons already stated, a "perfect" scheme is almost impossible, the endeavour should be to institute one with the fewest possible objections. And this difficulty also is by no means insurmountable, for it should be impressed upon the Transport, both at home and more especially in the field, that loyal co-operation with the Commissariat as regards the carriage of supplies will be exacted from them, and the Transport officer in command should be made to understand what is expected from him in this, which will be held as a test of efficiency of his corps.

It would then be to the interest of all the officers to prevent friction and complaint, and so minimize the risk of a breakdown.

The advantages of the plan are numerous. It is an undoubted fact that a Commissariat Department of *trained* officers is an absolute necessity, having regard to the special nature of their duties, which can be learned by time and experience alone.

The present department would therefore, until absorbed, form the nucleus for training the Recruit officers, who would be obtained in the same manner as are those for the Royal Marine Light Infantry, viz., by the offer of vacancies to the successful (or if necessary to the leading unsuccessful) candidates at the Sandhurst competitive examination. They should be given combatant commissions; and the prospect of the increased rate of pay and immediate admission into the service without undergoing the expense and loss of time of the course at Sandhurst, would undoubtedly attract a more than sufficient number. Their training would be carried out at the school of instruction already existing for the corps at Aldershot; and in some eight or ten years, when the old department became entirely absorbed (that is supposing a sufficient number were, as at present, relegated to the new Barrack Branch), there would be a combatant and efficient body of officers to replace them, who would possess the inestimable advantage, from a social point of view, of having entered the service through the same gate as their brethren in the other combatant branches, and of being on an equal footing with them as regards rank.

The adoption of such a system would appear certainly to have the advantage of simplicity over the present intricate and unwieldy department, and, I believe, would effect a considerable saving of expense, as, with the introduction of combatant rank, some reduction both in rate of pay and retiring allowances for the senior ranks

would not be detrimental, and men of more junior position could equally well perform the duties that are at present carried on by officers with the rank and pay of lieutenant-colonels and colonels, but with the length of service only of captains and majors in the Line, so rapid has the promotion of the Commissariat and Transport officers lately become.

To obtain an immediate supply of junior officers until the system had time to come into work, the present Line officers serving in the Department might be offered the option of permanently joining the Commissariat under the above conditions, which, set against the prospect of reverting to their regiments at the expiration of their five years, it would undoubtedly be to the convenience of many to respond to.

The Transport would be organized as at present, in companies, officered each by a captain and subaltern from the Line appointed for five years, and might locally be placed for disciplinary purposes under the Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General at the station where they were quartered. Officers would gladly volunteer for such a service on a slightly increased rate of pay, the Englishman's inherent love for horses alone forming a powerful attraction. By this means in time a very large number of officers would be trained in transport work—a source of efficiency to a regiment in the field not to be overlooked.

The Barrack branch would be formed from the present officers of the old department, of whom it would absorb a considerable number. It could take over the charge and distribution of "fuel" and "light." I would suggest that the name be changed to "Barrack Masters," and that vacancies be filled by volunteering from the Line, similar to what is done at present among the barrack masters of the Royal Marines; the appointments to be given to deserving officers only, of considerable length of service.

Before closing this paper I would say a few words respecting the present combatant officers now serving (from the Line) in the Commissariat and Transport Staff. The practice of the authorities at the Horse Guards in ignoring these officers entirely in the distribution of rewards for field service, and in other matters, is questionable policy.

The system of officering the departments of the army by volunteers from combatant corps having been finally approved and found to work well, it is certainly undesirable to discourage them from coming forward. Many of these officers have lately been returning to their regiments on completion of their period of service in the Commissariat and Transport (several before), and it

is tolerably certain that the recounting of their experiences is not likely to encourage further applicants, but is gradually and surely increasing throughout the army the already sufficiently extensive unpopularity of this branch of the service; so that when the form of re-organization is decided upon, and volunteers are required, it may be by no means easy to obtain them.

Two facts may be deduced from experience: firstly, that *good* regimental officers will never volunteer in sufficient numbers for the present Commissariat and Transport Staff, as is proved by the absolute dearth of candidates; and secondly, that a department composed, as at present, of two elements so widely apart, and so wanting in homogeneity, is a source of danger rather than efficiency.

On Leave.

HAIL COLUMBIA! On Monday, the 9th May, the American Exhibition was opened without any important ceremony. The proceedings were of a simple and unostentatious character. Lord Ronald Gower read an address on behalf of the Committee of Welcome, which was replied to by the President of the Exhibition, Colonel Henry L. Russell. The "Star Spangled Banner" and "Rule Britannia" were charmingly sung by Mdle. Lilian Nordica, both of which national airs were received with the utmost enthusiasm, and, to the strains of "Yankee Doodle," the crowd passed over the bridge into the arena, to witness the "Wild West" entertainment. The vast amphitheatre was packed, and it was computed that not less than 20,000 persons were present.

The performance of Buffalo Bill and his companions was well received, and, no doubt, will become one of the sights of London, for many months to come. This exhibition gives us an insight into the life of the Far West, which none of us here in England know much, if anything, about. The Cowboys, the Indians, and the Mexican vacqueros all form portions of that composite Republic which it is our wont to extol. The physique of the Cowboys is magnificent, their agility in all feats of riding and of a sportsman-like character is unrivalled, and their powers of endurance remarkable. And there is about one and all of them a quiet air of self-confidence which betokens the man who, from early age, has learned to shift for himself. The Indians, gaunt and silent, wrapped in their blankets, should be seen stalking among the tents and wigwams of the village, and then mark the contrast when they are excited by the mimic frays in the circus. The "Great Red Chief" is well worth interviewing, and, while smoking a cigarette with him, you will find him to be a man of considerable feeling and intelligence. To appreciate and understand fully Life in the Far West, Buffalo Bill's camp should be visited and studied.

As regards the Exhibition itself, it would not be fair at present to criticise it. All the more important exhibits are not on show at present; the stalls are not ready to receive them; consequently, they remain in their ugly packing-cases. The nave, or central building, contains, or will contain, the general exhibits and machinery, and I hope, hereafter, to see some specimens of military guns and other weapons for which America has obtained so great a reputation. The few things that caught my eye on the opening day were a group of

very cleverly-stuffed bisons in First Street, as you descend from the entrance vestibule; but patent medicines and proprietary articles unquestionably carried the day. At one of Hygeia's Temples you read in large golden letters, "St. Jacob's Oil Conquers Pain." At another stall you are invited to accept a bottle of quinine pills, and assured by the donor that their ovoid shape renders them a pleasure to swallow; and when you inquire of him as to the advantages of the sugar-coated pills in the opposite stall, he politely informs you that the followers of Epicurus had long abandoned their use in favour of the ovoid pill. Madame Sapolio—a soap creation that Madame Tussaud might envy—is here to be seen with an expression of pleasure on her countenance, due to the facility with which she is able to get through her work with the aid of the soap she has named after herself. One gentleman was most anxious to sell the ladies his American embroidered boots, which he might very well have christened the "Minnie Palmer," M.P., M.S. Many other useful household articles caught my eye, including American clocks and watches, hand fire-grenades, canned goods, and trophies of agricultural implements. One case was devoted to the sale of flexible glass combs and ladies and gentlemen's neckties, made entirely of flexible glass. The educational maps are decidedly worth looking at, and might be introduced with advantage into the Board Schools—the vendor informing me that America was seventy-five years in advance of the old country in all matters appertaining to education, though evidently, in sanitary matters, our American cousin defers to us in that she has paid a high compliment to the leading London Sanitary Company, by having written up in large letters, "In cases of Sickness, I always use Jeyes' Disinfectants"; the result being that Buffalo Bill's camps, stables, and ranche are perfectly free from any unpleasant smell whatever. Messrs. Luby Brothers, the celebrated oculist opticians, have a stall where may be seen, amid a variety of eye-glasses, spectacles, &c., their Patent Self-adjusting Folder, called the "Comfort," with cork linings and flexible nose-pieces, avoiding all irritation of the nose. They are the most comfortable glasses I have ever worn, and will rapidly supersede the old-fashioned ones. The pianos are very handsome, but as to their intrinsic qualities I must reserve any notice until the hammering and noise of unpacking is over. The fine art gallery and American hunting trophies are a series of rooms that will attract general attention, and, later on, I hope to give a critical account of their contents. The Commissariat Department, under the skilled hands of Bertram & Co., promises to give every satisfaction. The gardens and the and, *when* the fine weather fairly sets in, will afford endless en-

joyment, and I venture to believe that the two well-dressed "Boston gentlemen" will not find it necessary any longer, *pour encourager les autres*, to show the way on the tobogganing-slide: it will share the public patronage equally with the "Switch Back Railway." Given time and fair weather, the American Exhibition with the aid of the energetic Mr. Whitley and his executive officers, and the ubiquitous and polite Secretary, Mr. J. Gilmour Speed, will, in my opinion, prove an unquestionable success, for it certainly carries with it the best wishes of all Englishmen.

Buffalo Bill's camp has been visited by T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales, who expressed themselves as highly pleased, with the entertainment, and on the 11th May by Her Majesty's command a private performance of the "Wild West" entertainment was given. The Queen at its conclusion commanded the Hon. W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) to be presented to her, and expressed to him her entire satisfaction with the performance, and at Her Majesty's request two squaws were sent for, who came running along across from the encampment with their papooses slung behind them. Her Majesty expressed to the president and director of the exhibition her desire to return on a future occasion and see the fine art and other galleries of the exhibition.

The Royal Commission appointed by the Queen for the purpose of organizing and carrying out the Colonial and Indian Exhibition met for the last time at Marlborough House under the presidency of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, on which occasion the Finance Committee reported that after defraying all liabilities there remains in the hands of the Royal Commission a surplus of £32,235 7s. 8d. and it was resolved that of this sum £5,964 11s. 5d. be granted to the Executive Council of the International Inventions Exhibition for the purpose of enabling them to close their accounts, and that £4,270 16s. 3d. be invested, to hold in trust as a reserve fund to meet any unforeseen contingencies in connection with the above exhibition; and the Earl of Derby moved that the balance of £25,000 be now transferred to the Imperial Institute of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and India, as a contribution towards its foundation and support. The Prince of Wales, in conclusion, expressed his thanks to all the Commissioners for the hearty co-operation they had afforded him, and especially to those gentlemen connected with the Finance Committee, who have had such great labours to perform, and to his invaluable secretary and staff. With so gratifying a termination to one of the most brilliant exhibitions England has ever seen, no difficulty ought to be experienced now in obtaining the requisite funds for the Imperial Institute.

All the exhibitions in the country have now been opened by

members of the Royal Family, and promise in their several ways to be a great success. At Liverpool the War Trophies Exhibition will be a great attraction, which includes Lord Londesborough's magnificent collection of armour. General Boulanger and the French authorities will send two war trophies; one will be purely Crimean, the other composed of Chinese weapons, flags, &c. taken at Peking, and early in June the band of the Republican Guards are to be sent over. Mr. Egmont Hake has been indefatigable, and has met with the success he so richly merited. Of course there will be a "Gordon Court," and Mr. Egmont Hake will lecture there, and other lectures will be delivered by officers who have served in the several campaigns the Court illustrates.

To the great regret of her numerous friends and admirers, Miss Kate Vaughan and her Comedy Company have retired from the Opera Comique. This is regarded by all classes of playgoers as a distinct loss. *Masks and Faces* was the last production, Miss Vaughan personating Peg Woffington. Those people who only saw Miss Vaughan the first night she played the character, had they seen her again later on would have been surprised at the marked changes and improvements she had introduced, especially in the pathetic scenes, showing her to be an actress of more emotional power than many had given her credit for. Continued practice has so mellowed and so enriched her style, that the beauties of expression and of epigram, of witty characterization and humorous description with which Charles Reade and Tom Taylor's comedy abound, were delivered in a manner so natural by Miss Vaughan as to entitle her to the highest praise. Miss Julia Gwynne made an excellent Mrs. Vane, and Miss Susan Vaughan as Kitty Olive, both in the gavotte and in her acting, displayed talent of no mean order. Mr. James Fernandez played Triplet with a thorough conception of the character, although no actor of the present day has ever played the character as well as the late Mr. B. Webster. Mr. Brough, admirable comedian that he is, was disappointing as Colley Cibber. It was a very painful specimen of senility, conveying the idea that he was recovering from a stroke of paralysis. Mr. Snarl was very cleverly interpreted by Mr. A. B. Tapping. It is to be hoped that Miss Vaughan will soon have a theatre of her own, which under her skilful management and taste would become one of the most fashionable and popular in the metropolis.

Mr. Arthur Cecil shortly leaves the Court Theatre, but not (as the newspapers have said) to take a "long holiday." He only contemplates a short break in his efforts for the public amusement.

A very pleasant half-hour may be spent at Mr. Harry Furniss' Royal Academy. About eighty of the best pictures exhibited last

year at Burlington House have been travestied by this inimitable and humorous artist. The more serious the picture, the more amusing he has made it; and what is still more remarkable is that even through the distortion of caricature Mr. Furniss' signal skill as a draughtsman is strikingly apparent. He has contrived to preserve the painter's general scheme of composition, even while destroying the spirit and sentiment of his picture. The catalogue is an indispensable "*Vade mecum*." As the author ingeniously demonstrates, "The exhibition cannot be understood by anyone without the catalogue, and the catalogue cannot be understood by anyone without seeing the exhibition. It is therefore evident that everyone visiting the exhibition must have a catalogue, and everyone seeing the catalogue must visit the exhibition. Q. E. D."

The memorial with reference to the contemplated reduction of the Royal Horse Artillery, signed by 117 members of the House of Commons, now serving, or who have served in Her Majesty's forces, regular and auxiliary, was forwarded to the Secretary of State with a view to recording their strong sense of the unadvisability of that course, which in their opinion is detrimental to the interests of the service and the country. Lieut.-General Fraser has received a reply from the Secretary of State, in which he says: "I have felt, and in spite of your memorial, I still feel, it to be my duty to persevere with the policy which has been embodied in the estimates of the present year." In this letter there is a long quotation from the minute "of one of my most distinguished military advisers," who *inter alia* says: "As a general who has commanded troops in the field, I attach the greatest importance to reducing in every possible way the number of horses to be fed. . . . I am fully aware that Horse Artillery batteries are much more effective in appearance, the men are more smartly dressed, the horses are better bred, and, from a parade point of view, the whole turn-out is more striking, than is the case with field batteries. But this is not the side from which this question is viewed by the general who has to win battles. He prefers the most powerful and effective gun of longest range he can bring into the field with the smallest number of men and horses to work it. He has to study the subject from the prosaic and purely practical aspect, eliminating from his calculations—always with sincere regret—much that in our fancy adds a sort of glamour and almost of poetry to military life."

FURLOUGH.

Reviews.

A GEOGRAPHY OF THE MALAY PENINSULA, INDO CHINA, NEW GUINEA, ETC. By PROF. A. H. KEANE. London: Mr. Edward Stanford.

The most important geographical work of the month is unquestionably the work issued under the above title, devoted to an account of the Malay Peninsula, where we have important settlements, Indo China—the region of Anglo-French rivalry—the Eastern Archipelago, the Spanish Philippines, and New Guinea. Prepared by the first geographer of the day in this country, the work is one we would particularly recommend to officers of both services, not only on account of the geographical, ethnographical, and political matter it contains, but as a model of arrangement and condensation in regard to countries surveyed or explored. The Intelligence Branch at the Admiralty and War Office will find it of great value as a guide-book to the regions concerned; and so long as our rivalry there with France and Germany continues to interest, and, we may add, irritate the public, it should be accessible in every military library. It is accompanied by a good map.

AUSTRALIAN DEFENCES AND NEW GUINEA. By Major-General Sir PETER SCRATCHLEY. London: Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

This important and valuable work on the defences of Australia has been received by the Press with a general chorus of commendation that should encourage and promote the issue of similar books of the kind, devoted to other parts of our much-exposed and undefended Empire. It is compiled from the papers of Sir Peter Scratchley, who at the time of his recent premature death was Defence Adviser to the Australasian Colonies, and Special Commissioner for New Guinea. Mr. Kinloch Cooke, to whom the preparation of the work is due, has appended an interesting memoir of the gallant General, and a map showing the political divisions of the Pacific. There are also a number of smaller maps illustrating the defences of the different Colonies. The work throughout is of a most solid and suggestive character, and will be read with profit and satisfaction by every man who takes a pride in the Army.

VICTORIA: HER LIFE AND REIGN. By Dr. MACAULAY. Religious Tract Society.

Among the many works that have been published during the present year to celebrate the jubilee of the Queen, Dr. Macaulay's

takes a foremost place by virtue of the brightness of the style, the exhaustiveness of the narrative, and the artistic taste with which the letter-press is illustrated by Whymper and other well-known engravers of the day. In all there are five portraits and sixty pictures; a number of which relate to the services. The work is gorgeously-bound in crimson and gold, and will, no doubt, prove a favourite literary *souvenir* of the Jubilee year.

THE GREAT MASTERS OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE. By ERNEST DUPUY. London: Messrs. J. & R. Maxwell.

The mania for Russian novels, which has caused Messrs. Maxwell to issue some of the best works of Gogol and Dostoevsky, has led to a demand for a good guide to Russian literature, to which the same publishers have responded in the present volume. It consists of three admirable essays on the great novelists Gogol, Turgenieff, and Tolstoi, by Ernest Dupuy, translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. To properly appreciate Tolstoi's *Peace and War*, Gogol's *Taras Bulba*, or Turgenieff's *Fathers and Sons*, one must peruse these admirable essays, which are so charmingly written, that even those who are only slightly touched by the prevailing *furore* for Russian novels will read them with interest and hasten to make the acquaintance of the Russian prose writers, above all of Gogol, to whose remarkable words, translated and published by Messrs. J. & R. Maxwell, we referred last month.

GARRISON GOSSIP. By JOHN STRANGE WINTER. Messrs. F. V. White & Co.

Mr. Winter—we suppose we must call by that masculine title the talented lady who writes under that *nom de plume*—has achieved another success with *Garrison Gossip*, which is a great advance on *Army Society*, triumphant though that work was in securing the commendation of the Press. The present two-volume story contains an animated description of military life in a country town, and is full of those clever portraits of men and women John Winter hits off so readily with a few touches of the pen. One becomes absorbed in it at the outset, and lays down the book at the close with the feeling of regret that it was not expanded into the regulation three volumes. The usual feeling is quite the other way.

TRAVELS, SPORT, AND POLITICS IN THE EAST OF EUROPE. By the MARQUIS OF HUNTLY. London: Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

This is a very readable account of travel and sport on the Danube, in the Crimea, the Caucasus, Greece, and Montenegro.

The author does not claim for his narrative a higher rank than that of a tourist and sportsman; but taking the work at his own estimation it is an excellent one of its kind. Some portions are a trifle old, and the politics a little faded; none the less there is plenty of interesting matter within the covers, and a special word must be said for the illustrations, which are charming.

TWO ROYAL LIVES. By DOROTHEA ROBERTS. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

We are glad to see that Mr. Fisher Unwin has followed up the success of the first edition of this biography of the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany by the prompt issue of a second edition in a cheap and attractive form. The story of the two lives is told in a sympathetic manner, without undue adulation, and is full of those domestic details which the society papers have educated the public into a craving for now-a-days. The work is copiously illustrated by capital photographs.

PHILLIP MASSENGER. By ARTHUR SYMONS. London: Messrs. Vizetelly & Co.

The Plays of Phillip Massenger form the second volume of the Mermaid Series of the best plays of the old dramatists, edited by Havelock Ellis. Although issued in an unexpurgated form, there is very little that is objectionable in them, and the reader has an opportunity of acquiring in a cheap form the standard plays of a period when the dramatic literature of England had reached its culminating point. The paper and type leave nothing to be desired, and each volume is accompanied by an etching of the dramatist concerned.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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Reviews of Books and Notes on salient matters connected with the Army and Navy will be continued each month.

THE ARMY AND NAVY MAGAZINE.

JULY 1887.

Every Inch a Soldier.

By M. J. COLQUHOUN.

CHAPTER XXII.

SPECTRE-STRICKEN.

HENRY WAKE had never, from birth, been of the prosaic and practical Anglo-Saxon type. His pale complexion, wild dark eyes, marked features, and spare frame, all indicated a descent from a Cornish, and possibly Celtic, line of ancestry. His youth had been passed in the solitude of the great wastes of Dartmoor, and from infancy even he had heard the primitive traditions of a simple-minded peasantry. Both from physical organization, and order of mind, he was what would be called superstitious. People had asserted that the Wakes were all mad; they were undoubtedly eccentric; but call it insanity, hallucination, or use the modern psychological term, and say that Wake was "a sensitive," the fact remains that from childhood he saw, or thought he saw, things hidden from grosser eyes. Having broken with the conventional world, having been shipwrecked in love and hope, and now living in utter isolation in the solitudes of dense forests and unpeopled wastes (attended only by a few servants), this inherited tendency to belief in occult influences became a monomania.

Moreover, his conscience awoke with overpowering force to the fact that two men had fallen by his hand, and his morbid thoughts accused him of being a murderer. The "flattering unction" which he had hitherto laid to his soul, that his victims had deserved their fate, and that he had slain them only in self-defence,

no longer brought him consolation. His sleep became troubled by frightful dreams, in which the distorted and hideous old fakir continually appeared to him, with angry, threatening gestures—his repulsive face convulsed with diabolical hatred. Then, also, he would often see the Thug whom he had shot in the ruins of Secro, who, while seemingly gazing upon Wake, would piteously murmur the pathetic lament, "Oh, my home! oh, my children!" Then, also at times, a slender, graceful, white-robed form would glide beside his couch, presenting to his view the beautiful, statuesque face of Moti, also appearing to be clasping her infant in her arms. This last was a gentle shade, whose features wore an air of celestial calm, and sometimes she was accompanied by the finely-proportioned form of the youthful hunter Gopal.

Eventually Wake not only saw these figures in his dreams, but they seemed to haunt his daily life. As he walked along, or sat solitary in his tent, a white mist would seem to rise from the ground, and out of 'this ephemeral' vapour these forms would appear; they came by no effort of his will, neither could he cause them to disappear.

Among the spoil which Wake had removed from Secro on his first expedition, was that large stone which he had believed to be a diamond, but which proved to be a crystal, supposed to be endowed with magical power, and which he had taken from the dying grasp of the Thug. Seeing this amulet lying neglected in Louisa's room at the Red House, Wake had taken possession of it, and worn it constantly on his person. Whether this fact had anything to do with his remarkable experiences occultists must decide, but Wake himself always believed in the supernatural power of this crystal or charm.

An extraordinary change came over his whole view of life, and it seemed as if his mind had undergone an utter transformation; he no longer cared to acquire money, he no longer wished to recover his ancestral estates, he no longer hoped to regain the affection of his wife, whose bitter words, "I hate you! I wish to be free!" rankled in his heart, causing an envenomed wound. "Let her be free," he thought; "let her have the money." And he even viewed with indifference the fact that another had supplanted him in her love. This phase of feeling was not so much due to the mysterious influences by which he seemed surrounded, as to the fact that the old glamour was dispelled, and he no longer believed in Louisa. The woman he had loved was beautiful, always elegant in appearance, always witty and entertaining, and he had believed, despite a "spitfire disposition," as he called her hot temper, that

she was truthful and noble in character; but now, now at last, the duplicity and heartlessness of Louisa's nature was clear to him, and the spectacle disgusted him.

With all Wake's faults he detested lying and deceit, possessing, as he did, the chivalrous traditions of a race who had never counted among their numbers either cowards or liars. "Let her take the wealth and begone!" his hot, unmercenary heart cried out under the torture of betrayed affection and disappointed hope. In securing the treasure of Secro he had sinned in causing the death of innocent people, and the money was ill-gotten gain; there was the stain of blood upon it, he would have none of it.

Wake had been wandering about from camping-ground to camping-ground, and found himself at Secro, the attraction there being the quantities of game to be found in the great jeel of Nujufghur within reach of that place. Besides, these ruins, in his loneliness, seemed to have a special fascination for him. As he paced along the massive walls of the old castle, memory would recall that happy time when, with Louisa at his side, he had been full of hope and of satisfied ambition. He recalled, too, the old Major with his mental absurdities, the handsome light-hearted Burke, the perpetually-grumbling Maunders, the noble-looking Willoughby, and the burly Squire Carew, with his didactic pomposity: all were gone, but the memory of their presence in this ancient castle haunted him almost as much as the unreal spectres who pursued him night and day.

He was in the court-yard of the ruined castle, and noticed with surprise that the heap of stones which formerly guarded the entrance to the hidden wealth of Ali Kareem had been removed, and that the staircase was open to all who chose to enter. Actuated more by curiosity than any other motive, he descended the steps and entered the place whence he had removed the treasure which he had thought would have brought him happiness. For a moment he stood, lost in painful thought, when a light touch upon his arm put an end to his reflections. He hastily turned round, and beheld the Witch of Megara!

It was now the hour of dusk, but a curious green light, probably arising from the beams of the setting sun, illumined the whole place, and, falling upon the white summer robe of the old woman, gave her so unnatural an appearance that Wake hardly realised whether she belonged to the real world, or that phantasmagoria of hallucinations in which he had lately lived.

The witch emitted her usual cackling laugh as he started back in evident terror at the unexpected sight.

"Do not fear me, Sahib," she said; "I am but an old woman, and one who is no enemy to you."

This curious form of salutation left Wake too surprised to answer at once.

"Are not the secrets of the heart known to me?" she continued. "Sahib, you are not a bad man for an Englishman. Your heart is not wicked; but your temper resembles a fire of thorns, which blazes up fiercely in an instant."

"What do you require of me?" asked Wake, fancying from her words that she had come to beg.

"No, no," she answered, as if reading his thought. "The old woman asks not money from the Sahib. She will soon be rich—more rich than words can say, when the reign of the Kings is restored, and that happy time is even now at hand," and she laughed triumphantly.

"What do you want with me?" again demanded Wake.

"I come to warn the Sahib. Nothing in this world is lost. Does not the influence of good or evil actions last for ever? Though the Sahib is an infidel, yet even in the mansions of hostility there are good men who shall one day breathe the 'fragrance of the garden' (Paradise), for is it not written that even on the unbelievers Allah will sometimes have mercy?"

Wake was more than ever perplexed by this rhapsody.

"The Sahib understands not," said the sybil, again divining his thoughts. "The old woman knows. It has been revealed to her that not many dark actions have stained that white book in which the life of the Sahib is written. He has gained honour in this world and salvation in that which is to come. Has he not befriended the helpless and unprotected? Can the dead speak? They have spoken, and Moti bids the Sahib leave this land and return to his own country; then all may be well with him. But if the Sahib despises the warning, then he will perish miserably, like the rest of his countrymen; for in the life of the Sahib there is neither aim nor love," she continued, "only the courage of despair."

"The recklessness of despair," thought Wake, who marvelled at the skill with which she had divined the workings of his tortured mind.

"Ah!" cried the witch excited, her shrill voice ringing through the vaulted chamber. "What evil fate made the Sahib meddle with the thrice-acursed treasure of this place! Every rupee of that gold was wrung by a tyrant from the poor, despite their tears and groans. It is written that while one tittle of that ill-

gotten money remains with the Sahib his life also shall be accursed. Is it not the will of Allah that the oppressed shall be avenged! Sahib, it is Moti, Moti who is dead, who speaks to you from beyond the grave." Again Wake marvelled that his vague impressions of the evil nature of the treasure should be so singularly confirmed by the words of this mysterious old woman. "But it has been decreed by Fate—and who can withstand Destiny?—that the ill-acquired hoards of Ali Kareem shall at last pass into the hands of a woman, who will use the treasures for good, and not for evil; and then, but not till then, shall the curse pass away. There is danger to the rule of the English," she went on. "Does not the Sahib feel it in the air like the approach of a thunder-storm? Let the Sahib learn wisdom; let him fly from danger while there is yet time."

The words "danger to the English" brought Wake back at once into the every-day world, and a smile of scornful disdain curled his lips.

The Witch of Megara gazed at him for a moment, and then, extending her long lean arm, she described a circle, saying, "Sahib, behold futurity!" And then, as though in a flash of light, he saw passing before him a terrible pageant of despair, in which he and all he loved on earth played so lamentable a part that his heart beat wildly and his knees knocked together in an unaccustomed terror. The revelation vanished in an instant; but the feature in it which most impressed Wake was the seemingly dead body of an Englishwoman, entirely divested of clothing, being dragged by her long golden hair by beings which he scarcely recognized as human—for to him they wore the semblance of fiends. The face of the prostrate form was turned from him, but a horrible conviction seized him that he beheld the dishonoured corpse of his wife. He had believed that he no longer cared for her; but now, from the violence of his passionate indignation, he knew that she was still dear to him. "You must save her," someone seemed to whisper in his ear. He turned to interrogate the Witch of Megara further; but she was gone, as mysteriously and noiselessly as she came.

He tried to collect his disturbed faculties, but he could not divest himself of the idea that he had received warning which he must not disobey. Some overpowering calamity threatened Louisa, he knew not what, and, in spite of his formed resolve that he would never seek her again, he determined to hasten to Delhi, so as to be near her should danger threaten.

The sudden darkness of the semi-tropics had now fallen upon

the still ruins, while on the night-wind was borne the hideous-outreries of the jackals that infested them. In a fever of impatience Wake ordered his horse to be saddled, and then, throwing himself across the back of his swift Arab, rode headlong through the semi-deserted wastes, hardly drawing rein until he reached the trim villas and gardens of the English Cantonments at Delhi.

In the cool grey dawn he alighted at the door of his sister's house, who, on seeing him, was much shocked at his wan, haggard appearance. She at once ordered breakfast, which Wake, after his wild night's ride, was glad to receive. He dared not tell his sister the presentiment of coming evil which possessed him. It was a thing which could neither be explained nor reasoned about.

"I have come," he said, "to try and persuade my wife to return with me to England. We are rich now, and there is nothing to keep us here."

His sister looked at him in perplexity.

"You are in a very false position," she said. "It seems wicked to recommend it, but why do not you make your life apart from that artful creature? You can never make her happy, and she will render you miserable."

"When all else is lost, duty and honour still remain," said Wake. "Louisa is unlike us, she is frivolous and pleasure-loving; but if I had been more gentle and cautious, I might have led, where I have vainly striven to drive."

Eleanor kissed his broad white forehead, and smoothed back the clustering dark curls which fell over it.

"Poor old fellow," she said gently. "Do you remember our lately seeing a camel and a bullock ploughing together? It reminded me of your ill-assorted marriage."

Wake could not help laughing.

"Which am I, Nell, the camel or the bullock?"

"I don't know, dear," she answered. "I only know that you deserve a nobler destiny than being tied to Louisa."

"You are always down on her, poor thing!" and he shuddered as he recalled that horrible vision. "She might have been a better woman had she mated with a wiser man."

"It is generous and sweet of you to say so," she replied, though his words found no echo in her heart. She believed Louisa to be irreclaimable, because false to the core, and marvelled, as common-sense has often done before and since, how easily the nobler sex can be deceived by pretty silliness and airs of assumed innocence. "Eleanor," said Wake, speaking with evident effort, "you

have been ambitious on my account. You have thought that we might once more build up our family name with the treasure of Secro. Banish the idea from your mind for ever, for that money is the price of blood, it is accursed. Let our name die out with me, and all the follies of our race be forgotten."

She looked at him in sad surprise; it was not easy for her to give up the dream of her life; but when she saw his wildly-gleaming eyes, his strange air, the feeling came over her, with sickening dread, that the inherited curse of insanity had at length fallen upon him. She did not attempt to reason with him, for she knew it was useless; she only kissed him, saying quietly, "Come what will, dear, we will try to do right; pride and ambition are the besetting sins of ruined gentry like us. But what will you do with the treasure?"

"I shall make a free gift of it to my wife, if she will take it. I am now going to tell her of this. Louisa is so wedded to money that she would not care to part with the wealth of Ali Kareem, even if I wished it."

He had sent a servant beforehand to prepare Louisa for his visit, and soon afterwards he was in her presence. Louisa had retired to her own apartment, and after exchanging her out-door toilette for a loose dressing-gown, was awaiting her husband's arrival in anxious thought. Guilt is always nervous, and she felt persuaded that Whitby had recalled him in consequence of her having left Delhi with Carew. A loud knock upon the window shutters of her room roused her from her reverie, and for a second she felt startled, for certainly the noises in the Red House were very strange and inexplicable; but she soon recovered her self-possession and called to her ayah to open the Venetian blinds. In the dark verandah stood Wake, who had come secretly because, after that last scandalous quarrel with Louisa, he had not cared to be seen by the domestics.

"Why have you come?" Louisa asked ungraciously.

He carefully closed the doors as well as the venetians to the French windows of the room. "Louisa," he said, "will you pay attention to what I say? I have come to tell you something that you will hardly believe—there is some magic in that crystal."

"Oh! you have it then. I lost it, but supposed it had been stolen."

"I saw it lying about, and, knowing that you did not value it, I took it away with me. I always wear it, which perhaps is the reason that I have seen such inexplicable things, for I have had

a vision of something so unreal, so utterly ghastly, that it appalled me."

"Nonsense; I expect you had been drinking. But what did you see?"

"It concerns you, and showed me . . . but, there, never mind details; it is enough that I was so impressed with what I have seen that I have travelled all night to take you away from this place. Whitby sent me a telegram, but before it had arrived I had made up my mind to start, so it only hastened my movements."

"Where will you take me?" she asked coldly.

"Straight back to England, and we might start this very night. Get ready at once, I will have post-horses laid, and everything prepared; moreover, I make you a free gift of every farthing I have in the world, and all the treasure hidden here and elsewhere."

"Henry Wake, you are mad!"

"There are some presentiments which are stronger than sober reason. Leave with me to-night, I beg, Louisa; only do this, and you shall be free ever after to go where you like. I repeat, I have had a supernatural warning."

"I don't believe it," she answered stoutly; "it is only a trick to get me into your power." But, as she spoke, her lips trembled and her eyes dilated with uncontrollable terror, for the strain of Indian blood in her veins made her superstitious as well as untruthful. Uncivilized races, as they are called, living always in close proximity with nature, have cultivated their spiritual faculties, while civilized nations have become more material; in India many persons live a life beyond the physical, wherein the unseen is all-powerful.

"No, Louisa, it is no trick; I only want to take you away from certain peril."

"But my father?" she asked.

"He can either accompany us or follow under the care of the servants. Come, Louisa," he continued, seeing her still hesitating, "time presses. However, if you do not believe the warning, there is another reason why I should take you away from Delhi. They say," he continued, his brow darkening, and speaking in a broken voice, "that Carew would steal you from me."

There was something so unlike Wake in the weird-looking, gaunt hunter before her that Louisa was alarmed, and began to cry.

"You ought not to come and frighten me like this," she sobbed, "What ails me? I am hysterical and silly, and you had better leave me now."

"I will not force my society upon you if it is unpleasant to you ; but, Louisa, if we never meet again, remember that I have loved you as few women have ever been loved. Remember, dear, that I beg your pardon for all I have ever done to grieve you ; my temper is bad, and, for some unknown reason, I am never so irritable with others as with you. Forgive me, dearest. My pride might prevent my saying this at any other time, for you never have returned my affection. Believe me, Louisa, should we ever come together again, I would behave differently. If you could only care for me a little, and not flirt with other men !"

Louisa looked very lovely. The half-frightened and sobered expression of her countenance only increased its charm.

"What do you mean ?" she asked ; "why are you saying all this ? Whitby has been telling you stories about me."

He kissed her white hand over and over again.

"I can never be prejudiced against you, dearest," he said, "never ; but come away with me at once."

"I cannot," she answered ; "but I will to-morrow, or soon."

"You will ?" he asked, with sudden joy.

"Yes, Harry, I will."

"Promise it faithfully."

"I promise—honour bright ; but go away now," she added ; "I am so frightened and excited."

"My place is to guard you, dearest. Why should I leave you if you are terrified ?"

"But you frighten me," she said ; and then, traitor-like, she kissed him. (The Judases of all times betray with a kiss.) "You are not a bad fellow after all," she added coaxingly.

"But you prefer that big brute Carew to me," he said savagely.

Louisa, well trained in the ways of concealment, answered in the gayest and lightest of tones : "Do you think, knowing me as you do, that I wish to change one tyrant for another ? Still, Carew is a man of good family, and will be useful to get us into high society after our return to England. Of course he admires me, but so do others ; I am tired of telling you this."

"These are the words always on your lips, Louisa—society and admiration. I never hear you speak of love, or honour, or duty."

She shrugged her pretty shoulders, and laughed lightly as she replied : "On the contrary, I cannot live without love, and oh ! I should like to live in a pretty house with you, if you will promise to behave better !"

This is what she said ; but in her heart she thought that to live

in a house, and undergo the horrors of dulness and domesticity with Wake, would be imprisonment for life, in the custody of an unloved jailor. She was too sharp-witted to say so, however. "What economy is necessary in telling lies?" asks an Indian proverb, which she had taken to heart and always acted upon. "But go now, please," she added; "I am so tired and sleepy."

The truth was that she expected a visit from Carew, and dreaded the probable meeting of the two men.

"You will be ready to leave this time to-morrow?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You mean it?" demanded Wake, trying to read her beautiful but inscrutable face.

"Yes, yes; I have given you my word—what more do you want?"

Before Wake left he said: "Be careful; let no one see Ali Kareem's jewels; and, whatever you do, do not attempt to sell them in India—it is too risky."

Another moment and he was gone; and Louisa, her fears somewhat lessened, sat down and tried to think over the meaning of the trying scene she had just gone through. What puzzled her most was how she should manage to elude Wake and go to England with Carew. To find that, despite all that had passed, she still retained her hold on Wake's affection, flattered her vanity and love of power; but her only objects in life were wealth, society, and universal admiration. She knew, with the keen insight of a selfish nature, what would be most to her advantage, and felt convinced that Wake would be terribly in her way in the glorious life of amusement, wealth, and liberty which she had planned for herself in England. "For his temper and jealousy were dreadful," she reasoned.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ALI KAREEM'S JEWELS.

THE day following Wake's unexpected visit to his wife, Carew called at the Red House and was immediately ushered into the drawing-room, where Louisa, who had been reclining on a couch, rose to receive him. The woman whom the Squire truly loved, or rather, graciously patronized, stood before him, a picture of girlish grace and beauty, her fair curly hair enshrining her delicate face like the halo of a saint, while her smiling grey eyes looked gladly into his own. After accepting her cordial invitation to dinner that evening he said: "I hope Major Page is quite ready?"

"Yes, at last," she answered; "but I have had some trouble with him, poor dear! Ah, Reginald! you should have known him five years ago; he was very different then."

"Good advice and a cool climate will soon put him right, I have no doubt, Louisa. And now, as our arrangements seem complete, there is nothing to prevent our immediate departure from this land of rupees, luxury, and heat." And he threw himself languidly into an easy chair.

Carew and Louisa had determined that it would be a mistake to fly madly in the face of society. An open scandal, a horrible divorce suit, were the vulgar and disagreeable experience of stupid people. The only sin in Louisa's code of morals was the sin of being found out, and, whatever happened, she would still walk "in fear of Mrs. Grundy," in which pious resolve she was seconded by the Squire.

After a short pause, Louisa said, suddenly: "As my father is incapable of transacting business, I wonder if you could get Dilam Parshad to buy, or at least to value, this old jewellery? It is very old-fashioned," she continued, "and I would rather have the money." As she spoke she took some curious-looking articles from a small box which lay upon the table. "Do you understand precious stones? What should you think these Indian things are worth?"

Carew examined the things. The first articles he took up were some ear-rings, or rather collection of ear-rings, for the native custom is to crowd a number of bells over and around the ear. Then he looked at a necklace, and after that an aigrette for a turban. All these ornaments were thickly set with what appeared to be large pieces of glass, but an expert might have known that they were absolutely diamonds, rubies, and emeralds.

"I cannot tell whether the stones are real or not," he answered: "you perceive that they are cut without facets, not set like English jewellery."

"Don't you think they are real?" she again asked.

"They may be genuine, and if so must be worth a great deal of money. I little thought my Princess had such a dowry. These things are of artistic and beautiful workmanship," he added. He now examined some small boxes, cups, and a sword-hilt of jade, exquisitely cut, and encrusted with glittering stones.

"I have seen jade-work of this sort in Delhi," he went on, "but never finer specimens. Where did you get them, Louisa?"

"Oh," she answered carelessly, "my great-grandfather collected this sort of things, and they have been in our family for a hundred

years at least. I have told you, Reggie, that I shall be immensely rich some day, only my father's incapacity and my ignorance of business stand in the way just now. I hate being poor, it is odious. I mean to cut a dash in England, and when I am in London I shall get into the best set."

"The size of these stones is enormous," said Carew; "and if they should be real you might become known by your jewels. They are so dirty-looking, however, and the settings so tarnished, that none but an experienced person could have any idea of their value; but I am afraid they are only paste."

"Perhaps you are mistaken Reggie, and yet I don't know, for I once had a fine large stone which everyone thought was a diamond, but it turned out to be a crystal, a magic crystal."

"Where is it? It is strange how the superstition about crystals prevails among all races. The fact is, rock crystal naturally contains more electricity than most substances, but whether or not the old occultists knew of electricity is a secret hidden from us."

"Oh! that is the reason of its magic is it? Well, I did not value the stone much, and was careless about it; how stupid of me to lose it. But, Reginald, sell all this trash if you can: if I wear jewels I should like modern ones."

"You need no ornaments, certainly, your youth and beauty are sufficient."

"Go, flatterer," she laughed; "but really I should like to have this matter settled one way or the other, and to know what they are worth."

"Oh! most certainly; I shall be delighted to do anything for you, and will get them valued in Delhi," said Carew, ever ready to gratify Louisa's wishes. "If they should be worth, let us say twenty thousand pounds, how charming that would be!"

Carew had not a trace of jealousy, revenge, nor even spite in his character; his fibre being too soft for any of the darker passions. As far as his indolent good-nature would allow, he held a very bad opinion of Wake; first, because he had enlisted as a common soldier; secondly, because he was poor; and thirdly, above all, because he had struck his wife. In consequence, he looked upon Wake altogether as a "dreadful fellow." Human nature is so oddly blended that Carew was a mass of contradictory qualities. He was highly educated, and well read, and yet he was utterly impractical in everyday life, and was no judge of either character or motive in others. He valued money, good repute, and success, for, however advanced and unorthodox he might be in opinion, he had practice a horror of acting in any way so as to bring himself

into discredit with good society, whose approbation was to him as the breath of his nostrils. Therefore, with all his seeming liberality of thought, he quite agreed with Louisa in her idea of the main objects of life, which were to make money and to bow at the shrine of received opinion. Besides this, the most marked features in his character were those qualities which he shared in common with most of the human race—great selfishness, and a vast amount of conceit.

Carew, who now affected travelling in a palankeen, set off at once to the city carried by four men, taking Miss Page's property with him. He soon arrived at Dilam Parshad's house in the jewellers' quarter, whose outward appearance of blank, windowless walls gave no indication of the Arabian Nights-like splendour concealed within its humble-looking exterior. A crowd of white-robed Asiatics thronged the narrow doorway which led into the abode, and Carew, pushing his way through them, found himself in a small court, surrounded by a pillared verandah. The celebrated Delhi jeweller, Dilam Parshad, was a stout man, whose head was swathed in a pink turban of a shape and hue peculiar to his tribe, and probably of some pre-historic type. Several natives were in the court, and two Englishmen and a lady who alone were seated on chairs. Some English customers, strangers to Carew, were being served, and—according to Asiatic manner—before them, laid out upon clean linen cloths on the floor of the court, were ranged small heaps of unset rubies, pearls, and other stones, and also innumerable gold chains, bracelets, and various articles of jewellery. All this untold wealth was kept with patriarchal simplicity in a common-looking black trunk.

The design and workmanship of Indian jewellery cannot be surpassed. Delhi has been for many centuries, and still is, the centre of an enormous trade in gems and gold-work, because Indians continue to the present day their ancient custom of keeping wealth tied up in valuables, seldom investing their money in banks or public securities, as Europeans are in the habit of doing.

On seeing the portly figure of Carew the bronzed face of the diamond merchant, expanded into a smile of welcome. The Squire was a customer, having on one occasion purchased a valuable string of pearls from him, which he had bestowed upon Louisa. Carew, through an interpreter, explained his business, and the countenance of the tradesman fell, for, like most of his race, he preferred selling to buying or valuing. However, he courteously expressed a desire to see what the Sahib had brought. The earrings were first exhibited and passed from hand to hand, then the

aigrette, and the jade sword-hilt and boxes, and a murmur of surprise and admiration ran through the usually impassive Asiatic assembly, for the Indian thinks it ill-bred to express violent admiration for anything.

"What do you think these ear-rings are worth?" asked Carew.

"Your slave could not buy such valuable things," answered the jeweller. "They are certainly worth many thousand pounds. The King of Delhi has become poor; but the Begum Zennut Mahal, the King's young wife, might buy them if she saw them."

"But, Sir," said an English gentleman, rising from his seat, "excuse me for telling you these things exactly resemble some jewellery which has been stolen. May I ask how they came into your possession? Allow me first to present my card. I have come all the way from Calcutta especially to discover the perpetrator of one of the most singular and daring thefts upon record."

Carew, turning red with anger, answered shortly:

"I consider, Sir, your remarks intensely offensive; and decline to answer your question."

"I regret giving you offence," answered the other courteously, "but I must tell you that a private in the 200th Regiment, of the name of Brown, or Wake, is suspected of having misappropriated some property answering exactly in description to these very articles you propose selling; and unless you can give a satisfactory account as to how you came by these things, I must put the matter into the hands of the proper authorities."

Then Mr. Sims called a red-turbanned policeman, to whom the jewels were delivered.

Carew, never gifted with much presence of mind, was thunder-struck! The name of Wake, and the remembrance of all the property he had seen in his tent, so terrified him that he offered no resistance on seeing Louisa's valuable jewels thus suddenly transferred from his possession to that of the police.

At last he tried to remonstrate, but he had no valid objection to offer; for the poor Squire found himself facing many unpleasant possibilities.

"I believe I am speaking to Mr. Carew?" continued the lawyer.

Carew bowed assent.

"Well, Sir, we cannot discuss this matter here. Most natives understand English, although they pretend they do not; and if you will accompany me, I will explain all the circumstances more fully to you."

The astute Sims saw by the utter bewilderment of the Squire, and the blank dismay written upon his face, that he was innocent in this affair; and he wished to discover how much Carew really knew.

The two Englishmen walked down the great Silver Street, which was thronged with turbaned men dressed in bright-coloured clothes, with here and there an occasional veiled woman. Strings of led camels, creaking bullock-carts, and some bedizened and armed nobles of the King's court, with their followers mounted on prancing horses, completed the scene. But all this appeared to the luckless squire the phantasmagoria of a dream; all was unreal except the misery of fear and suspicion which he now experienced.

The lawyer went on:

"You are, perhaps, aware that Brown, now known as Wake, although a gentleman by birth, was lately a common soldier?"

"I have heard so."

"When serving with the 200th at Meerut, he caused the death of a fakir, in a quarrel about a woman; and from this mendicant, or the woman in question, Wake undoubtedly gained the knowledge that a great treasure was hidden at Secro. He is supposed to have murdered this woman and some other accomplices with whom he shared the secret. Whether he did so or not has yet to be proved; but this matter of the fakir was very successfully hushed up by his friends at Meerut. I was professionally employed by the Newaib of Doobghur, to whom the treasure belonged; I discovered from the gossip in the barrack-rooms of the 200th Regiment at Meerut that Private Brown had obtained a commission and was posted to a new regiment at Moulton. I desired a confidential agent who was on the spot, to report to me when Wake joined at that station; for I naturally disliked the expenditure of time and money in making so long a journey myself. The first news I heard from Moulton was that Mr. Wake had resigned the service, and another officer would be sent to fill his place. I then concluded that Mr. Brown or Wake had left India, and so had escaped me, but afterwards I accidentally heard from an old woman that the gentleman I wanted was in camp near Delhi, with a party of officers on a shooting excursion. I hastened to the spot indicated, to find that he had gone no one knew where; but I can prove that while at Secro—a deserted, ruined place—Mr. Wake succeeded in unearthing an enormous treasure."

"All this may be true," answered Carew; "but how do you know that these particular jewels were found at Secro? It seems utterly improbable."

"Because," said the lawyer, "on the sword-hilt which you showed just now was the very name Ali Kareem and the date 1727, which corresponds with the description given."

"That may be a mere coincidence."

"Moreover all those jewels exactly correspond with an inventory of Ali Kareem's property which the Nawab of Doobghur—the legal owner—has placed in my possession."

"It looks suspicious, certainly," assented Carew. "But I suppose all native jewels are much alike; their fashions never change; they last centuries."

"But, Mr. Carew, you have not told me how you obtained those things."

"No; and I refuse to answer any question on the subject."

"Ah well!" said the lawyer, blandly, "I shall have to prove (which I can) that you got them from Miss Page, who obtained them from Henry Wake, to whom she is engaged. You see I am in possession of the main facts; but my employer does not wish to press the charge of theft, and if the whole, or at least the greater part, of the treasure is restored, no questions will be asked. But if not, the case will be fought out to the bitter end."

"It does not concern me," answered Carew. "I know nothing about it."

"But the property must have been concealed in Miss Page's house."

"Not with my knowledge," answered Carew.

"Where is Mr. Wake?" asked the lawyer.

"I do not know; and if I did, I should not feel myself justified in telling you, unless you can give me more certain proof of what you assert. It seems to me that you have accepted the statements of natives, who rarely if ever speak the truth, and who, like all Asiatics, have allowed their imaginations to become crazy about some fabulous wealth."

"But the treasure *was* found, and has now disappeared. It has always been the national custom in India to hide wealth. To this day if any average Hindoo has saved money, he either buys jewellery for his family, or buries his riches in the ground. The treasure in question was concealed under circumstances well known in history. Nadir Shah carried away gold, silver, and jewels to the value of eighty millions of our money, from Delhi, in 1727. No one doubts that fact; therefore, that a leading Moslem noble of that day possessed a treasure worth half a million of money is not improbable, and still less that he caused it to be concealed when a ruthless invader was expected.

In the taking of Delhi in 1727, a great part of the population were massacred in cold blood, and the houses of the nobility were burned. In this tumult, Ali Kareem and his whole family were murdered by the Persian soldiery."

"I know," answered Carew, "everyone knows, that in the fifty miles of ruined cities round Delhi treasures had been constantly hidden; but the point at issue is—Did Mr. Wake find a treasure?"

"We know he carried it away."

"Then why don't you claim it?"

"Because Mr. Wake has had such cunning and daring accomplices that it was no easy matter to find his hoards; but some of the things have been traced. Shrewd fellow that! He is engaged to be married to Miss Page, and there are a good many scandalous stories current about them. She is certainly mixed up in the affair, and we rather suspect Mr. Burke of the 200th, who, I fancy, knows more than he cares to tell. Captain Whitby—38th Regiment, N.I.—a relative of Wake, certainly helped him. The whole affair is very discreditable to the people concerned. Fancy the luck of that man Wake, in finding an enormous fortune without the least toil or effort! I have been slaving in this country for fifteen years and have hardly gained a living. Luck is a wonderful thing in this world!"

Soon after the two men went on their separate ways. Carew did not return to the Red House; he dared not go until this matter was cleared up, so he went back to his dāk bungalow exhausted mentally and physically, his brain in a very whirl of confusion. Again Louisa had deceived him! She told him she had inherited these jewels, and yet it seemed certain that she had received them from her husband, who had himself acquired them dishonestly. Again he re-called Louisa's midnight visit to Wake's tent, and the reason she had given him for her presence there. It seemed to him that the lawyer's accusations were too tangible to be denied.

Annoying as the whole matter was in every sense of the word, it was rendered doubly so from the fact that in all probability he would now be detained in India to give evidence in this wretched affair.

Moreover, Louisa's secret marriage to Wake would be published openly and form an important feature in what promised to be a *cause célèbre*. But he thought it better that Louisa should know at once what had occurred, so he sent her what he considered to be a very diplomatically-worded letter.

"DEAR MISS PAGE,

"A very unpleasant circumstance has arisen which I hope you will be able to explain. The jewels which have been so long heirlooms in your family have been mistaken for some articles lately purloined from a Newaub, and an impertinent lawyer named Sims has officially seized the valuables, and made them over to the police. I deeply regret that this should have befallen your property while confided to my care. I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you this evening, as I dine with Desmond Burke at the Mess of the 105th Regiment.

"Yours very truly,

"REGINALD CAREW."

Louisa turned very pale on reading the above. She felt that she had blundered in trying to sell those things in Delhi, Wake having warned her of the risks of so doing. However, it was useless to regret what she had done. She glanced again at Carew's letter—"So I am simply 'Miss Page' now," she thought; "no longer his 'fair queen.' It is the beginning of the end, and I have lost him. What shall I do?" And she wept bitterly.

Carew's admiration had become necessary to her life; the conviction that she was loved by a man whom she thought was capable of the highest devotion had a great fascination for her, and she dreaded being forsaken by him. Now, it dawned upon her in its full horror—that she might not only lose Ali Kareem's jewels, but her new lover, and the fortune and social position he had offered her.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AT BAY.

A BUGGY drove into the court of the Red House, and from it Mr. Sims descended, and after inquiring for Miss Page, was ushered into the drawing-room, where he awaited her arrival. Louisa was dressing for dinner, when a servant announced that a Sahib wished to speak with her, and on looking at the card he had sent in, she discovered that her visitor was no other than Lawyer Sims. For a moment her heart beat excitedly, because the information contained in Carew's letter prepared her for a most unpleasant interview. She knew that the only thing to be done was to see the lawyer and baffle him if possible; so with an extraordinary lucidity of mind, and a calmness of nerve which

seemed almost miraculous, she gracefully glided into the room, her countenance wearing a look of smiling inquiry.

"I hope, Madam," said the attorney, bowing low, "that you will excuse my calling upon you. May I ask for a few minutes of your leisure?"

Louisa, with her unsurpassable power of acting, smiled sweetly in return, for even an attorney is a man, and can be vanquished by a woman. "I am sure it is very kind of you to call upon me, and I am glad to make your acquaintance."

"I have come on a matter of business, Miss Page."

"Oh, indeed; then I shall send for Papa. I don't understand business."

"I can quite believe, Miss Page, that, with your youth and beauty, you have followed more feminine accomplishments; but will you just answer me a few questions about this little jade box?" and he put a gem-spangled casket into her hand. In the confusion which had attended the confiscation of the jewels in Dilam Parshad's shop, Mr. Sims had managed to retain this box, thinking he might obtain useful information through its means.

Louisa looked attentively at the glittering article. "It is a curious box," she said, "but what about it?"

"Is it yours?"

"Mine? I wish it was; I have never seen it before."

"Really, Miss Page, you surprise me."

"Why, Mr. Sims, how odd. What makes you think I have anything to do with the box?" Her rôle was childish innocence, and she looked at him smilingly with her puzzling grey eyes.

"There must be some mistake, Miss Page," he said; "did you not give this box to Mr. Carew?"

"I? Of course not. I never give or take presents from gentlemen; Papa would not approve of it."

"Oh, really," said the lawyer, who felt persuaded that Louisa was fibbing; but she looked so charming, and fibbed so gracefully, that he almost felt as if he should like to believe her.

Louisa had long ago settled that the art of telling lies with coolness and cleverness was most important to learn betimes; her code being that those who simply wanted truth were either inconveniently earnest or stupidly intense.

The lawyer went on. "You know an officer of the name of Wake—Ensign Wake?"

"Wake—I know so many officers—let me see. Can you tell me his regiment? Possibly then I might remember."

"He was in the Tipperary Rangers."

"I have never met that regiment, Mr. Sims."

"No; but Mr. Wake was staying at Secro with you. Come, Miss Page, you cannot deny that."

"Oh! but that Mr. Wake is not in the army at all, so he said."

"Did Mr. Wake give you any jewellery?"

"Really, Mr. Sims, I told you before that I never accept presents from gentlemen."

"But did you see any jewels in Mr. Wake's possession?"

"I know nothing about Mr. Wake's private affairs; and this being the case, I must ask you to talk to Papa. That is the dinner-bell ringing. Good evening, Sir"; and Louisa swept out of the room, and Sims, of course, could not follow her. Never had he cross-questioned a more artful witness. She was a playful *ingenue*, utterly obtuse, extraordinary simple, and never tripped once.

He then saw the Major, but all his questions were met with scriptural allusions, and prophecies, and the speedy founding of the new kingdom; therefore Mr. Sims had no alternative but to take his departure, feeling that he had not gained much by his visit.

Louisa was greatly relieved when she saw the defeated lawyer drive away from the house, for, like most women, she had a perfect horror of the law. She could not help wondering what would happen next. If she had only left Delhi? She was not a timid woman; few men could ride better or more fearlessly, and it is probable that in a witness-box the most astute counsel would fail to confuse her, still less to make her blush; yet—yet she hated being drawn into a legal quarrel.

How the dinner dragged! She wondered why Wake had not kept his engagement to return. How would he take all this? Would he drop her because she had disobeyed him about the jewels? How anxious and nervous she felt!

As soon as she returned to her room she despatched a messenger to Carew, imploring him to come to her at once. She had long ago unpacked the hiding-place in the cellars, and put its contents into sea-chests, which she had despatched to England; but, unfortunately, among the things that she had yet to put away there were heaps of compromising articles in addition to that unlucky handful of jewels.

Why did Wake tarry? Had he been arrested? If he would only come she would leave Delhi with him while Carew and Burke were making merry at the mess of the 105th N.I. It was very mean of Carew to abandon her in her difficulty, leaving her no alternative but to go with Wake. While she wandered about the

verandah to catch a breath of air—for she could not sleep—the mysterious knockings and rappings went on as usual in this house of evil repute.

A vague rumour concerning her brother and some stolen jewels had reached Eleanor, and made her feel very ill at ease; therefore her anxiety was not lessened when the deputy-magistrate Ogilvie (an old friend of Whitby's) called, and in a mysterious manner asked to see the captain alone; and, after a short interview in Whitby's study, left as hurriedly as he had come.

There was a look of expectation on Eleanor's handsome face as her husband re-entered the room where she was sitting. "What did Mr. Ogilvie want?" she asked.

"Only," he answered rather bitterly, "only to recommend that Louisa and Wake should both be spirited away from Delhi! It is from no pity for Henry, rest assured, that he proposes this; but he says 'it is too horrible that a charming, innocent girl like Louisa should be mixed up in a disgraceful trial, having been dragged into the affair by an unprincipled scamp.' Eleanor," continued Whitby, sternly, "if you have known all along that your brother had found some hidden treasure, it would have been better to have told me. It is the want of confidence which I feel most."

He spoke angrily, the first sharp words he had ever uttered to her.

"I do not think my duty to you obliges me to reveal other people's secrets," she answered with spirit.

"Then he has found these immense riches?"

"Can you keep a secret?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered.

"And so can I," retorted his wife.

"That is an old catch," he said; "you do not mean to tell me?"

"It is no affair of ours, and the less you know the better."

"Then you mean to screen Wake at all costs, even at my expense?"

"Certainly I will do all I can to shield him, but not at your expense, Dick: you are dearer far to me than he is. But tell me, suppose Henry had found a treasure, was it right or wrong to take it? I fail to see any sin in it, my conscience may be obtuse. It seems to me that morally he has as much claim to this money as the people who naturally enough wish to get it for themselves. There are other things in my brother's life that I would sooner see undone."

"The natives of India love litigation, they are sure to begin a

law-suit about this, and we shall be dragged into it. It is a disgraceful affair."

"Yes; but I hope you think my brother's conduct not altogether unjustifiable. Of course I defend him; but if love cannot shelter a backslider, what else should or can?"

Eleanor was no meek Griselda, but a high-spirited, affectionate, and faithful woman.

Whitby confessed, in answer to his wife's earnest inquiries, that he did not think Wake guilty of an enormous moral offence in hunting for the treasure, and taking it; but then there was, besides, the complication of the fakir's murder, and the mysterious disappearance of other natives, of which also Wake was accused, and this made Whitby feel very much ashamed and deeply anxious.

"They will require my evidence against Wake about the fakir," continued Whitby. "I told Ogilvie all I knew, what else could I do? but I knew nothing about the treasure."

"Then you did not try to screen my brother," she cried.

"I will not lie for you, nor for anyone," he answered angrily.

"You are quite right, dearest, but it is all very terrible."

"There will be an investigation, and Wake will be called on to disgorge his ill-gotten gains if he has any. I cannot screen your brother now that he has committed robbery as well as murder."

"The worst of all is that Henry intended coming back to Delhi to see Louisa to-night."

"How unfortunate!" said Whitby; "for the police have orders to watch the Red House, and have drawn a cordon round it."

"Has it come to that? how dreadful!" exclaimed his wife. "I must send to tell him not to return here"; and she immediately despatched a servant to Budlee-ka-Serai with a letter to her brother.

Whitby was going to a mess dinner, and left to dress while Eleanor Whitby paced up and down her apartment in great agitation. "If this business should make mischief between Richard and me, it will be worse than all. I would give worlds if the whole matter could be buried in oblivion for ever."

Eleanor had a strong character, and an intelligence highly matured for her years; for she had learned through suffering, and it had aged her. Her life had hitherto been that most moving of all tragedies—a noble nature struggling with, though not utterly overcome by, adverse circumstances. She had all her past life been placed in uncongenial surroundings, and now by her happy marriage she had stepped from a path of daily martyrdom into the peace and rest of a seeming Paradise. She had discovered perfect

truth, perfect loyalty, and perfect constancy in her husband—a long-dreamed-of ideal. The tears welled into her large dark eyes, and her short upper lip quivered with proudly repressed feeling, as she reflected bitterly that her brother had caused a passing estrangement between her and her husband.

Whitby was a plain, straightforward regimental officer; he was not ambitious, neither did he indulge in the conceit that he was born to set the world to rights. That part of his life which was not demanded by his regiment he had given up to scientific pursuits, and unostentatious philanthropy. It is true that he thought that meddling and muddling, if not worse, had decimated his regiment, the 38th N.I.; but he did not say so publicly, for plain speaking was considered a crime in those days, and he knew also that for an obscure officer to protest against injustice was useless; still he hated it with his whole heart, whether it affected him or the poorest, meanest wretch who walked the earth. The cause of humanity is promoted as much by a noble life as by platform speeches, agitation, or books. In India one such life as his was equal to the preaching of fifty missionaries, because the natives thought well of the Christian tenets when they remembered that "Sahib" who was so truthful, brave, courteous and unassuming. It was a succession of such—men unknown to fame—who had rendered the founding, and still more the keeping, of our Indian Empire possible.

While Eleanor was reflecting in agonising misery that the person she loved most on earth was angry with her, Whitby, dressed in uniform, re-entered the room:

"Dearest," he said, "forgive my cross words; I know it has been no fault of yours," and he kissed her white forehead in a sad, grave way; but the graceful sweetness of his apology, and his tender manner, filled her soul with peace and joy.

Whitby, Squire Carew, and his cousin Ensign Burke were dining together on the 10th May at the Mess of the 105th N.I., who were giving a farewell entertainment to one of the officers of that regiment. Captain Chadwick, the officer in question, was an especial favourite in the regiment, and much liked by all who knew him, so all the married officers deserted their domestic punkahs (we cannot say hearths) upon this occasion. Even the Colonel of the 105th, a man of portly figure, with a rubicund and well-bearded visage, came to speed the parting guest. The general aspect of the party was certainly brilliant. The long array of gaily-attired warriors included some bronzed veterans, somewhat too stout to appear altogether graceful in their short shell-jackets, while others were

handsome, beardless boys whom it seemed cruelty to send into the carnage of a battle-field. The glittering appointments of the table, the music of light laughter and flowing conversation, the recalling of old exploits in the field, and old convivialities in the mess-room, all combined to render the scene bright and amusing. It must be confessed, however, that the music of light laughter and flowing conversation mentioned above had a vinous gruffness about it; and when the dessert came, and the band struck up outside, and the decanters were circulating freely, all hearts were opened. The ties of friendship about to be broken by this P.P.C. banquet then began to be considered in the light of the purest bonds of brotherhood. Every old officer in the regiment awoke to the miserable conviction that he could not be happy without his brother officer Chadwick. The married officers to a husband would even have preferred to lose their wives. The Colonel and Chadwick had not spoken to one another when off duty for some time, but all was forgotten in the sentiment inspired by the bright potations each was quaffing. Tears trembled in the eyes of the Colonel as he rose, steadying himself on the shoulder of the senior Captain, who was seated on his left, to "propose the health of his dear, he might say, beloved friend—he might say his brother, Anthony Chadwick." The Colonel was not a man of many words at the best of times, and he was now slightly incoherent in his remarks. However, he shook hands warmly with Chadwick, and wiped his own eyes pensively with his napkin. Then every other officer of the regiment also shook hands with Chadwick, and all wiped their several eyes with their napkins or pocket-handkerchiefs, or allowed their tears to glisten undisturbed. The band then was brought in to play "Auld Lang Syne," and the officers joined hands, crossing their arms over the table, some standing on their chairs with one foot on the table, all shouting the old song at the top of their voices, and altogether there was a mixture of wild revelry and vinous pathos in the scene which was very charming. The departing warrior broke down with emotion when he returned thanks for the ovation he had received. He had little thought before how dear his brother officers were to him, or he to them, and as he stood before them on unsteady feet he could only stammer out, "This is the proudest moment of my life," over and over again.

Then the party broke up, and Burke accepted the offer of a seat in the dog-cart of a young civilian who had offered to drive him to Whitby's house, situated about a quarter of a mile away from the Mess. Before they had proceeded far, the horse shied, and backed the cart into a ditch under a wall topped with broken bottles, and

Burke, thinking the vehicle likely to upset, clambered from the back seat on to a buttress of the wall, whereon, fortunately, there was no demolished glass. Being discovered in that position by Willoughby and Carew, who were returning home on foot, he was immoderately chaffed for being intoxicated, although he insisted that he evinced his sobriety by deserting an unsafe dog-cart for a secure wall. Thus accidentally are reputations for good or ill made in this scandal-loving world !

No idea of an unfriendly future disturbed the Ensign when he awoke the next morning with rather a headache, thinking only what awful fun the Mess dinner had been.

(To be continued.)

Our War Administration.

AT a time when the public mind is somewhat exercised on the subject of the efficiency of certain departments of the War Office, and when, doubtless, as the result of investigation, alterations will be effected in our system of war administration, perhaps a few remarks on that system may not be deemed inappropriate. In the first place it is to be observed that, as at present applied, the term "War Office" is a misnomer. For it is only with two out of the three great branches of the fighting strength of the Kingdom, *viz.* the army and the fortifications, that the office in question deals; whilst the third branch, that of the navy, is administered by a separate office of equal and co-ordinate authority known as the Admiralty. Thus it follows that our forces are superintended by two distinct Cabinet Ministers—the Secretary for War and the First Lord of the Admiralty—and it is only with their concurrence that the war affairs of the Empire can be carried on. In time of peace, there is no great difficulty in obtaining this agreement, and, as a rule, everything works smoothly. But in time of war it is probable that considerable friction would ensue unless one of these two officials were subordinated to the other; and if this were arranged, naturally that office which already administers two-thirds of the business should take the precedence. As a matter of fact, during such a period, by a tacit understanding, the War Office actually does assume the lead. All, then, that is needed to complete this vital point in the efficiency of our war administration is to substitute formal law for informal discretion, and both during peace and war to vest the whole responsibility in the hands of one office.

In thus uniting the two existing great spending departments of government, there would be no reason why the executive details of the military and naval services should not be kept as separate as might be desired; for to attempt to make the same officers expert in the technicalities of both land and sea war—to make admirals of our generals, and generals of our admirals—would only result in

confusion. Both in peaceful pursuits and in warlike operations, division of labour is equally necessary ; and by nature the line of demarcation between fighting by sea and fighting by land is drawn in a manner sufficiently obvious. Still, division of labour by no means precludes unity of administration or of supervision. There may be several limbs or means of execution, but to put them in motion only one head is needed. Practically, then, the essential reform necessary to establish the proposed administrative change is the abolition of the separate office of First Lord of the Admiralty, and the incorporation of it in that of the Secretary for War. This step having been taken, all else necessary to harmonize the change would gradually follow. At first, the officials of the Admiralty from the Naval Lords downwards, would simply look to the War Secretary as their head, instead of to the whilom First Lord, and the working of the various naval departments would continue precisely as heretofore. And since it so happens that already the erection of a new single building to accommodate both naval and military offices has been authorized by Parliament, the design of this edifice might with economy and convenience conform to that policy of united war administration now advocated.

Let us now attempt to sketch some of the principal results that probably would flow from this scheme of unification. In the first place, inasmuch as, by the proposed amalgamation, the civilian element among the leading officials now controlling the two services would be somewhat reduced, the naval and military elements would possess more actual power than is at present the case. And provided that the financial direction were still as effective as heretofore, it cannot be doubted that this proportion of relief from the supervision of parliamentary and civil officials would operate beneficially in respect of the efficiency of the army and navy. As regards the commander-in-chief of the army, it is probable that his post would be designated by its real title, *viz.* Chief of Her Majesty's Staff; for (as is well-known) the Sovereign is the sole commander-in-chief of the military forces, and the Secretary of State is Her only constitutional representative. But the chief of the staff would be the adviser of the Secretary of State in military matters of every kind, and under him would direct and regulate the discipline, training, organization, and distribution of the military forces of the Empire. At the same time, in analogy with the system now in force in the navy, the actual command of the troops would be exercised by local commanders-in-chief quartered with them, each of these generals having precisely the same powers, and the same relations to the War Office, as are now

possessed by the governors of Malta and Gibraltar, or by the commanders-in-chief of expeditionary armies. Of these new local commanders-in-chief, there might conveniently be three, who would hold supreme military command in North Britain (the present northern district and Scotland), South Britain (the remainder of Great Britain), and Ireland; with their head-quarters probably at York, Aldershot, and Dublin respectively. In each of these commands, or military territories, field-troops (regulars, militia and volunteers) would be permanently stationed, and would constitute an independent army corps ready on due notice to take the field; whilst the necessary fortress troops (differently composed and organized), acting in concert with the navy, would be permanently allocated to the various coast fortresses and fortifications.

As regards naval affairs, the so-called First Naval Lord (under whatever title he might be known) would become a far more responsible official than is at present the case; for the existing Board of Admiralty could not be retained, and probably the only Council needed would be one of which the Secretary for War, the Chief of the Queen's Staff, the Admiral directing the Navy, and the leading men of the new office would be members. But it is, perhaps, in the civil branches of the reformed War Department that the new system would act with the most palpable advantage. In the offices connected with *matériel*, contracts, provisions, works, and finance, there would be scope not only for increased efficiency, but also for considerable economy. In respect of ordnance and warlike stores, the business is already practically in the hands of the present War Office, by which department our one arsenal at Woolwich, and the various manufacturing establishments are wholly administered. But under the new *régime*, naval officers would rightly have an equal share with artillerymen in the superintendence of the ordnance, and the exact requirements of the navy would be more fully attended to. In connection with these changes, the exposed arsenal at Woolwich (in which basket at present lie all the ordnance eggs) would, doubtless, be divided (as it were) into some six or seven smaller arsenals, most of which would obviously find advantageous sites among our coast fortresses. With regard to the supply of victuals for the land and sea services, and to the regulation of contracts, it is clear that an amalgamation of the various separate naval and military offices now existing for this purpose could not but be attended with economy, whether in the diminished number of clerks, or in respect of magazines and storehouses. Similarly, with much gain to the public, the existing works departments of the War Office and Ad-

miralty might be combined into one, and, to some extent, be thrown open to civil architects. But it is in the business of accounts, that, under the proposed scheme, the greatest field for improvement appears to lie; for advantage might be taken of the fusion, to relegate the whole of the accountant's work to the offices of the local naval and military commanders-in-chief, where it might be effected by the much cheaper labour of naval and military clerks; whilst the sole financial business of the War Office would consist in the audit of these accounts by a comparatively small staff of experienced civilians.

In peace time, the unification of the Admiralty and War Office would certainly result in decreased estimates; and in this connection we should no longer hear of "Army Estimates" or "Navy Estimates," but simply of "War Estimates." It would only be after duly balancing the items in the annual programme of Imperial defence, that the War Minister would compile these estimates. At his disposal would be the three elements of ships, troops, and fortifications; and for every particular portion of the globe where British interests were concerned, he would consider which of these elements, or which combination of them, would be best adapted to meet the end in view. By this means a clear-headed statesman, aided by skilful advisers, would arrive at that distribution of our fighting strength, which, for the time being, would be most economical and most valuable. But it would be in time of war that the great superiority of the new arrangements would be mainly apparent. In a war in which the defence of the kingdom should be involved, it is little doubtful that the safest manner of effecting this purpose would be to blockade and to invade the coasts of our adversaries, and that in attack would be found our most perfect means of defence. In fact, the strategy adopted in our last great war—that against Russia—would probably form our example for future conduct. In besieging and capturing one or more of the principal naval fortresses of our enemy (as Sebastopol and Cronstadt were of Russia), would lie our best plan of warlike operation. In such joint naval and military expeditions as this strategy necessitates, it is imperative that the whole undertaking should be directed by one responsible minister; and the War Secretary, having in his hands the whole naval and military power of the country, would be at no loss to apply it promptly and suddenly to the required object. That for want of this concentration of administrative power we bungled so fearfully before Sebastopol in 1854-55, is a matter of well-known history. In such enterprises as the attack of an enemy's naval stronghold.

could we alone exert our war strength beneficially. For, in comparison with the huge forces which can be collected by conscription by the great Continental Powers, our regular army is far too small (and our powers of recruitment are far too limited) to undertake a purely military campaign, or, even in conjunction with Allies, to act a prominent part in one. And as regards purely naval campaigns, it is extremely probable that it would be our enemy's policy to reserve his comparatively inferior fleets, and—at all events, at the outset of the war—to shelter them behind his fortifications. But to attack a first-class fortress of the nature of Sebastopol, Brest, Cherbourg, or Wilhelmshaven by the navy alone, would be a hopeless undertaking; for past events teach us that without the presence of troops to deal the actual blow, such an attempt would be futile. Moreover, in these days the power of defence against an attacking fleet afforded to a fortress by a numerous and audaciously-led flotilla of torpedo boats is of great value. But in the operations involved in the attack of a naval fortress by a joint naval and military expedition, our power would be very effective. Transported, victualled, and sustained by the fleet, the troops, having made good their footing on the coast adjacent to the threatened stronghold, would at once besiege the place on the land side, and with the immense resources in guns and siege materials placed at their command by the ships, might expect to reduce it to subjection. By the capture of such a fortress, and by the destruction of its docks, arsenals, and shipping, a *coup* would be delivered, from which the enemy would not readily recover. Independently, however, of the reasonableness of confining our principal operations in a European war to such expeditions as these, history shows us that this is our traditional policy; and the names of Cadiz, Barcelona, Vigo, Cartagena, L'Orient, Rochefort, Louisburg, St. Malo, Havannah, Manilla, Buenos Ayres, Copenhagen, Flushing, and Sebastopol, all bear witness to our efforts in this co-operative system of warfare.

As specimens of uniformly successful undertakings, the expeditions above enumerated can by no means be cited; and, indeed, from various causes some of them were unmitigated disasters. But they all furnish valuable teachings for future enterprises of the same nature, and perhaps, if there is one lesson more than another that they tend to inculcate, it is the necessity for unity in all our warlike transactions. Hence, whilst at home the whole of our expeditions should be directed by one minister, so the expeditions themselves should be commanded by one man (whether naval or military), who should have complete control over the movements,

both of ships and troops. In alluding to the army and navy, it is customary to speak of them as the United Service. But at present this is a fallacy, for the services are disunited and separate. They are under two co-equal and almost rival heads, and in this condition, to be overtaken by a great modern war is merely to court defeat. Under existing circumstances, the majority of British land-officers can take but little interest in sea warfare, and yet there is much in it in which soldiers of the fortress branch of the army might be profitably trained. On the other hand, British sea-officers are too apt to imagine that they know land war almost as well as military men, and yet are frequently but ill-informed on such important branches of sea fighting as the attack or the defence of naval fortresses. What is wanted—and what would be obtained by the proposed administrative amalgamation—is a system whereby, in all kinds of fighting in which soldiers and sailors might take part (whether the soldiers were on board ship, or the sailors were ashore), all hands should know both their own and each other's places, and, without jealousy or theatrical notions of *esprit de corps*, should carry out their specific duties. If in time of peace such a system should be initiated, in time of war it will be found that the services, and their different branches, will have learnt to work sympathetically. Thus, with one spirit animating our forces, and with one head directing them, we shall be thoroughly prepared, not only to defend our own shores, but to attack those of the enemy. We shall be able to act quietly, quickly, and boldly. Instead of finding ourselves (as hitherto) strong only at the end of a prolonged and not too successful conflict, we shall be strong at the commencement, and by applying our strength in its most advantageous form, we shall have every expectation of bringing a short struggle to a victorious conclusion.

Hydrophobia in India.

By C. T. BUCKLAND, late B.C.S.

It may easily be believed that hydrophobia is not uncommon in India. The annual medical returns, which are submitted to Government, show that the deaths from hydrophobia are almost as numerous as those which are due to the ravages of tigers, and other wild beasts. There is a periodical expression of horror, in the Indian and English newspapers, when the annual totals are published, showing how many men and women and cattle have fallen victims to beasts of prey. The deaths caused by the bite of poisonous snakes are even more alarming in their number. But it is seldom that public attention is drawn to the losses which the native population have suffered from the attacks of mad dogs and mad jackals. In the statistical returns there are no cures recorded under the heading "Hydrophobia." A native doctor on one occasion invented a new heading by the name of "Dog-bitis" for his periodical returns, but he entered under it only those cases in which the patients had recovered, indicating thereby that he did not profess to have effected any cures of actual hydrophobia.

The following are some reminiscences of my own experiences of hydrophobia in India. I had not been very long in Bengal, when a friend, who was obliged to go home on sick leave, presented me with a very handsome dog, which he had imported from England. She had been bred at Ascot, near the Royal Kennels, and was, I believe, a cross between a stag-hound and a Newfoundland. She was something like a blood-hound in appearance and colour; but more heavily built. She would hunt the scent of a deer for hours through the jungles. She delighted in pursuing, and diving for, a duck in a pond. She had a great enmity to jackals, and if she caught one, it was terrible to see how with her powerful jaws, she crushed every rib in its body. She

was perfectly quiet and inoffensive in the house, and let the children play with her with impunity. But she had one fatal weakness. She had a strange liking for associating with the common pariah dogs, and would romp and play with them as if they had been her equals in birth and breeding. It may be that the pariahs are of pure aboriginal descent, and represent the true dog-nobility of the country; but their ways and habits in the present age are not pleasant, and they are from time to time subject to outbreaks of hydrophobia. And thus it came to pass that my beautiful dog came home one day, severely bitten and smeared with suspicious foam. She was immediately washed, and the wounds were cauterized, and for a few days it was hoped that she had suffered no harm. Of course she was chained up, and kept in a secure place. But after a week there came the fatal change of voice and look, and all the deadly symptoms soon showed themselves. It became an act of mercy to destroy her; but as I write these words, the same despairing sorrow comes over me that I felt so many years ago, when I took my last look at her.

This was my first personal experience of hydrophobia in my own kennel. A terrible revenge was dealt out on all the pariahs in the neighbourhood. But to destroy them was not merely a work of revenge; it was absolutely necessary for the protection of the native inhabitants and their cattle, for there was no doubt that there had been a pretty general combat amongst all the pariah dogs in the village, who had fallen in with the original mad stranger, which brought the disease with it. Very few of the common pariah dogs have any master or owner, though certain dogs attach themselves to particular houses, where they establish a sort of priority of right to the scraps and leavings of the food of the family. But there is scarcely any native householder who would care to tie up in his house, and look after the health of, a dog, especially one suspected of having been bitten by a mad dog.

When one of my sons joined his regiment in the Bombay Presidency, he found that the soldiers (it was an Irish regiment) had a regular regimental breed of bull-dogs, of which they were uncommonly proud, and not without good reason; for it would have been difficult to find a breed of dogs more amiable in their domestic habits, or more courageous against all those animals which may be generally described as "varmint." The dogs were said to be of a famous Irish stock. They were of the larger kind of bull-dog, with huge heads and jaws. The correct colour was fulvous, or tawny, with black muzzle. The bull-dog has plenty of brains, and is almost, if not quite, as clever as a poodle, when properly instructed.

Every puppy that was born in the regimental kennels was in due time put through his education, and qualified as a "trick" or "performing" dog. It may be readily believed that the village pariahs were very careful not to enter the barrack-yard; and when a couple of soldiers, attended by their dogs, went forth for a walk in the country, there was a general skedaddle of all pariahs right across the fields as soon as they saw or smelt the approach of the enemy. The bull-dogs were too heavy and too slow to catch the nimble pariahs. Occasionally the dogs would intercept some incautious "pye," who speedily yielded up his life in their powerful jaws. But of course the end came at last. A pariah, who fell into the clutches of two bull-dogs was really mad, though the soldiers who were with them did not notice it at the time, and it managed to bite its assailants severely before they could take its life. The dogs were taken home to barracks as usual, but after a few days the dreadful malady attacked them, and before the mischievous was suspected, they had quarrelled with and bitten so many of the other dogs, that eventually nearly the whole of them had to be destroyed. My son, who was leaving the regiment to join the staff corps, had luckily secured a puppy, which was safe in his quarters, and thus escaped the general fate of its kindred, and it has been a most faithful companion to him ever since in all his services and campaigns.

It is only too true that English-bred dogs in India have but a short life, and that their death, in too many cases, is caused by *rabies*. Of course, distemper and fever, and other diseases due to the great heat of the climate, have their victims; but there seems to be a tendency for other diseases to culminate in *rabies*. The little pet-dog, which was being nursed and tended by a kind master for some ordinary complaint, has suddenly become snappish, and developed symptoms of hydrophobia. I will not harrow the feelings of surviving friends by alluding to cases of this kind which occurred within my own cognizance. It always made me anxious, to see ladies and children playing with their pet-dogs, if the animals showed anything like a snappish tendency. My old friend, the late Sir George Yule, one of the best sportsmen of his time, had lost so many valuable dogs, and had seen so many perilous accidents connected with them, that he entirely gave up keeping dogs, and substituted cats for them. Cats are said to go mad at times, but I never saw or heard of a mad cat in India, and I always kept cats at my house, as they are useful in averting or detecting snakes and scorpions, to say nothing of their natural hostility of rats and mice. Most people like to have some live pet in the house. I have tried various

pets—monkeys, mongooses, squirrels, and young bears. But they all have objectionable faults; and some of them do no sort of good service. A cat, especially if it has kittens, is always on the watch, and if a snake finds its way into a room, the cat will very soon discover it; or the snake will discover the cat, and make its escape as fast as it can.

Sportsmen who have tried to keep fox-hounds in India have usually found that their pack was ruined by outbreaks of hydrophobia. It is the custom to hunt jackals with the hounds, and unfortunately there seems to be a constitutional tendency in jackals to go mad, without any external cause or injury. The hounds may thus fall in with a mad jackal, and many of them may get fatally bitten, before the master or the huntsman can come to the rescue. That great sportsman, Mr. Frank Simson, in his book *Letters on Sport in Eastern Bengal*, writes, that when he kept hounds, he had the handle of his hunting-crop covered with deer-skin; and when the jackal was pulled down by the hounds, he rushed in and put his hunting-crop in the jackal's mouth, whilst he plunged a sharp knife into its heart, and thus prevented it from injuring his hounds. Nevertheless, he lost so many hounds from *madness*, and other causes, that he eventually gave up the attempt to keep a pack.

Mr. Frank Simson, to whose book reference has just been made, writes as follows:—

Jackals go mad occasionally and cause great loss of life. I have known instances where several persons were bit by them: once, at the head station of Noakholly, a mad jackal bit a great many persons, men and women. The men were all canterized immediately by the doctor, and none were affected by the bites; but two of the women, who were not canterized, died of hydrophobia. In my own experience—and I knew of a number of cases, both amongst Europeans and natives—immediate cauterization with lunar caustic prevented evil consequences; and in many cases, where cauterization was not resorted to at once, death from Hydrophobia ensued. It is advisable to carry a few remedies and medical appliances always with you, on all *shikar* expeditions, such as lunar caustic, quinine, cholera medicine, bandages, and surgical needles. If no caustic is at hand, a little gunpowder should be squeezed into the wounds made by the jackals teeth: a little cone of powder should be made above this, and fired off. The sooner cauterization is performed the better.

Many of our countrymen in India, who are either indigo-planters or tea-planters, live in places where their nearest neighbour is, perhaps, ten miles distant. It has not unfrequently happened that a planter, sitting in his verandah and resting after the fatigues of the day, has been alarmed and aroused by the shrieks of his servants, who have been attacked by a mad dog or jackal, that has found its way into the premises. Before he can get his gun to shoot the animal, endless mischief may have been done; and if he succeeds in killing the mad dog, he has then to

deal with his affrighted and injured servants, whose wounds must be at once cauterized, whilst he must wait for hours before he can get any help from his nearest neighbour, or from the head station-doctor.

One of the most exciting incidents in connection with a mad dog occurred during a shooting expedition in which I was one of the party. Our head-quarters were practically in the house of the well-known planter, Charles Barnes, on the top of the little hill at Colgong, in the Bhagulpore district, just above the Sacred Rocks, which stand up in the main stream of the Ganges. Several of us lived in tents, as there was not room for everyone in the house; but the big dining and drawing room of Mr. Barnes' house had ample space for all of us, both ladies and gentlemen, in the evening. During the day we beat through the low brushwood and bushes which cover the hills and undulating ground, finding plenty of sport at partridges and hares, and jungle fowl and pea fowl, and some deer, with always the possibility of an outlying bear or tiger, although none appeared on this occasion. At sunset we came home, and after dinner the ladies of the party were sufficiently numerous to get up a dance.

One night, as we were enjoying a waltz, a large dog rushed into the drawing-room. Harington Balfour, who was nearest to the beast, at once tried to kick it out, but the dog rose and bit him on the thigh, tearing a long strip out of his trousers. Frank Vincent, a great sportsman, promptly came to the rescue, but being unarmed, he got severely bitten, both on the arm and leg. I had put my fair partner on a high table, and threw a big book at the dog, which then, fortunately, escaped through an open window, pursued by Mr. Barnes and his brother Jem, with the wooden bars used to secure the windows. The dog ran down the hill and disappeared in the darkness.

The ladies had behaved with the usual courage of their sex in the hour of danger. But they were all young and unmarried, save one; and as it was necessary to attend to our wounded friends without delay, the ladies were requested to retire to their rooms. It was almost certain that the dog was mad, and, therefore, we wished to cauterize the wounds as soon as possible. Here, however, a difficulty arose. No lunar caustic could be found; and the only handy implements that suggested themselves were a pair of compasses and some metal snuffers. A pan of hot charcoal was procured from the kitchen, and the points of these instruments were heated to a red heat. Then we proceeded to operate on Harington Balfour, on whose thigh the dog's teeth had left a red

mark, nearly two inches long, only just breaking the skin, so that it hardly bled. I fear that when the operation was over there was a very considerable wound on his leg; for the operators worked with more zeal than discretion. Next came Frank Vincent's turn, and as his wounds were both on his arm and on his leg, it was much more painful to him to be sharply cauterized. But he bore the agony like a hero. But this was not all. Frank Vincent's native servant, a lad of about eighteen, had also been bitten by the dog before it burst into the drawing-room, and his arm was severely lacerated. Having observed how much his master suffered, he did not wish to submit to be cauterized; but before he very well knew what was being done, he was firmly held by two stout pairs of arms, and happily seemed to feel little pain from the application of the cauterizer; for the natives are apparently not very sensitive to fire, handling live coals in a manner that astonishes an Englishman. When the human victims had been thus dealt with one of Mr. Barnes' dogs was brought in, as it was said that it had been bitten in fighting with the mad dog. But it stoutly resisted all our efforts to cauterize its wounds, and bit and struggled so furiously that we were, unhappily, obliged to desist.

We then wound up the evening with refreshments and tobacco, and eventually retired to our tents to sleep. I and Balfour shared the same tent, and our native servants, as usual, disposed themselves to sleep, wrapped up in their blankets, between the inner and outer walls of the tent. The moon had risen a little before midnight, and gave an uncertain light, when suddenly the mad dog found its way into our tent, and as the affrighted servants rose from their slumbers, no less than three of them were bitten by the furious animal. Before we could get out with our guns the dog had escaped. But, of course, we had promptly to rouse the household, and proceed to operate on the unfortunate men who had been bitten, with the same clumsy weapons that we had applied to Balfour and Vincent. They bore their sufferings bravely, and peace being again restored, we returned to our couches.

But there remained one more adventure. Runjeet, the gardener, arose in the early morning, and went out, armed with a big club, to slay the mad dog. Runjeet was peering cautiously round an out-house, when the dog, which had been lying there, sprang up and bit him on the nose; but shaking off his enemy, Runjeet delivered a killing blow on the dog's head, and it lay senseless at his feet. Runjeet promptly came up to the house, dragging the body of the dead dog in proof of his victory, and seeking to have his wounds dressed. Fortunately Mr. Barnes had discovered a stick of lunar

caustic in an old medicine chest, and with this he operated on the poor gardener's nose more successfully than could have been done with red hot compasses. Thus, altogether, in one night, seven individuals had been bitten by one mad dog.

It would not be fair to omit to mention the "pious fraud" which was committed on this occasion by a young lady, in order to relieve the anxiety of the gentlemen who believed that they had been bitten by a mad dog. When Mr. Barnes' sisters appeared at breakfast one of them said to her brother, "Charlie, why did you kill our Ayah's dog? The Ayah says that it was her dog, and that it came here with one of her children yesterday, and only ran up to the house to look for her, when you all attacked it and made it bite you." Mr. Barnes expressed his deep regret for his mistake, and admitted that he thought he had recognized the Ayah's dog when the dead body was brought to him by the gardener. Naturally, all the rest of the company were only too willing to believe that the dog had not been mad; and we all felt much comforted at the idea that it was the Ayah's innocent and inoffensive dog that so scared us. It was only when the danger had passed away that we learnt that this little pious fraud had been concocted between Mr. Barnes and his sister, and it was fortunate that we so readily believed their tale about the Ayah's dog.

Several weeks elapsed before either Balfour or Vincent recovered from their wounds. The former was living with me at the time, and he bore his troubles without complaint, though he was forbidden to ride or take any active exercise. It was rather a trial to him, of course, when he learnt from an imprudent friend that the story about the Ayah's dog was a fiction, and that Mr. Barnes' dog, which had been bitten, and would not allow itself to be cauterized, had gone mad and had been destroyed. The effect of this news was even more trying to Vincent. He was stationed in an isolated place, and his servant, who had been bitten, was with him. When this information reached them, the servant was greatly alarmed. He professed to be unable to swallow, and declared that he would drown himself. However, Vincent watched him carefully, and in course of time they both got their wounds healed. The other servants who were bitten also recovered in due time.

The instruction to be drawn from this story is that cautery should be instantly resorted to, and that any implement that can be made red hot may be used. Lunar caustic, if it is available, is perhaps the best, as it can be applied more delicately and searchingly, and with somewhat less pain to the patient, and at all events,

its appearance is not so terrifying as the hot iron. But the cautery must be applied with the least possible delay. Where even an hour has passed before the wound can be cauterized, the poison may have taken effect on the system, and can only be eradicated or counteracted by some such remedy as that which M. Pasteur and his colleagues believe that they have now discovered. When there is any doubt whether the dog was really mad, a person who has been bitten will do well to have his wounds cauterized at once, rather than run the risk of incurring a more cruel fate.

Tommy Atkins as he is.

By MAJOR-GENERAL E. MITCHELL, R.E.

OUR army is annually brought prominently into public notice, when the Secretary of State for War "moves" the Army Estimates from its place in Parliament. These estimates are usually voted about April or May, and while passing through the House are frequently commented upon with considerable "John Bull-ism" and freedom of speech. However much the public may be disposed to regard the British army as a permanent institution, an Act passed in the reign of William and Mary decreed that the raising and keeping a standing army without the consent of Parliament is contrary to law. The Mutiny Act and Articles of War annually repeated the formula, and were in consequence annually passed by Parliament. In the Army Discipline Act we find the code of military laws by which the army is governed, but a man being a soldier does not lose his rights as a citizen, and is equally amenable to the common law of the country. The British soldier, known in civilian life as "Tommy Atkins," is, from his position and calling, constantly before the public. In these pages I endeavour to tell the readers (most of them probably civilians) the simple truth about "Tommy Atkins" as he is.

His life may be considered as divided into three distinct epochs. 1st. His enlistment and entry into military life at home. 2nd. His life on foreign service, including that on board troopships. 3rd. His military career as a thoroughly-trained and effective soldier.

There is also our Indian army—splendid soldiers.

The army during the last twenty-two years has been the theatre of much political scene-shifting. The abolition of that excellent institution, the Board of Ordnance, and the institution of the Control Department (which the author of the *Battle of Dorking* stigmatized as "a new-fangled affair which, in the end, did almost as much harm as the enemy") may be enumerated as some of the

important changes, while the wisdom of the substitution of "short" for "long" service in the infantry has been much criticised.

The Control Department has, however, now lost the title "Control," and reverted to "Commissariat." Possibly this change was expedited by a Control officer introducing himself to General — in the presence of his staff, as "Mr. —, your Controller."

The General not unnaturally replied, "The devil you are!" and their relations were said to have been considerably strained.

From a political point of view it seems desirable to have a contented army, and not, by continual changes, risk producing in both officers and men a feeling amounting to want of confidence in existing arrangements. Some improvement in this respect has been made by the present Government, and, in addition to the pay, soldiers are daily supplied at home with rations of $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of meat, (including bone), and 1 lb. of bread. These victuals are supplemented by vegetables and groceries purchased by the soldiers. Sergeants are the envied of their subordinates; for they not only receive a good rate of pay, but possess snug little messes.

It seems a pity the "ration meat" is not of better quality, but, being supplied by contract, there is usually much competition, and the *lowest* bidder is usually successful; consequently the butcher frequently takes a contract at 6½d. to 7d. per lb., though the market price for good meat may be 10d. or 1s. The butcher can frequently only make a profit by giving soldiers inferior meats, and running his chance of its rejection.

At a certain station—shall we say Dundalk?—the practice had become intolerable. Most things in this world have an end, and the patience of certain stalwart British soldiers came to an end one day. The contractor for meat happened to enter the barracks, was at once seized, put under a pump, and, after being well watered, was turned out of barracks, half dead with fright. There was a marked improvement in the meat subsequent to that epoch.

In the present day when a Prime Minister succeeded in the teeth of the House of Lords in abolishing purchase, at a cost of at least £10,000,000 to the tax-payers, and an ever-increasing pension list, it seems natural to expect some very great and corresponding advantage in the Army of the present day.

Perhaps some of our readers may be able to point out where it is to be found.

In addition to the "intellectual stuffing" of our officers by garrison instructors, "crammers," and other methods, the system seems partly applied to "Tommy Atkins."

If Private Tommy Atkins is contented with his lot, and does not

care to devour the intellectual pie, he will remain, however smart or good a soldier he may be, Private Tommy Atkins all his life.

Should he, however, pass a proper examination in arithmetic, dictation, keeping accounts, and write a fair hand, he will then, if tolerably steady, become a non-commissioned officer, with a higher rate of pay, and exemption from sentry duty by day and night.

Practically when he becomes a N. C. O. the longer he serves the more pay he will get, and at the expiration of 21 years he will be given a pension for life varying from 1s. 6d. to 6s. a day. Sensible civilians are inclined to look upon the army in the light of a grand national insurance, to enable the nation to live in peace. Doubtless the army of the present day would be as vigilant of its trust as in the days when the Spanish Armada was defeated by the British Fleet, and its destruction completed by storm and tempest, and also keep as stern guard as in later years when the flotilla of Napoleon lay at Boulogne ready to advance across the silver streak of sea to the shores of "Perfide Albion."

The following tabular statement elucidates the interesting question of the pay and allowances of Tommy Atkins in each branch of the service.

REGIMENT.	Pay and Deferred Pay.	Rations.	Lodgings.	Fuel and Light.	Clothing.	Total.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Household Cavalry -	13 5	3 6	2 4	0 3½	not known	
Cavalry of the Line -	9 4	3 6	2 4	0 3½	1 7	17 0½
Royal Horse Artillery -	10 6	3 6	2 4	0 3½	1 7	18 2½
Garrison Artillery -	9 7½	3 6	2 4	0 3½	1 4	17 1
Royal Engineers -	10 6	3 6	2 4	0 3½	2 1½	18 9
Troops -	-	-	-	-	-	-
Ditto Companies -	9 0½	3 6	2 4	0 3½	1 8	16 10
Infantry { Guards -	8 9	3 6	2 4	0 3½	1 6½	16 5
{ Line -	8 2	3 6	2 4	0 3½	1 1½	15 4½

Messing, about 3½d. or 4d. a day; washing-up, keep of kit, clothing, shirts, flannels, hair-cutting, barrack damages, and generally a library subscription, pipe-clay, brass ball, blacking, &c., to be defrayed by the soldier.

On active service special arrangements are made for the accommodation of the sick and wounded, such as dressing stations, moveable field hospitals, and temporary assistance in the battle-field. In the German Army the following excellent arrangement is in force, which enables the chief medical officer within a few hours after a battle to give a correct list of the killed and wounded. When the necessary treatment has been afforded at a dressing station the medical officer in charge will attach to the clothes of the wounded man an identification ticket, on which will be specified his

regiment, number, rank, and name, with the nature of the injury, treatment, and any precautions required as to transport. All these details will also be written in the tally-book.

For many reasons it is to be regretted that only four soldiers out of every hundred are permitted to marry, and only two-thirds of the sergeants. Military prisons and military hospitals are almost entirely filled by unmarried soldiers—a heavy burden to the State. Miss Robinson's Model Homes for soldiers' families, and the Female Military Hospital at Portsmouth have done so much to ameliorate the hardships incidental to soldiers' wives, that I should be glad to see model lodging-houses and female hospitals for them at all military stations, and the new pocket lock-stitch sewing machine—the Moldacot—sold in every canteen.

The recruiting sergeants are now rarely seen, because under new regulations. A great change has been made of late years, now that the schoolmaster is said to be abroad in the system of obtaining recruits for the army. At most post offices a small pamphlet of 12 pages, entitled the *Advantages of the Army*, may be obtained free of cost. The pamphlet describes and generally deals with all the conditions of enlistment, the standard of height needed for the different regiments (a varying quantity by the way), the conditions and durations of service at home and abroad, and the pay and prospects of promotion. Having selected his regiment the aspirant for military honours can reach it by one of the three methods:—

1st. Procure an application enlistment form, fill it up and send it by post to the nearest district office.

2nd. Go to the Recruiting Depot, Spring Gardens, London.

3rd. Go in person to the head-quarters of the regiment he wishes to join, and ask to see the adjutant or commanding officer.

In former days the system under which men enlisted was pretty much as follows:—

A recruiting sergeant, dressed in full uniform, with all sorts of ribbons flying about his cap, made the popular public-house his head-quarters, and loafed or prowled about the neighbourhood in the daytime. He was affable and agreeable to all comers, fond of spinning yarns, and of giving discreet doses of alcohol to young men he wanted to catch for recruits. If his imagination was not vivid enough, he borrowed ideas from sensational novels.

A few years ago the recruit would have commenced his career heavily in debt to the Government for his outfit, but now he receives free of charge a kit containing flannel shirts, gloves, stockings, a comb, hair-brush, tooth-brush and shaving-brush, a pair of boots, &c. &c. He also receives his uniform. These articles are kept up at his

own cost ; but every year he receives two suits of clothing and two pairs of boots. Thus he enters military life. Perhaps at the outset of his career he becomes acquainted with a certain small room—a place where naughty soldiers are put—known in military language as the lock-up, but amongst the soldiers as the “House that Jack built,” the “corner shop,” the “Irish theatre,” or by some other equally ludicrous appellation. When a soldier receives his first outfit he is given a number, which he retains throughout his service, and which is always before his eyes, for is it not indelibly imprinted upon every article of his kit?—not even his shaving-brush and razor escaping. The “number invention” is a good idea, for, although any number of John Jones’s may enter a regiment or corps, there can only be one John Jones No. 1250 (shall we say ?) ; any other John Jones being identified by a different number.

Soldiers are careful of their clothes, and spend little upon their dress ; but we must except the “swells,” who are usually good-looking, and favourites with the fair sex. Whence they procure the money to adorn themselves with clothing of finer texture than what is regulation, the elegant boots, &c. &c., we cannot imagine, unless it comes out of the pockets of their lady-admirers. At all events, we recollect *one* soldier who had only one penny a day to spend upon dress, but for all *that*, he ever appeared in the *ne plus ultra* of fashion. He was a sworn admirer of female beauty.

The life of a soldier is, in these days, pleasant enough, and is certainly, as an Irishman remarked to the writer, a “fine situation in time of peace.”

The barracks are the soldier’s home, and his daily avocations, although they savour somewhat of routine, are varied by many duties. At the outset of his career, he has a good deal to learn ; and the Royal Engineers, in addition to their other duties, go through a good deal of instruction in throwing up field-works, making gabions, and fascines, and constructing and repairing temporary bridges ; they also learn pontooning and mining ; and those who have an aptitude study printing, telegraphy, and photography. A grand display of mimic warfare usually takes place annually at Chatham with a view of affording instructive lessons in the art of war to all branches of the army.

The round of the clock in a garrison town runs pretty much as follows with our gallant defenders :—Rise about 6 A.M. to the shrill notes of bugles ; after dressing and making the rooms tidy, putting beds in order, taking care to fold the sheets and blankets after the prescribed fashion, they sit down about 8 A.M. to breakfast.

Coffee and bread are the principal components. The barrack-rooms are then left in charge of the "orderly man," who puts everything in place, and the other soldiers busy themselves in polishing their rifles, cleaning their belts, accoutrements, &c., and then "fall in" (about 10 A.M.) upon the parade for morning drill.

If recruits, they learn marching, the use of the rifle, bayonet exercise, and "setting-up" drill; if older soldiers, they usually practise marching, company, and battalion movements, &c. Artillerymen have special gun drill, and the Royal Engineers (recruits excepted) are employed a great deal upon Government works after they have learned their drill.

About noon our heroes sit down to a dinner of meat and potatoes. The *piece de resistance*, being the Government daily allowance, is $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of meat (uncooked and including bone), and 1 lb. of bread. The allowance of meat seems too small.

Complaints are occasionally made to the officer whose duty it is to visit the soldiers at meal times and ascertain, as far as practicable, that reasonable complaints are rectified; but the soldiers are usually satisfied with their meals, and leave nothing but empty plates and bones, the latter falling to the share of the numerous dogs that hang about the barracks. We have been told of a Roman Catholic soldier who on Fridays would not eat his dinner, and the officer on duty, noticing one day his repast cooling on his plate, and the owner sitting upon the side of his bed instead of at the table with his comrades, suggested that the dinner should be given to them; but it was explained that although the Roman Catholic would not eat meat on Fridays at noon, he was in the habit of rising a little after midnight, and then devouring the cold dinner, so that by one o'clock on Saturday he had eaten as much meat as his Protestant comrades.

This incident occurred at Woolwich many years ago, and was related to the writer by an officer who was present. We believe now Roman Catholic soldiers have a perpetual dispensation to eat meat on Fridays.

The men spend a portion of their afternoons in drill, rifle practice, or in something useful, and do what they please for the rest of the time. About 5 or 6 o'clock the evening meal appears, consisting chiefly of tea and bread. In the Royal Horse Artillery and in Cavalry regiments, the daily work is more severe. The men often rise about 5.30, and soon after proceed to the stables, where they minister to the wants of their steeds, give a polish to their horse equipments, which are always kept in capital order, and clean the stables.

Breakfast follows; and when that important meal has been despatched, it is probably half-past eight. Soon after they "boot and saddle" for their morning ride of about two hours.

After their return, they brush up their rooms, and a little before noon proceed, at trumpet call, to the stables and busy themselves there, and, unless there be some parade or review, they have the afternoon pretty much to themselves. At 6 P.M. the horses are put to bed, and once more the horsemen are at liberty.

During the evening, in both cavalry and infantry barracks, a variety of military calls upon trumpets or bugles, are added to the other noises which generally are borne upon the evening air, reminding the soldiers how the time is going, for at 9.30 they are obliged to be in their barracks to answer to their names, and half an hour later they are expected to be in bed, and all fires and lights extinguished.

Of course there are the sentries, who do not go to bed, but pace slowly up and down, or stand at their posts, a terror to those of their comrades who have been on the "spree," and who would gladly sneak off to their rooms, and tumble into bed. One of the most trying duties of a soldier is sentry duty at night, so the doctors say, and we suppose they are right. However, this duty is only performed by a private; and as a steady, intelligent and industrious man is soon promoted, it lies very much in the power of individuals to command their own position and comfort.

Sentry duty in the daytime is not so bad, for is not the sentry the bogie of naughty children, the enemy of "anybody's dog," and the terror of military evil-doers in general, and of their wives in particular? Even all privates do not go on sentry. There are the officers' servants, who only go on sentry when their masters are on guard, and whose occupations, though constant, are light, and leave them plenty of time to lounge about, gossip, and smoke their pipes. There are also the soldier-clerks, who fill in all sorts of forms, and copy all sorts of letters, but who keep their heads clear for work all day by lying in bed all night.

Soldiers are not, however, perfect characters; they can be naughty as well as civilians, but are kept in order by two codes—civil law, and military law—under both of which they are liable to be tried or punished by court-martial; though, of course, a man cannot be tried twice for the same offence. For slight offences, they are punished by their commanding officer, who devotes a portion of his mornings to this species of police magistrate duty, attended by his adjutant, and the captains of companies.

Sometimes the offenders decline offering any excuse for their

offences, which are commonly drunkenness, or absence from parade; at other times, they defend themselves with much original eloquence, particularly if they fancy the feelings of the commanding officer can be effectually wrought upon, or if he is, as the Irish will express the idea, "a soft man." These dodges are not, however, confined to any particular countryman, and we happen to know an instance where Sandy (no doubt of *his* country) was brought up one morning for having been absent from roll-call the night before, and, when discovered, being drunk and incapable of taking care of himself.

"Sandy," whispered one of his comrades as he was on his way to the Colonel's presence, "pull a long face, man; say you're sorry, and if ye can screw out a tear all the better for ye." Sandy was accordingly marched in due form before the Colonel, who listened patiently to the recital of his misdeeds—the place where he was discovered, and the condition he was in—and at length asked Sandy what he had to say for himself. Sandy had, of course, plenty to say, but very little to the point, however; he looked very penitent, and whined out an excuse, in his broad Scotch accent, about it being "the first time."

"Whar de ye gang to kirk in Scotland," asked the Colonel, "and who was the minister?"

Sandy gave the required information, and the Colonel replied:

"I ken the minister weel; he is a gude man, and he has taught you better things than to stay out at night tippling, and associating with all sorts of bad characters. Have you a mither?" inquired the Colonel.

"Yes," replied Sandy; "a mither and twa sisters."

"Dinna ye think that if your mither and sisters kenned your doings they would greet sair?"

By this time Sandy had managed to screw out the requisite tear, and promised better fashions for the future, and it being, as he had correctly stated, the first time, he was admonished, and permitted to return to his duty, a fact that he conveyed to his admiring comrades, as he made his exit, by thrusting his tongue in his cheek, and making what children call "a moue."

Well-conducted soldiers soon become non-commissioned officers, and their special duty consists in exacting from the private soldiers scrupulous attention to the cleanliness of their persons, clothing, rifles, accoutrements (and, in the case of the Royal Artillery, field guns); also of their barracks, camp, or quarters, and in special cases it is the duty of N.C.O. to settle any inn-keeper's lawful claim for billeting soldiers or horses on a march.

It is also the duty of N.C.O.'s to assist in preserving at all times respect for superiors, and a proper regard for discipline.

Life on board ship is not popular with soldiers. If the regiment be ordered abroad, the Horse Guards and Admiralty arrange for conveyance—probably by a troop-ship—a steamer under man-of-war regulations. Once on board, a soldier is allotted to a mess, and has a hammock served out to him. His duties on board the “trooper” differ widely from those on shore; the early scrubbing of decks, pulling heavy wet ropes, and keeping watch are not interesting to him. His hammock is, at first, a source of trouble; he must sling it at night and unsling it in the morning, carry it upon deck, and fold it up in a particular manner. At night it is not an easy experiment, especially if he has long legs, stowing himself away comfortably in its folds. He frequently longs for his barrack-room, with its iron bedstead, and misses and mourns over the want of other shore comforts—the canteen and recreation room and ground; he also laments the absence of the maidens before whose admiring eyes he was wont to air his new uniform. He is well fed on board ship. Rations include tinned and salted meat, flour, raisins, sugar, tea, coffee, cocoa, preserved potatoes, &c.

We have heard a curious incident *à propos* to corporal punishment. Many years ago a soldier belonging to a regiment quartered in the West Indies was sentenced to be flogged. The sentence of the court-martial having, as usual, been publicly read on parade in the presence of the troops, the offender was fastened to the halberts. Then the drummer, whose duty it was to carry out the sentence, stepped forward with his “cat.” Thereupon a stalwart drum-major, also armed with a “cat,” took up a position behind the drum-boy. Then the proceeding commenced; but towards the end, the drummer was indiscreet enough to inflict one lash somewhat lightly, a mistake which caused the drum-major to instantly exclaim: “Do your duty, Sir!” bringing, at the same time, his cat down with great effect on the lower portion of the drummer’s back. The youth, who was extensively got up in tight, well-fitting clothing, did not appear to approve of such summary punishment, but the desired end was attained.

There are some people, we believe, who cavil at the method in which trials by courts-martial are conducted. Somehow or other, courts-martial usually arrive at the truth, and their tendency, like that of the Courts of Criminal Judicature, is to bear favourably towards the accused, and to take care he has fair play. In one great particular they appear to a decided advantage when compared with ordinary criminal courts. If a soldier when arraigned before

a court-martial should plead "Guilty" to the charge, the court is obliged to examine a sufficient number of witnesses to prove the man's guilt. The practice of criminal courts is just the reverse. If a prisoner should plead guilty to a crime, persist in that plea, and appear to understand what he is about, the judge may pass sentence upon him then and there. Of course, there must not be any glaring inconsistency. For instance, our readers will remember that several people amused themselves by pleading guilty to the murder of Mr. Briggs in an English railway-carriage, but, as concomitant circumstances showed it was impossible they could have been the culprits, they were sent about their business with a salutary caution.

The writer sat as a member of a court-martial, when a soldier brought to trial before it, and who seemed fully to comprehend the charge, pleaded "Guilty," but the court, after a short trial, found he was "Not Guilty." It took place on this wise:—John Jones, shall we say, was tried for having, at Blanktown, on or about the 10th day of March 18—, purloined a certain quantity of meat, the property of the soldiers of the mess to which he was, at the time, acting as cook, and to this charge John Jones pleaded guilty. The court duly proceeded to take evidence, and it was conclusively proved that many cooks, the predecessors of John Jones, had done likewise; also that the fact was perfectly well known to the other soldiers of the mess, and that it had become a custom for each soldier, when his turn came round to act as cook, to appropriate a certain small portion, styled the "countersign," for the special and extra repast that the onerous duty of cooking the dinner was supposed to render necessary. Consequently the court-martial, although John Jones had pleaded guilty, were of opinion that he was not guilty; and, greatly to his surprise, he was sent about his business. The man evidently did not understand, when he pleaded guilty, the meaning of the word "purloin."

If troops are called out to suppress a riot, the magistrates should accompany the troops, and the officers remain near him; yet the civil court decided at the trial of the Mayor of Bristol, in 1831, that, though he was a magistrate, he was not bound to accompany the troops. On the other hand, if an officer allows gross outrages to take place, such as the burning of a town or village, breaking open of a gaol, flagrant insolence to women and children, and does not do his utmost to suppress them with the aid of any soldiers under his command, whether by direction of a magistrate or not, or whether a magistrate is present or not, he is liable to be tried by a civil court; so that (to borrow the words of a compiler

of military law, Papon), "An officer would be liable to the civil courts if he exceeded his duty, and to the military courts if he fell short of it."

Our readers will doubtless like to know somewhat of a soldier's life in hospital. We can assure them that our gallant defenders receive every care and attention when they are ill, and those who are able are permitted to amuse themselves with dominoes, draughts, chess, or bagatelle—articles supplied by the Government for the use of the sick; and all are exempted from drill, parades, and other duties of healthy soldiers. The meal hours of the patients depend upon their state of health, but they generally run thus:—Breakfast at 8 A.M., dinner at 1 P.M., and supper at 5.30 P.M. There are ten different diets for the patients, but the medical officer may order extras which he may consider any particular patient to require. They are also exempted from parades and drill.

Before the Crimean War, medals were rare in the army; afterwards they were plentifully distributed, some being fortunate enough to obtain the English, French, Turkish and Sardinian for that campaign.

The *first* medal ever granted was bestowed in the reign of Charles I., on those engaged in "forlorn hopes." The defeat of the Scottish army at Dunbar was commemorated by gold and silver medals being presented to the victorious army, and a medal was also given in remembrance of the fatal field of Culloden. Many years after the battle was fought, one was given for Waterloo. The troops engaged in the siege of Seringapatam received a medal attached to a yellow riband, and the 42nd Regiment had a silver medal—specially conferred—for the exploit of capturing a Standard from Napoleon's "Invincible Legion," at the battle of Alexandria.

The Kaffir War, the Indian Mutiny, Chinese Wars, the Abyssinian, Ashantee, and Egyptian campaigns are all kept in remembrance by medals.

A small sum is annually voted to supply good-conduct medals and gratuities of £5 to £10 to soldiers of long service and meritorious conduct. These are limited by the grant, and therefore all soldiers, though they may have the necessary qualifications, do not obtain the coveted prize.

There is also the bronze Victoria Cross for deeds of valour in a campaign, the silver medal for distinguished conduct in the field, and the silver medal (with small annuity) occasionally granted for distinguished or meritorious service, and also the "Albert" medal.

Small money prizes are given for good artillery practice and rifle shooting. By means of the Canteen and recreation-room many soldiers are preserved from the allurements of the public-house. Canteens are usually worked on co-operative principles, so that eatables and drinkables of good quality may be supplied to soldiers at a minimum cost. There is usually an entertainment-room in connection with the canteen where recitations and songs can take place in the evening. In recreation-rooms we find chess, draughts, and backgammon, also a bagatelle-table, a reading-room with newspapers, and a library well stocked with books; steel engravings and other pictures usually assist in brightening up the recreation-room walls. Gas ought to be abolished, and all barracks and hospitals lighted by the Anglo-Brush electric light.

With regard to officers and their duties a few words. The late Government abolished the time-honoured "purchase-system" under which officers of cavalry and infantry paid for their commissions. Officers now receive Her Majesty's commission free of charge, stamp duty excoeped.

Officers of the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers have to pass through a stringent course of instruction at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, tested from time to time by rigid examinations before they receive their commissions as lieutenant in either corps. Officers were, until very recently, appointed to the cavalry and infantry after passing certain examinations; but now officers are usually appointed to those arms of the service after a course of instruction at the Military College, Sandhurst. Lieutenants, captains, and majors have to pass examinations in professional acquirements before passing from the lower to the higher ranks, and the daily routine of garrison duties at home and abroad occupy more or less time, and, therefore, it is impossible to give an opinion as to the amount of time officers have at their disposal generally for study or amusement, and acquiring influence over soldiers.

Under the new system adopted by a Liberal Government, lieutenant-colonels Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers are now retired on pension after five years' service in that rank, at ages varying at present from forty-seven to forty-nine. As officers of that age may, according to actuarial tables, be expected to live at least twenty years, this financial exploit is producing startling results. I once tried to work out what the cost would be in a few years, but I stopped when I came to *hundreds of thousands*. I believe the present Secretary of State for War calls it "automatic increase"—a most admirable designation. The Right Hon. W. H.

Smith, while Secretary of State, brought in a rule by which these officers could be recalled up to the age of fifty-five; but I have not heard of any who have thus been invited back.

On active service the nature of duties is more varied, but no two campaigns are alike, and the art of war in a few words has been stated by a military writer to be "the art of placing in the right position, and at the right time, a mass of troops greater than your enemy can there oppose to you." It therefore follows, that the most minute details connected with the soldier's daily life, his food, clothing, arms and ammunition, should engage the incessant attention of officers on active service.

British soldiers have been accustomed to be commanded by gentlemen, and led by men they can honour and respect, and it is to be hoped, under the new system of "non-purchase," such men may always be forthcoming.

Some officers wonderfully combine mental and bodily powers of no ordinary kind with great and commanding capacity; also extensive military knowledge both from study and experience. Men of this stamp invariably maintain ascendancy over those with whom they are in frequent contact, and being valiant, and usually ambitious, are not only conscious of their capacity for grand exploits, but communicate their enthusiasm to their followers.

"Napier" relates that in 1813, during one of the battles in the Pyrenees, the Spaniards under Giron had gallantly fought their way abreast with the British Line, to storm a redoubt on the great Rhune mountain. They were arrested by a strong line of "abbattis," from behind which two regiments of French poured a heavy fire. The Spaniards stopped, and though, encouraged by their general, they kept their ranks, they seemed irresolute, and did not advance. There chanced to be present an officer of the 43rd Regiment named Havelock. His fiery temper could not brook the check. He took off his hat, he called upon the Spaniards to follow him, and, putting spurs to his horse, at one bound he cleared the "abbattis." Then the soldiers, shouting for "El chico blanco" (the fair boy), so they called him, for he was very young, and had light hair, with one shock broke through the French, and drove them down the steep. The same author tells that Sir John Moore had an uncommon capacity, sustained by the purest virtue, and governed by a disinterested patriotism more in keeping with the primitive than the luxurious age of a great nation. His tall, graceful person, his searching eyes, strongly-defined forehead, and singularly expressive mouth, indicated a noble disposition and a refined understanding; while the lofty sentiments of honour

habitual to his mind, being adorned by a subtle, playful wit, gave him in conversation an ascendancy that he always preserved.

The honest loved him, the dishonest feared him; for while he lived he did not sham, but scorned the base, and with characteristic propriety they spurned at him when he was dead.

A commanding officer ought to be regarded as the father of his regiment. He is by his position invested with authority that renders him responsible to his sovereign and country for the maintenance of discipline, order, and a proper system of economy; and every officer, N.O.O., and soldier under his command ought to assist him to the utmost.

The power of army discipline over men of every shade of temperament and opinion renders many soldiers useful members of society when the time of service in the army has expired. Habits of cleanliness, self-reliance and, respect to superiors are carefully inculcated, and often materially aid endeavours to obtain situations in civil life. Perhaps one of the most striking incidences on record of the wonderful power of military discipline on board a troopship is to be found in the history of the wreck of the *Birkenhead* in 1852; especially we may contrast it with the selfishness and want of self-control exhibited by passengers and others in the wreck of the *Amazon* in the same year, and also in the more subsequent foundering of the steamers *London* and *Victoria*. The *Birkenhead* went down near the Cape of Good Hope, and the conduct of those on board has been immortalized in the following stanzas:—

The soldiers mustered on the deck
As mute as on parade,
“Women and children to the boats!”
And not a man gainsaid.

Without a murmur or a moan
They stood, formed rank and file,
Between the dreadful crystal sea
And the skies' more dreadful smile.

And so they died each in his place,
Obedient to command,
They went down with the sinking ship,
Went down in sight of land.

The great sea opened her mouth and closed
O'er them. A while they trod
The Valley of the Shadow of Death,
And then were safe with God.

The remarkable powers of moral force and influence exerted by the Duke of Wellington over his Peninsula soldiers are matters of history. Let one striking instance suffice for this paper. The

British army, after a tedious march, lay at Sauronne, and Marshal Soult was rapidly advancing in force to the attack.

The arrival of the Duke of Wellington was anxiously looked for by the British army. Suddenly a single horseman appeared riding alone up the mountain side. It was the Duke of Wellington about to join the army. One of Campbell's Portuguese battalions having decried him, set up joyful cries; the shrill clamour was caught up by the British regiments, and soon resounded along the line, gradually swelling into that appalling shout that "Tommy Atkins" in the Peninsula was wont to give on the edge of battle, and to which no enemy could listen unmoved. British bayonets did not bend in those days.

The Duke halted in a conspicuous position, so that both the French and English armies could see him. Marshal Soult was visible at no great distance, and the Duke, fixing his eyes on his antagonist, remarked: "Yonder is a great commander, but he is cautious, and will delay the attack to ascertain the cause of the cheering. That will give my sixth division time to arrive, and I shall beat him." In point of fact this proved to be the case.

The career and character of William the Silent, *after* his assassination at Delft by the emissary of the Jesuits, exercised such enormous influence over his country, that the very day after his murder, the estates of Holland resolved to insist on the good cause, with God's help, to the uttermost, without sparing gold or silver, and they kept their word.

The Early History of the Bombay and Madras Presidencies.

By Col. S. RIVETT-CARNAC, late 11th (P. A. O.) Hussars.

No. II.

ALTHOUGH the main object of these papers is to deal with the military occupation of India, it has been found impossible to avoid touching on trade matters, carried on with extraordinary zeal and courage, struggling with enormous difficulties, by the civil servants of the Company, who from the earliest times of British Indian history to the anxious days of the Indian Mutiny (when they gained the admiration and esteem of the army, the members of which were proud to fight by their sides against immense odds) have been intimately associated with the military element, which in the early days of the Company consisted solely of the factors themselves and of the officers and crews of the armed trading ships, despatched from England to the Eastern Seas. The training of these crews during the long and dangerous voyages, together with courage and love of adventure, rendered them especially fitted for the task before them, and constituted, perhaps, the best fighting material of the day.

In a former paper it has been shown how, in 1612, a factory had been established at Surat, on the west coast of India, by Captain Best, commander of the Company's eighth voyage.

To Mr. Kerridge, commander of the ship *Hoseander*, belongs the credit of opening the first actual commercial transactions between the Company and the natives of India at Surat.*

In spite of the armed opposition of Portugal, the Mogul Emperor's firman, or permission, to the English to establish a factory at Surat, was granted in December 1612, and delivered to Captain Best, with due ceremony, on the 11th January 1618.

In the meanwhile, a ninth voyage had been undertaken, and entrusted to Captain Newport, the profits of which are said by Bruce to have amounted to 160 per cent.

* Bruce's *Annals of the East India Company*.

Up to this time the several voyages appear to have been conducted by individuals, partners in the Company, who fitted out the expeditions on their own particular portions of stock. It was therefore resolved that in future all trade with the East should be carried on with a joint stock, only the sum of £429,000 being subscribed for the purpose. With this sum the tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth voyages were undertaken with various success. They concluded in 1617, with an average profit, after deducting all expenses, of 87 per cent.*

During this period the Company was already experiencing opposition from the Dutch in the Spice Islands, which laid the foundation of that trade jealousy which in later years produced recrimination and ended in bloody struggles for commercial supremacy between two nations, natural allies.

The assistance given to the Mogul by the English fleet in 1614, whereby the Portuguese were defeated, induced the Emperor Jehanghir to protect the Company's factors and trade, although permission to build a fort to ensure the safety of the Company's goods against Portuguese aggressions does not appear to have been granted. But Mr. Edwardes visited the Imperial Court at Agra, and he and Mr. Kerridge at this time procured a general firman granting permission for perpetual trade in the Mogul's dominions.

A second attempt was made to trade with Persia, Jask being suggested as a suitable position for a factory, and a third experiment was made to open out trade with Bantam and the Spice Islands.

In 1615 Captain Keelinge obtained permission from the Zamorin, or Prince Governor of the Malabar Coast, to settle a factory² at Cranganore, when a treaty was agreed to between them, by which the English were to assist the Zamorin in expelling the Portuguese from Cochin, which was to be ceded to England; the Zamorin and English sharing the expenses of the expedition.

In the same year the Company's agents attempted settlements in several places among the islands, when, although invariably opposed by the forces of the Dutch, Captain Best established a factory at Tekoo, in Sumatra.

It has already been mentioned how the Company's ships had, by assisting the Persians against the Portuguese, established their trade at Ormuz and enjoyed certain advantages on condition of keeping armed ships in the Gulf to counteract the influence of Portugal. To this arrangement Sir Thomas Roe, the King's ambassador at the Mogul's Court, objected, as leading the Company

* *Bruce's Annals.*

into needless expenses, and possibly because, being on the spot, he noticed signs of jealousy at Court regarding the rising power of the Company.

In 1617 the second joint stock was formed ; this amounted to over one million sterling.

At this period the Company had formed factories at Surat, in India ; at Aoheen, Tekoo, and Jambee in Sumatra ; Bantam in Java ; and traded with Succadania and Baujarmassin in Borneo, Macassar in the Celebes, Banda, Amboyna, and other Spice Islands, and with Persia, Siam, and Japan.

To conduct this trade they owned thirty-six ships, of from 100 to 1,000 tons, duly armed to resist Dutch and Portuguese aggression, and overcome opposition from the natives and pirates who at that period swarmed at sea.

The above list of countries traded with offers some idea of the vast enterprise of our countrymen nearly 300 years ago, and yet it must be borne in mind that they followed the beaten track of the Portuguese and Dutch, especially of the former. Even in these days of ocean steamers the beautiful islands of the Malay Archipelago are but seldom visited by Englishmen ; and although the voyage to India and Japan are holiday trips, a journey from London to Ispahan, and thence to the Persian Gulf and India, is a feat accomplished by few.

The year 1617 dates the establishment of the first Dutch factory at Surat, thus bringing the English merchants face to face with two rivals in the Indian market—that is to say, Portugal and Holland. The Dutch also possessed a factory at Masulipatam, on the Coromandel or east coast of India. Surat was still unfortified, and the Company's goods in constant danger ; and the Dutch, supreme in the Malayan Archipelago, seized and destroyed one of the Company's ships, corrupted the crew of another, and captured two French traders. This is the earliest mention of attempts in France to establish an Eastern trade, the French East Indian Company being formed many years later (in 1664.)

In 1618 Sir Thomas Roe entered into a treaty with the Mogul Court to resist the pretensions of Portugal ; among the articles of the treaty the following are of interest for the purpose of this paper :—The native Governor of Surat was to lend armed ships to the English for the better defence of the port, and to permit ten armed men of the Company's ships to land at one time, and the resident merchants to bear arms* ; trade was also opened with Mocha, on the Red Sea.

* *Bruce's Annals.*

The same year, in retaliation for years of oppression, the English, under Sir Thomas Drake, in treaty with the native authorities, took Batavia from the Dutch. The English, however, did not remain long in possession, for in 1619 the Dutch fortified the position, and made it, as it is to this day, the capital of their East Indian possessions. The same year, in defiance of a treaty entered into between England and Holland, a Dutch fleet of six sail attacked and sank one English ship, and captured three others, after a severe action, in the Port of Tekoo, in Sumatra,

The year 1620 is interesting for the fact of Saldanha Bay, on the south-east Coast of Africa, being taken possession of by Captain Shillinge, of the Company's service, whereby the right of England to the territory about the Cape of Good Hope was established, years prior to Dutch occupation of that locality.

In the following year Captain Shillinge lost his life in an action off Jask, with the Portuguese, whence he had been despatched with four armed ships from Surat. The action was obstinate, and terminated in favour of the English, whereby their naval renown was raised in Persian estimation, and facilitated the Company's trade with that country.

The Company's attempts during this year to establish trade on the Coromandel coast were frustrated by the Dutch, who owned a fort and garrison at Pullicat.

In 1622 the agents of the Company at Surat suffered greatly by the aggressive conduct of the Dutch, who made prizes of several of the Mogul's ships. The native Powers, being unable or unwilling to distinguish between the several European nations, imprisoned the English factors and agents at Ahmedabad and Surat, the Company having to pay heavy ransoms for the release of their servants. In retaliation it was proposed to seize the Mogul ships carrying pilgrims to Mecca; a course vetoed at the time, but, as will be seen, carried out in future years.

It was in this year that the Company's fleet wrested Ormuz from the Portuguese, and obtained from Persia a portion of the customs of Gombroon.

At the same time the Company's servants in Java were allowed to assume the title of President and Council, a distinction subsequently conferred on their agents in India, from which the great divisions of their future Indian territories derived the designation of Presidencies.

In spite of titles, the English did not flourish in Java, for in this year occurred the atrocious massacre of the Company's servants by the Dutch at Amboyna, by which Captain Towerson, the Agent,

and nine factors, besides Portuguese and Japanese, were put to death under incredible tortures, those who survived being handed over to the executioner.

At this time the factories in Japan and Siam were withdrawn, but a ship was sent from Java to try and establish a factory at Tanjore, on the east coast of India; the project was, however, opposed and frustrated by a new rival, the Danes, who are now heard of for the first time in India.

In 1624 the King granted power to the Company's agents and commanders to try their servants by common and martial law.

The news of the Amboyna massacre did not reach England until early in 1624, when it produced an immense sensation. The ambassador at the Hague demanded satisfaction and compensation; and the Lord High Admiral, the Duke of Buckingham, received orders to fit out a fleet to seize the Dutch homeward-bound India-men and to keep them until reparation was accorded.

No satisfaction was obtained from the Dutch, who, indeed, a little later had the audacity to appoint Van Speult (their servant who had conducted the massacre) to be the agent at Surat; he appears to have died in an unsuccessful attempt to reduce Mocha, in the Red Sea, in 1626, the expedition having started from Surat. The popular cry was for war; a step not carried out under the varying foreign policy of James, whose weak reign ended by his death in March 1625.

Charles I. now reigned in England, and civil war was, before many years had passed, to distract the nation. The affairs of the Company, no longer receiving the support of the Crown, rapidly fell into serious difficulties. Many stations in the Archipelago were abandoned, and trade generally suffered from the oppression of the Dutch; who, taking advantage of the state of affairs in England, lost no opportunity of insisting on their supremacy; but the Company had too much at stake to meekly give way; they persevered against all difficulties, and as one factory was abandoned another was established.

Thus, in 1625, the example of Captain Hippon was followed, and a factory founded at Armegon, on the east or Coromandel coast of India. Some time previously trade had been carried on at Masulipatam, on the same coast, but the site was changed to Armegon, where fortifications were allowed to be erected; this is remarkable as the first fortified position occupied by the Company in the peninsula of India. It is mentioned by Bruce that in 1628 it was defended by twelve pieces of cannon and by a guard of twenty-three factors and soldiers. Some years after this event, favourable

terms having been offered by the native ruler, the factory was again removed to Masulipatam.

In 1626 the English agent at Surat proposed to the Dutch the advisability of a joint attack on Bombay (then held by the Portuguese), on the understanding that if the island was reduced it should be divided between them and fortified, so as to render them independent of the native powers. From this it will be seen that even in those early days the importance of Bombay was fully recognized.

Up to this time the Company were mere dependants of the Crown; but, Dutch oppression continuing, and no redress being obtainable from Charles, the Company determined to appeal to Parliament direct. This action could not fail to give deep offence at Court.

The Dutch, emboldened by the unsatisfactory condition of affairs in England, became powerful at Surat, and the Portuguese, reinforced with nine ships and 2,000 troops, even threatened the recapture of Ormuz, and the destruction of the Company's trade with Persia; and Bantam, hitherto so important as the emporium of trade with the Spice Islands, sank into insignificance and became dependent on the Surat Agency.

The Company even failed in the management of their own subordinates, and a system of wholesale smuggling, carried on by the crews of their trading vessels, greatly diminished the small profits that remained to the association. For this the Company were alone to blame, as private trading had long been recognized as the right of the humblest of those employed, each seaman and fighting-man being permitted to fill, on their own account, a chest four feet long and one and a half feet wide and deep.*

But, in spite of many disadvantages, the Company did not despair, and small grains of comfort helped them to persevere.

In 1631 the third joint stock was subscribed, and the Company's affairs were ordered to be regulated at home by a Governor, Committee, and Court of Adventurers; this is the first mention of what was afterwards known as the Court of Directors.

In the same year the Company's factories were placed under the control of the President and Council at Surat.

In 1682 a firman was obtained from the Persian monarch Shah Sophie, confirming the Company in their trade with Persia, and that of the Coromandel Coast was authorized by the King of Golconda, one of the conditions being that the Company should import Persian horses; thus a trade was established which is now so important as a source of supply of remounts for the British Native Cavalry in India.

* Beveridge's *History of India*.

In 1684, by firman from the Emperor Shah Jehan, factories were established in Bengal with a port at Pepley. The importance of this concession will be dealt with at length in a future paper.

In 1685 Charles was undertaking the experiment of governing England without the assistance of his Parliament; and possibly out of ill-feeling arising from the action of the Company in appealing direct to Parliament, in 1628, as before mentioned, or as a means of increasing his own revenues, permitted, in spite of former charters, granted by James and Elizabeth, rival traders, known as Courten's Association, to compete with the established Company.

It is unnecessary to enter into the particulars of this transaction, which is very fully discussed in Beveridge's *History of India*, vol. i.; and it is sufficient to say that the encroachment of their rivals, and the continued aggressions of the Dutch, served to bring the Company to a very low ebb; while the certainty of a civil war rendered it difficult, if not impossible, to raise the capital necessary for the prosecution of further ventures on a large scale.

The same reasons affected the transactions of the rival traders, who, after some successes and depredations, which subjected them to severe reprisals, disappeared from the field, but not before they had been amalgamated with the old Company under a joint stock arrangement, which was the subject of many quarrels, and was finally settled by Cromwell in favour of the original traders.

In 1685 a factory was established in Scind. In 1640 the Company made a great stride in the acquisition of Madrasapatam, which soon became the first *independent* position of the English in India, which they acquired on very favourable terms from the native ruler of that part of the Coromandel Coast, and where they obtained permission to build a fort, which exists to this day as Fort St. George. Madras was at the same time made subordinate to the President and Council at Bantam.

Difficult as was the position of the Company during the Civil War, its agents in India were not idle, but, exerting themselves in the interest of their employers, succeeded in obtaining permission to establish a fortified factory at Balasore, on the north-west coast of the Bay of Bengal, within reasonable distance of the port of Pepley. The trade with Madras, thanks to the security ensured by its fortifications (which in 1644 had already cost nearly £8,000, and were calculated to cost a further sum of £2,000),* continued to increase, and promised to become even more valuable than Bantam as a factory.

* Bruce's *Annals*.

In 1645 the first mention is made of the Company's trade with Suakin, in the Red Sea; for some years after this event the annals of the Company, compiled by Mr. Bruce, deal exclusively with trade matters, which need no notice in these papers. The agents at the various factories continued, however, to be harassed by the Dutch and discredited by the piratical acts of Courten's Association, or the Assada Merchants, as they were now termed.

In 1650 the Company petitioned Parliament for redress of their grievances against the Dutch, and estimated their losses through Dutch hostility at two millions sterling.*

The vigorous rule of Cromwell greatly altered the position of the Company for the better. A fresh petition was presented to Parliament, consisting principally of the old complaint against the Dutch. This was favourably received, not on its merits only, but because Dutch arrogance, in pretending to the sovereignty of the seas, and the encouragement they had given to the House of Stuart, had greatly incensed the Protector. War was declared, which resulted in humbling Holland; but not before she had gained several maritime successes over the Company in Indian waters, notably at the entrance of the Persian Gulf, where four ships were captured and destroyed, the trade with Persia and Gombroon, for the time being, greatly damaged.

To show how powerless the Company was in India during this period, it may be mentioned that when the news reached Surat of open hostilities between England and the States General, the president at Surat sent an envoy to Delhi to pray for the Mogul's protection against the Dutch, and petitioned the Home Government to despatch four or five large vessels of war and eight or nine smaller ships for the protection of the factories and to act offensively against the common enemy. The Company also petitioned Parliament to allow them to fit out men-of-war for their own protection.

Peace with Holland was concluded in 1654, when satisfaction was demanded and obtained for the massacre of Amboyna, whereby the Dutch Company was to pay to the heirs of the victims the small sum of £3,600, and to the London Company £85,000 for damages sustained; small compensation indeed for so barbarous an act!

Affairs in Bengal were now in a more satisfactory state, a firman having been obtained for free trade from the Emperor Shah Jehan, and Madras was raised to the dignity of a Presidency (1653),† having control over the affairs of the Bengal factories, besides

* Bruce's *Annals*.

† *Ibid.* Beveridge gives the date as 1654.

those of the Coromandel Coast; whilst the Persian trade was to be subordinate to Surat. At the same time Bantam was to preside over the affairs of the insular factories. Private trade among the servants of the Company was also prohibited, but without effect.

Pending the signature of the treaty with Holland the Company petitioned Cromwell, pointing out the importance of the Indian trade to the English nation at large, and suggested Bassein and Bombay as the most convenient position for the foundation of factories.

In 1654 the Company was so distressed by the action of private traders (hardly better than pirates) that it was determined to reduce all establishments, and orders were issued for the reduction of the garrison of Fort St. George from twenty-six to ten men! and this command was received at a time when the Dutch were predominant in the Indian Seas, and the armies of Goloondah and Visiapore were waging war against the Nabob of the Carnatic, who had thrown off his allegiance to the former monarch.

In 1656 the Dutch took possession of the Island of Ceylon. This year is also important as being that in which the Marathas, under their great leader Shivaji, invaded the Carnatic.

1657 saw Surat placed at the head of all the Company's Presidencies and factories, Bengal being immediately subordinate to Madras. The death of Shah Jehan also occurred in this year, an event which plunged India into civil war, which ended in the accession of Aurungzebe to the Mogul throne. Surat Castle was seized by one of the claimants to Sovereign power, whose general pillaged the town.

In 1658 Cromwell granted to a Mr. Bolt licence to export to India 8 mortars and "20,000 rounds of shells" for Aurungzebe, the Company at the same time exporting large quantities of ordnance stores to counteract Mr. Bolt's proceedings.* Cromwell's death, which occurred the same year, seriously affected the interests of the Company.

In 1659, the Company being embarrassed by the uncertainty of the political situation in England, sent their homeward-bound ships, as a fleet, with orders to touch at St. Helena, and there to await tidings; and should these be unsatisfactory, they were to proceed to Barbadoes, where they were to remain until they received intelligence from home. The President at Surat again urged that Bombay should be secured, if necessary by purchase, from Portugal.

The reign of Charles II. opened with important concessions to

* *Bruce's Annals.*

the Company; a new charter was granted confirming all previous charters, and exclusive privileges *for ever* (instead of for 15 years, as in the charter granted by Elizabeth), and conferring judicial and military power on the Governors* of Presidencies, more especially for the suppression of the private traders now generally known as "Interlopers." Among other matters of importance, the Restoration was the signal for the conclusion of treaties of peace between England, Spain, and the States General, which tended to secure the Company's trade in India.

In 1660 an instance occurred of the Presidency of Surat exercising its power over the Bengal agency; the agent at Hoogly having seized a country vessel in the Ganges, for which act retaliation was threatened by the Mogul's commander, Mir Jumla, orders were issued by the Surat President in Council for its immediate restoration.

In this year pagodas were coined at the mint at Fort St. George, under the agency of Sir Edward Winter, from bullion received from Europe. The Bombay value of the pagoda was £3 10s.

In 1661 Bombay became the property of Charles, ceded by the Crown of Portugal as a portion of the marriage settlement of his queen, the Infanta Catherine, and in the following year a fleet sailed from England under the Earl of Marlborough, having on board an official of high rank from Portugal, who was to arrange the cession of the island, and put the English in possession. A force of 400 soldiers was also embarked, under the command of Sir Abraham Shipman, who was to remain at Bombay as Governor. The affair was not brought to the immediate conclusion anticipated, owing to the claims of the English Governor, who, in 1662, demanded, with Bombay, the cession of the neighbouring island of Salsette. This demand was resisted, and the English, not being in a position to force an occupation, applied to the then President of Surat, Sir George Oxinden,† for permission to land the troops at that station. The fear of giving offence to the Mogul Emperor by the disembarkation of so considerable a force, produced a refusal which forced Sir Abraham Shipman to disembark on the Island of Anjedivah, south of Goa.

In the meanwhile the admiral, with his fleet, had sailed for

* Although Governors of Presidencies are, according to Bruce, mentioned in the text of the Charter, the first Governor (Sir George Oxinden) was not appointed until 1668.—*АУТНОЗ*.

† He was appointed with a salary of £300 a year, and a gratuity of £200 a year, "for the purpose of removing all temptation to engage in private trade." He was granted a warrant under the privy seal authorizing him to seize all private traders and send them to England.—*Bruce's Annals*.

England, much to the disappointment of the Company's agents in India, who had, by the presence of the ships of war on the Indian seas, hoped to intimidate the Dutch, who still aspired to supremacy on the coast.

In 1662 another event occurred of importance to the Company. It will be remembered that in association with Courten's Company or Assada Merchants, the India Company had obtained certain possessions on the coast of Africa. Charles II, in spite of the Company's right, granted to his brother, the Duke of York, a charter to form a new African Company. The Directors of the original Company being under obligations to the Crown, and perhaps not being particularly anxious to keep their position in Africa (the Cape of Good Hope at this period being in the possession of the Dutch), made over its rights on the Gold Coast to the new African Company, and so confined their trade exclusively to the Eastern Seas; but they still retained St. Helena, which they had colonized since 1657, and possession of which had been granted to them by Charles II. in 1661.

In 1668 the Company was much alarmed at the equipment of a considerable French fleet, reported to be destined to proceed to the East Indies. Fort St. George was ordered to be placed in the best possible position for defence, and the Portuguese soldiers lately employed, but distrusted, were to be discharged on the receipt of a re-inforcement of thirty English recruits.*

In 1668 Surat was invested by the Marathas. It was in those days surrounded by a mud wall, but was in no position to repulse a determined assault. The native inhabitants were plundered, but the English and Dutch defended their factories with such determined gallantry that the siege was abandoned. Aurungzebe, who then reigned at Delhi, was so impressed with the power of the British that he granted a firman exempting them for ever from transit charges, and a portion of the usual custom duties. At the defence of the Surat factory the Company employed no regular troops, the defending force consisting of the president and his subordinates, assisted by the European crews of the ships.

In the same year Sir Abraham Shipman, finding the accommodation for his troops on the island of Anjedivah insufficient, and seeing little hope of settling the dispute with the Portuguese regarding the cession of Bombay, offered to cede the Crown rights to that island to the Company.

* This order was not carried out, as the Portuguese (known as Topasses) proved their fidelity when Fort St. George was threatened by the King of Golconda, before the order was received.

The President and Council at Surat declined the offer, for the following valid reasons: first, it was doubtful whether the Viceroy of Goa would consent; second, they were unprovided with sufficient force for the occupation; third, that no one but the King himself had power to transfer the rights of the Crown to the Company.

It is now time to turn to another illustrious nation, an aspirant for power in the East, whose intrigues were one of the prominent causes by which the Company rose, from an association of merchants, to the position of conquerors. It is true that up to the time now brought under notice, the commerce of the Company had not been carried on without bloodshed, but it had been in defence of their trade—even then not always excusable—and not with a view to territorial conquest in India; but the arrival of the French, and their rise to power, in a very few years completely changed the peaceful occupations of the English Company to one of bitter and incessant war, which ended in the overthrow of France in India.

In 1642 France had established its power in the island of Bourbon (which had been discovered by the Portuguese in 1545) and named it in honour of Louis XIV. Having thus acquired a footing in the Indian Seas, the French, following the example of Portugal, Holland, and England, turned their eyes to the commercial riches of the East.*

Colbert, one of the most able ministers of Louis XIV, obtained the permission of that sovereign, in 1664, for the establishment of a French East India Company, to which exclusive privileges for fifty years was granted, and never renewed. The King not only sanctioned, but supported the Company by a contribution of six millions of francs to its funds, and invited the co-operation of the wealthy. The Queen and Court subscribed 200,000 francs, the merchants 650,000 francs, and various financiers 2,000,000 francs. The nation generally seconded the efforts of its master.†

The year 1664 is moreover eventful for the British occupation of Bombay. The troops under Sir Abraham Shipman had suffered greatly since their occupation of the island of Anjedivah, the commander himself falling a victim to disease. To save the lives of the survivors, numbering about 100 men out of the original 400, the little territory of Bombay was accepted by Mr. Cooke, Sir Abraham's Secretary, on the original terms offered by the Portuguese.‡

* Voltaire's *Le Siècle de Louis XIV.*

† *Ibid.*

‡ The original numbers embarked for occupation of Bombay was 4 companies of 100 men each, exclusive of officers, at a cost of £13,166. The survivors landed at

In 1665 England was at war with both Holland and France, to the grave detriment of the Company's trade. Agents of the French East India Company arrived in India through Persia, and sent an envoy to the Mogul. This is the first recorded appearance of the French in India.

The year is also memorable for the extraordinary conduct of Sir Edward Winter, the agent at Fort St. George, who, having forfeited the confidence of the Directors at home, was superseded by Mr. Foxcroft; on the arrival of that gentleman at Madras, Sir Edward Winter seized him and his son, and, having accused them of sedition and treason, placed them in confinement and himself retained the command of the Agency, and, instead of referring his grievances to his superior, the President at Surat, confided in Mr. Cooke, the King's Governor at Bombay, and addressed a letter direct to His Majesty, professing loyalty. These matters were the more serious as Fort St. George was at the time threatened by the King of Golcondah.

In 1666 Sir Gervase Lucas arrived at Bombay as Governor, appointed by the Crown. Inducements were held out to native merchants to settle in the town, and preparations were made to fortify the position. The cost of maintaining the island as a dependency of the Crown was soon found to be excessive, and the profits little or nothing, and the claim advanced by Sir Gervase Lucas for precedence, as an officer of the King, over the Company's president at Surat, was the cause of violent disputes; these circumstances combined, determined Charles to offer Bombay to the Company. The offer was accepted, and the island was made over by regular charter on the 27th March 1668, on condition that a yearly rent of £10 in gold should be paid regularly on the 30th of each September, for ever. Sir George Oxinden was appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief, with a deputy governor, who was to reside in Bombay.

On these remarkably easy terms the Company became possessors of the finest, and, if Karachi is now excepted, the only seaport on the west coast of India. The garrison of Bombay consisted of some 285 men, mostly French, Portuguese, and natives, there being only 93 English, including officers. This is the first mention of *native* troops.*

Shortly before this event twenty recruits were sent to Fort St.

Bombay were: Mr. Cooke (Governor), 1 ensign, 4 sergeants, 6 corporals, 4 drummers, 1 surgeon, 1 surgeon's mate, 2 gunners, 1 gunner's mate, 1 gun-smith, 37 privates, 23 cannon.—*Bruce's Annals*.

* *Bruce's Annals*.

George, and a small detachment to re-inforce the King's troops at Bombay. Aurungzebe also made a demand on the Governor of Surat for artillerymen and engineers to assist him in his wars in the Deccan. This demand could not be complied with, for the reason that the Governor did not possess any troops, even for his own protection.

For some time after its first occupation Bombay was subordinate to Surat, which still continued the residence of the Governor, a member of his council being appointed as deputy governor, to administer the affairs of the island; the Fort, or Castle, was strengthened for the protection of the rapidly-growing town, and inducements were held out to settlers, who were permitted the free exercise of their respective religions; the harbour was greatly improved, and docks were ordered to be constructed.

Having brought the history of the rise of the Presidencies down to the Company's occupation of Bombay, it becomes necessary to make a short digression, to go back a few years, and give a brief sketch of the rise of the great Maratha Power under Shivaji—this is the more necessary as it will hereafter be seen how, in future years, the destinies of Bombay were to be intimately connected with the Marathas.

The possessions of this great native power were studded over the whole of India, and, says Thornton,* “required compactness only to constitute them a mighty empire.” Their rise from a tribe of barbarous hillmen, whose origin is lost in the obscurity of Hindoo antiquity, to a position so powerful as to rule the destinies of the Great Mogul himself, is sufficiently remarkable, and it may be truly affirmed that the Presidency of Bombay owes its present greatness to the wars with the Marathas, which subsequently caused the overthrow of the Rajas of Satara, and their ministers, the Peshwas, and brought the whole of the Konkan and Deccan under the sway of the Government of Bombay.†

The Maratha power owes its rise to Shahaji, and his son Shivaji. The father of Shahaji was a man of no consequence, but of good family, who took service with the Nizam Shahi. He managed, by stratagem, to marry his son Shahaji to the daughter of an officer of rank in the service of the Mogul. The progeny of this marriage was Shivaji he founder of the Maratha Empire, who was born in 1626.

* Thornton's *British Empire in India*.

† This short account of Shivaji is taken from a native source, published by Professor Forrest in his *Bombay State Papers*, printed for the Bombay Government in 1885.

Shahaji, after some vicissitudes, became a man of consequence under the King of Bijapur, who bestowed on him the territories of Junnar and Poona, with the villages of Wai and Serol, so well-known to all travellers visiting Mahableshwar, the sanatorium and summer retreat of the Bombay Government. He afterwards held other properties in the districts of Bállápur and Kolar, in the Carnatic, and gained possession of the fortress and district of Tanjore.

Shivaji was brought up on his father's property at Poona, and was trained in military exercises, in which he excelled; on the death of his guardian and tutor, Dádoji Pant, his father being then absent in the Carnatic, Shivaji seized on the Poona estates and provided himself with troops from among the Mavális, or hill people, to the number of 25,000 men.

Shahaji, far from being incensed at this conduct, expressed his warm approval, bestowed upon Shivaji full powers for the government of the country, and sent him assurances of his regard.

At this time Arungzebe (1658) had been sent by his father, Shah Jehan, the Mogul Emperor, with an army to conquer Bijapur; he was unsuccessful, but succeeded in capturing Dáolatabad, and founded the city of Aurungabad.

Aurangzebe greatly resented the growing power of Shivaji, and determined to chastise and humble him. This ill-feeling is said by native historians to have been the origin of the wars carried on between the Mogul Emperor and the Marathas.

Shivaji seized on the strong fortress of Purandhar by treachery, and possessed himself of the hill forts of Singhur (which overlooks Poona), Torna, Chandraghur, Rajghur, Raighur, and others, and by this time had 60,000 Marathas in his service. Now, conscious of his power, he attacked and seized Jaival from the King of Bijapur. The King complained of this conduct to Shahaji, who replied that he possessed no power over his son Shivaji, but recommended that an army should be sent to punish him. This was accordingly done, the command being given to a Mahometan noble, Afzul Khan, in 1652.

The story of how Afzul Khan* was treacherously murdered by Shivaji on the slopes of Prátapghur, and his army cut to pieces, is too well known to require repetition here. In revenge for this defeat another army was sent from Bijapur, under the command of Fazil Khan, Afzul's son, to invest Shivaji in the fortress of

* For a full account of the life of Shivaji, and the murder of Afzul Khan, see *Tara*, by Meadows Taylor.

Panala, near Kholapur; but although some slight successes were gained, the difficulties of hurting Shivaji in his hill fastnesses were so great that Fazil Khan reluctantly gave up the attempt and retired to Bijapur.

Shivaji now built many forts, and constantly raided the outlying territories of the Mogul Empire. Aurungzebe at once despatched an army to destroy him, but Shivaji gained a complete victory over the Imperial forces, at a place between Poona and Aurungabad.

After this victory Shivaji constructed many strong forts on the coast, notably Savarnburg (afterwards the pirate Angria's stronghold), built vessels to keep "the Feranges" in order, and possessed himself of the Konkan, from Kalyán to Sondáh.

Aurungzebe sent another army, consisting of 80,000 men, against Shivaji; after investing and taking the fort of Chakan, the Mogul commander-in-chief, Shahisti Khan, installed himself in Shivaji's palace at Poona, from whence he sent him a message calling him a "hill-monkey," incapable of fighting a fair battle in the open field. Such, indeed, was not the Maratha mode of warfare. Shivaji replied in person by coming to Poona in disguise, by night, for the purpose of assassinating the Mogul chief. Having gained an entrance into his palace, he, by mistake, murdered the chief's son, whom he found asleep. In the fight that ensued he cut off the thumb of the father and made good his escape.

After this Shahisti Khan was recalled, and Mirza Raja was by Aurungzebe appointed Subhédar of the Deccan. After many unsuccessful attempts to reduce Shivaji's fastnesses, Mirza requested an armistice, and a treaty was ratified. Among other things it was agreed that Shivaji, accompanied by his son Sambhájí, should visit the Emperor at Delhi. Shivaji remained ten months a guest, or rather a state prisoner, at Delhi, after which he made his escape disguised as a religious mendicant, and visited Allahabad and Benares. Shortly after Shivaji's return to his own country, where he was received with every demonstration of joy, the Prince Shah Alum was appointed to the subhédarship of the Deccan. Shivaji sent a deputation to him at Aurungabad, and concluded a peace on the following terms:—Shivaji was to give up twenty-seven forts and receive in exchange the territory of Birar, Balápur, and other districts. This peace lasted three years, after which all the forts were wrested from the Imperial troops.

In 1667 Shivaji again threatened Surat, and in 1670 he attacked and plundered the town and factories, from which he obtained much treasure, to which the East India Company probably con-

tributed, although they defended their factory with a spirit worthy of the national character.*

In the meanwhile Shahaji had managed to gain possession of most of the Bijapur fortresses, when, his power being dreaded, he was seized by stratagem; but his life was spared, and he was permitted to retire to Tanjore, from whence he wrote to Shivaji to avenge him, which he immediately did by laying waste the territory of Mudhol, in the Deccan.

After the death of Shahaji, which occurred from an accident out hunting, Shivaji attacked and plundered the territories of Haiderabad and Bijapur, from whose rulers he received a yearly tribute of nine and seven lacs of pagodas† respectively. From these facts some idea of his enormous power and influence may be gained.

After the death of his father, Shahaji, he invaded the Carnatic, seized Vellore and forced his half-brother Venkaji to share with him his father's Carnatic possessions. He took the title of Raja in 1674, and died in 1680.

Shivaji was succeeded by his son, who possessed none of his father's talents; he was captured and put to death by Aurungzebe, who seized nearly all the Maratha strongholds. By these means the Maratha power was sorely crippled, but not crushed.

On the death of the Mogul Emperor, Shahu Raja assumed the Maratha sceptre; he was a weak young man, and allowed all his power to be wielded by his Minister, the Peshwa Balaji, which office then became hereditary.

Balaji was succeeded as Peshwa by his son Bajirav, who deprived Shahu Raja of every sign of power, and even detained him a state prisoner.

The usurpation of Bajirav set the example of independence to several of the great officers of state, who from insignificant and even menial offices, became the founders of regal dynasties. The commander-in-chief, Raghoji Bhonsla, declared himself master of the province of Berar and settlement at Nagpur; in the same manner Mulhaji Holkar (Raghoji's lieutenant), a cavalry officer, Nanoji Sindia, the slipper-bearer, and Pilaji Gaekarwar, the cowherd, set up independent governments of provinces,† and their descendants are, to this day, established at Indore, Gwalior, and Baroda respectively. They held commissions in name from the Peshwa, and bound themselves to keep up armies for the support of the Maratha Empire; but, their Government being far removed from

* Thornton's *British Empire in India*. Shivaji used to call Surat his "treasury."

† Bombay State Papers, Professor Forrest.

central control, they soon commenced conquests on their own account.

To return to Bombay: the bargain concluded between the King and the Company, by which the island was transferred to the latter for the payment of £10 annually, was eminently favourable to the Company. Sir Gervase Lucas, who died in 1667, had, by his wise administration, greatly improved the revenues of the island, which his successor, Mr. Gary, reported to the King and Secretary of State as amounting to £6,490 a year, or 75,000 xeraphins, at the rate of 13 xeraphins to twenty-two shillings and six-pence.*

Sir Edward Winter still kept possession of Fort St. George, and held Mr. Foxcroft and his son prisoners; he was supported in his usurpation by Mr. Gary. Sir George Oxinden, however, appears to have taken a very different view of the conduct of the Madras ex-agent; for he withheld the stock originally intended for investment at Madras, fearing that it might be seized by Sir Edward Winter and used for purposes detrimental to the interests of the Company.

With troubles in Bengal and Madras, and war raging between the Mogul Emperor and Shivaji, which rendered Surat liable to attack at any moment, Sir George Oxinden must have had an anxious command; he was, moreover, engaged in carrying out the regulations framed by the Court of Directors at home, for the administration of Bombay, the most interesting of which are briefly as follows: The fort was to be strengthened, and the town built on a regular plan, under its guns. Europeans were to be encouraged to settle, and were exempted for five years from the payment of customs. Religious freedom was to be permitted; docks were to be constructed, and the harbour improved; recruits, with their wives, were to be sent regularly from England; and an armed ship was to be specially detached for the protection of the trade of the island, and to assist in its defence.† The Commissioners, sent by Sir George Oxinden to take over the island, received from Mr. Gary property, including plate, jewels, and ready money, to the amount of nearly £5,000. The King's troops were offered service under the Company, retaining their rank and pay those who declined being accommodated with passages to England. Bruce says that the offer was generally accepted. The force consisted of two companies, commanded by captains; the first company was composed of 2 commissioned officers, 66 non-commissioned officers and privates,

* Bruce's *Annals*.

† Bruce's *Annals*.

and 28 Topasses;* and the 2nd company was made up of 3 commissioned officers, 73 non-commissioned officers and privates, and 26 Topasses; there were also 21 pieces of cannon, and two gunners, with ordnance stores in proportion. This small force formed the nucleus of the present Bombay army. It was considered inadequate to the duties required of it, as the commissioners informed Sir George Oxinden, that 300 additional men with 30 pieces of cannon were necessary to form a reliable garrison. They also requested that Engineers might be sent from home, to superintend the construction of the fortifications, and that a Judge Advocate might be appointed.

Sir George Oxinden personally visited the island early in 1668, to establish a system of civil government and to draw up a code of military regulations; the senior captain was appointed to the command of the troops, and obedience was enjoined to the orders of the Civil Government, breach of duty in the inferior ranks being punishable with death, the commissioned officers, for a like offence, being liable to deprivation of rank only. This code was the foundation of the existing regulations, which, however, were much modified on the subsequent arrival of the King's troops in India.

Although matters were progressing favourably, the condition of Bombay was not altogether happy, supplies being obtainable with difficulty; the Portuguese, who placed every possible obstacle in the way, being in possession of Salsette, whilst the opposite coast was under the rule of Shivaji. The trade, also, was exposed to the depredations of the Malabar pirates; so much so, that the Deputy Governor and Council applied to the Court at home for three armed ships for its protection.

During these proceedings in Bombay, the state of affairs in Madras was becoming more settled; for on the 22nd of August 1668, Sir Edward Winter handed over Fort St. George to Commissioners appointed by the Court of Directors, on condition that his personal safety should be assured to him; these terms were agreed to, and bore bitter fruit in the future. The Commissioners at once released Mr. Foxcroft from the confinement that he had suffered for nearly two years, and placed him in possession of the fort and agency. On his release Mr. Foxcroft acted with great

* The Topasses were Christians, generally of mixed blood, but claiming Portuguese origin. Orme, in his *Military Proceedings of the East India Company*, says that they were armed, clad, and disciplined after the European style, and incorporated among the English Companies. From wearing a hat (topie), instead of the turban, as generally used by the natives, these half-caste troops acquired the nickname of "Topasses," and were generally considered inferior in courage to the higher caste of natives and the Mahometans of India.

moderation, and Sir Edward Winter was permitted to retire to Pullicat, and subsequently to reside at Masulipatam. The following year he returned to England: no punishment appears to have followed his extraordinary behaviour, and breach of discipline and duty.

It may be of interest to mention that in 1668 the Company ordered its Bantam Agency "to send home 100. lbs weight of the best tey that you can gett." Beveridge, in his *History of India*, remarks that the language used implies that the plant was already understood, but that this is the first public order for an article that subsequently proved of such enormous value as an investment.*

The application of Sir George Oxinden for engineers and armed ships was, in 1669, agreed to by the Directors, and they appointed a Mr. Pett, a practical ship-builder, to construct two vessels for the defence of the island, and the two captains commanding the companies at Bombay were detailed to act as engineers for the construction of fortifications, which were to overawe the Portuguese in Salsette and the Marathas on the opposite coast, £1,500 being authorized for the purchase of land in the immediate vicinity of the existing fort. At the same time, the Governor was instructed to exact customs from the Portuguese "till they could bring them to a reasonable accommodation of trade."†

Sir George Oxinden, who had proved himself so valuable as an administrator, died on the 14th July 1669, and was succeeded by Mr. Aungier, afterwards eulogised by Orme for his bearing during a threatened attack by the Dutch on Bombay, when he acted with "the calmness of a philosopher and the courage of a centurion." One of Mr. Aungier's first applications to the Court at home was for recruits to fill existing vacancies at Bombay, and for accommodation for the European troops and their families.

The Siddee of Rajahpore (the Mogul's admiral), greatly embarrassed the Governor by asking for an asylum in Bombay, in the event of his being obliged to abandon that stronghold (described as impregnable except from an attack by sea) to Shivaji. Compliance with this demand might offend Shivaji, and non-compliance the Mogul. Mr. Aungier, therefore, suggested that it might be

* Within a century of the first order the Company imported nearly three millions of pounds of tea, and in 1834 (the last year of the Company's monopoly) the imports exceeded twenty-three millions of pounds, and paid duty to Government in the sum of £3,589,361 (Beveridge). Since then the importation of this article to England has more than doubled, the consumption in 1885 being computed at 182,455,000 lbs, or at the rate of 4.98 lbs per head of the population.

† Bruce's *Annals*.

advisable to gain possession of Rajahpore, which could easily be held by a small garrison.

The Governor's next act was to form two courts at Bombay for the administration of justice,* and to reduce the small garrison from two companies to one; he also formed a court, consisting of a civilian and three military officers, for the administration of martial law.

Fort St. George was in this year besieged by the Nabob of the Carnatic, but the force was shortly after withdrawn without inflicting any serious damage.

The following year sees the garrison of Bombay again increased to two companies, and two brigantines were sanctioned to strengthen the ships already constructed for the defence of the Island, and the Malabar trade. Captain Shaxton was appointed to command the troops, he was also given rank as Factor, and was to combine his civil with his military duties; the court also sanctioned the establishment of a Mint, and despatched two vessels to trade with Japan.

Shivaji's attack on Surat has already been alluded to. Although the English defended themselves gallantly, the French factors compounded with the Mahratta Chief, and by their co-operation enabled him to plunder the Mogul's Persian factory. The Dutch do not appear to have been attacked.

The fortifications of Bombay in these troublous times are thus described by Bruce: "The bastions and curtains of the fort towards the land had been raised to within nine feet of their intended height, but towards the sea batteries only had been constructed, as bastions would be the work of a subsequent year." Mr. Bake was appointed Engineer and Surveyor-General of Bombay; a re-inforcement of 300 recruits was demanded, and it was suggested that they should be enlisted for a term of years, "that being under martial law their discipline and services, in case of attack, might be relied on." In answer to this suggestion, 150 recruits were sent from England.

At the same time, the authorities at Fort St. George were desired to fill the existing vacancies in its garrison by volunteers from the Company's ships. The Court of Directors also determined to fix factories at Tywan, Tonquin, and in Japan, where the agents were directed to wear dresses of English cloth, with gold or silver lace, whereby it was hoped to impress on the native authorities an idea of their rank and importance. Negotiations were opened with

* Trial by jury was ordered to be introduced into the courts in Bombay in 1670.—*Bruce's Annals.*

Shivaji for re-opening trade with Rajahpore, and at Bombay the Governor reported that he had divided the old soldiers between the two companies, that their example might have an effect on the discipline of the recruits; but that as the mortality in the ranks had been great, it would be necessary to send at least 50 men annually to supply vacancies, and, moreover, that additional armed vessels were required for the protection of trade. All these events occurred in 1671.

The alliance entered into between Charles II. and Louis XIV. against Holland, induced the Company to invest Mr. Aungier with discretionary powers to remove the factory from Surat to Bombay, and the trading fleet was greatly strengthened. It consisted of ten ships, of about 4,000 tons in all, carrying from 30 to 36 guns each, and fully manned, commanded by an admiral, assisted by a vice, and rear-admirals.

In anticipation of an attack from the Dutch fleet, the fortifications of Bombay were strengthened, and the inhabitants enrolled as a militia, to assist the troops in defence of the fort and town; this militia consisted of some 1,500 men, armed with muskets and lances. An attempt was made at the same time to increase the two existing companies to 180 men each, by the addition of natives, but even this force was justly considered inadequate to defend the position against a disciplined European enemy. Consequently, an immediate reinforcement was demanded of 500 men, with an annual supply of 100 recruits.*

The necessity of these precautions was soon exemplified by the appearance of a Dutch fleet under Van Goens; the alarm at Bombay was very great, and many of the inhabitants took refuge in flight, some seeking protection in the Portuguese settlements. The Governor in this crisis of affairs endeavoured to secure the assistance of 500 Rajpoots. The firm attitude of Mr. Aungier averted an attack, and the Dutch fleet disappeared from the vicinity of Bombay and Surat.

The same year (1672), the French, then in alliance with England, sent Monsieur de la Haye to India with a considerable force, which although of value in reducing Dutch pretensions, raised a dangerous rival to the Company. De la Haye, after establishing himself at Trincomalee, in Ceylon, landed 300 men and took St. Thomé (now known as St. Thomas' Mount), near Madras, by storm. This is the first recorded appearance of the French on the Coromandel Coast, an event full of future trouble to the Company.

* *Bruce's Annals.*

A few words regarding the early efforts of our great rivals in India, the French, may prove of interest, and be useful for the better understanding of events about to be noticed.

The French Company's first factor in India, at Surat, was a Monsieur Caron, a merchant of French extraction, and a former servant of the Dutch. He had served that Company in Japan, where, having given offence to the native authorities by secretly fortifying his factory, he was expelled the country. His cold reception by the Dutch in Java, after this event, filled him with disgust for his former masters, and induced him to offer his services to the French, who gladly availed themselves of his experience.

Caron justly objected to Surat as the chief centre of French trade, the place being already in English and Dutch occupation, whose trade was established, and with whose riches the young French company could not compete; and wishing to find an independent port, he fixed on the Bay of Trincomalee in Ceylon—which, to-day, is the head-quarters of Her Majesty's ships forming the naval command in the Indian Seas—as a position in every way suitable to his purpose. On the arrival of De la Haye's squadron in India, which was placed under Caron's orders, he proceeded to Trincomalee, then in possession of the Dutch, which surrendered after some resistance.

Here the French occupied a small fort, but their acquisition cost them dear, for the greater part of the crews of the ships and of the land forces perished by want and sickness. This compelled them in turn to surrender to the Dutch. With what remained of once a fine force, De la Haye, in 1672, as before-mentioned, attacked and took St. Thomas, which had been built and fortified by the Portuguese a century before. The French retained this position for two years only, when it was wrested from them by the Nabob of the Carnatic, assisted by the Dutch.

After this reverse the French, under Martin, a merchant who had joined De la Haye's expedition, settled at Pondicherry, south of Madras, which place became theirs by purchase in 1683, and which they retain to this day as the head-quarters of France in India. From this position, more than half a century after its first occupation, the celebrated French Governor, Dupleix, became, for years, a thorn in the side of England.

Although it is outside the objects of this paper, it is interesting to follow the movements of the French soon after their arrival in India, as throwing light on their Eastern Foreign Policy of to-day. No sooner were they firmly established at Pondicherry than they opened trade with Siam, in those early days almost absolutely

governed by a Greek adventurer, one Constantine Faulkon, who had become Prime Minister to the King, at whose invitation the French visited the country. They soon became possessed of the fortress of Bankok at the mouth of the River Menan, and of the Port of Mergui, from which they opened trade with Pegu, Ava, and Arracan.*

From Siam the French endeavoured to establish themselves at Tonquin, in which they followed the footsteps of the Portuguese and the Dutch, than whom they were not more successful; they also turned their attention to Cochin China. Their success in Siam was not destined to be of long duration, for with the fall of Faulkon from power they lost both Bankok and Mergui, which, although defended by French troops, fell to the attack of the outraged Siamese, described by Abbé Raynal, "as the most cowardly of all people."

Driven from Siam the French concentrated their energies for a time on the fortifications of Pondicherry; but Martin, ambitious for his country's honour, aspired to establish a great French power in Madagascar, proclaimed a French possession by Louis XIII. in 1642. He despatched from Pondicherry an expedition consisting of 1,600 troops and settlers, who, expecting fortune, found death.†

To summarise. The year 1672 sees the Portuguese power much reduced, but still established at Goa, Surat, Salsette and other places in India; the Dutch at Surat, Tranquebar, and in other positions, but more especially masters of the Malay Archipelago, and of the spice trade. The English at Surat, Bombay, Fort St. George (Madras), Masulipatam, Piple in Bengal, and other small factories; and the Mogul Empire at war with Shivaji, the great leader of the Maratha Power. Here, for a time, they must be left, and attention invited to the Company's affairs in Bengal, which will form the subject of a future paper.

* Abbé Raynal.

† Cochin China (a province of Annam) was ceded to France in 1862 and 1867; its capital is Saigon. Annam fell under her Protectorate in 1884 (the northern portion of this is Tonquin), Madagascar was declared a French Protectorate in 1886—thus, after a lapse of more than 200 years, France has gained the objects aimed at by Martin.

A Visit to Norfolk Island, South Pacific, in a British Man-o'-War.

By NIMROD.

WE left Sydney with a fine N.W. breeze on the 4th of June 1865, destined for the South Sea Islands. The ship seems none the worse for her couple of days in dry dock, for now, with a clean bottom, and properly trimmed, she scuds along at a fine rate.

It is rather strange that generally upon leaving this harbour the ship has a fair wind, but on leaving Auckland, or any similar unpleasant spot, for the same place, we have to beat most of the way. Two days found us running between Lord Howe's Island and Ball's Pyramid. The former island reaches an elevation of about 2,300 feet; it is inhabited, a few farms being worked on the low part of it. But Ball's Pyramid only reaches an elevation of 1,800 feet, and from the N.E. and S.W. presents an almost conical appearance; while from other points, and seen from a distance, it looks like the dark walls of some gigantic tower planted in the ocean. I marked particularly this time the deceptive idea one forms of very high land; it invariably appears much nearer to the spectator than it really is, and it is not until having sailed towards it for some miles and finding it still the same dark mass it at first appeared, that he appreciates the long distance at which he must have originally seen it.

We anchored in Cascade Bay on the north side of the island a few days afterwards; it has a fair landing-place, and the situation is sheltered from the S.E. gales which are so prevalent in that Southern Ocean.

The Commodore, with his scientific staff and a large proportion of the officers, landed at once, but, having to keep watch and superintend the work connected with the upper deck and hull, besides the general tidying up of the ship, &c., I did not accompany them, intending to make a whole day of it by starting early the next morning. However, I was doomed to be disappointed, *having expected something*; for about 8.30 that day, with a falling barometer and increasing easterly wind, we had to "up anchor" and steam away; luckily the fires were banked. For the first quarter of an hour or so the ship hardly moved, it was blowing so hard. Forty-eight hours

afterwards found us at anchor again, none the worse for the bucketing that we had got.

Those of us who were on board had anticipated the Commodore's immediate departure; but we were very agreeably surprised to find that he had considerably resolved to let us have an opportunity of enjoying a day with our interesting friends.

On the return of some of the fellows on board, they spoke in ecstasies of the delightful three days they had spent, and much regretted having to leave their generous entertainers.

I made up a party and landed about two o'clock; our band also accompanied us, as there was to be a dance that night. The chaplain, who was taking a passage in the same boat, and was one of the number who were left behind (having returned for a fresh supply of baccy) informed us that he had a horse awaiting him; so I felt satisfied that if another was available, I would not be behind-hand in obtaining it. My wish was gratified, as I was first out of the boat, and No. 2 horse was ridden into Kingston by myself; not, however, until the bridle had carried away twice, for it was only made of flax, as on meeting some of our chaps along the road they good-naturedly whipped my animal, making the navigation intricate and my yoke lines smash; so, coming across a small mid on a big horse and well-bridled, I quietly "stuck him up," and as he did not like the idea of proving his horse's paces, I got my steering gear refitted at his expense.

On any of the inhabitants coming on board, each one was anxious to know of the individual officers if they were going on shore, and upon one of us answering in the affirmative, our questioner at once begged to secure him as his guest; they requested us also, in the kindest and most unaffected terms, to manage to put up with their simple fare.

John Adams, junior, (a man of about forty,) insisted upon my doing so as long as my visit on shore should last; it was, therefore, to his house that I directed my steed's head, after refitting at the mid's expense; and right glad I was, on alighting and tying him up, to sniff the savoury smell of food.

Dick, a pal, was with me, and it made "his eyeballs gingle." Of course, there being no bell, or powdered lacquey to receive us, we ushered ourselves in, and found the family about to dive into any number of good things; so we sat down and were shortly joined by some more of our fellows.

We had anticipated great pleasure at seeing this interesting and isolated community, the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, and now our hopes had begun to be realised.

The Commodore, before commencing the cruize, had evidently made up his mind to see and learn everything that he well could, and he did not trust alone to his own ability to describe the various interesting matters we were sure to meet with, but took with him an artistic and scientific staff, that I suppose no other man-o'-war visiting these Islands ever had the advantage of. Mr. Brenchly, an independent gentleman, who had travelled nearly all over the world, and is the author of some most interesting works; Mr. Veitch, one of the firm of great botanists, and Mr. Kerr, a photographer; also a conchologist and an ornithologist, all equally enterprising and enthusiastic in their different branches; and I have no doubt but that the world will reap the benefit of their researches at some future period.

Well! to return to my yarn, for I intend classifying the subjects I wish to mention, first, with my own adventures; secondly, an account of the different families and their origin; and lastly, my opinion of the inhabitants, and also of their Island home.

After feeding, I went out and received a very cordial welcome from all I met; in one house my attention was attracted to several women seated on the verandah, most of whom shook my hand with such hearty good-will and warmth that I was afraid it might suffer if I did not make a forcible attempt to disengage it. Many were engaged in needlework, whilst others occupied themselves in nursing their young and tender branches; all, however, joined in conversation with me without the slightest reserve or embarrassment. Our band were assembled in the school-yard giving an afternoon's entertainment, which attracted not only the aristocrats of the place, but also the poor and sick. I soon got to make acquaintances and form engagements for the forthcoming amusements in the evening, as the young females were by no means bashful. After having passed an hour or so listening to the most melodious strains from the different sorts of instruments, we males dispersed to our several houses, for the female portion of the community required time to deck themselves out in their *fancy rigs*. I adjourned to the kitchen which was detached from the house, where some of the party were preparing tea, the missus being in the parlour *squaring yards*, &c., where we chatted away until a song was proposed; so between us all we managed to gratify them with a display of our vocal powers until the meal was ready.

During this interval a rather ludicrous circumstance occurred to my friend Dick, which created much merriment to the rest of the party, the girls laughing so immoderately as to cause the unfortunate victim to join in the general endeavour to split our sides.

On being asked to give them a song, I induced him to come and sit by me upon a stool opposite the spectators, and after having done so for some little time in the most unconscious manner, thoroughly appreciating his soft and comfortable position, he rose to get his handkerchief out of his pocket, when he discovered that he had been sitting in a newly-mixed and liquid corn-cake, which had been deposited upon the stool previously by one of the girls, and who now laughingly declared that he should have no tea for appropriating the whole cake to himself; though, perhaps, he thought it rather a novel way of *making a meal of it*.

They could not understand my not taking sugar with anything, remarking that I had evidently a sweet tooth, or else I should not have flirted so with some of them; grace was said by John Adams in a deliberate and clear manner, and thanks offered at the end of the meal.

Now, all our thoughts turned to the ball, so away went the girls to put on the finishing touch, whilst we males enjoyed a delightful half-hour's smoke. On their re-appearance fully rigged out, we proceeded *en masse* to the school-house, one of the largest of the old buildings, the spacious ground apartments of which were turned, for the occasion, into the ball and ante-rooms.

Here we found everybody assembled in their gayest costume; the old men mostly dressed in black, the others in the ordinary garb of respectable Englishmen. The girls wore their crinolines (they do so only when in holiday costume), and with neat boots, white stockings, and white or light-coloured dresses of a quiet material, some wearing a pink or blue sash round their waist, looked more like English country girls, and, having clear complexions, were fair enough to compare with them; in many is a shade of the Tahitian olive, but in others the rose upon the cheek is clearly perceptible against the pale face. No long dresses are worn, and all are fastened close round the neck; their waists are not the bewitchingly small ones of our English belles, but attain their natural circumference, as they never wear stays; their luxuriant black hair is neatly *triced up* at the back of the head with the common net of the period. They seemed to enter heartily into the *Spirit of the Ball*—chatted away most amicably, and to tire them was almost impossible.

About 11.30 dancing ceased for a while, to give our indefatigable band a chance for a spell. A song was proposed, and Dick, who is a capital comic singer and actor, gave them an insight into Bob Ridley's peculiarities; but in the absence of male nigger costume he adopted that of a woman, and gave them Sarah Ridley, in

character. The comic song was a novelty to them, and appeared to amuse. I was lucky in getting some fairish dancers, who rather hung upon my arm, but by careful steering I avoided any serious collisions.

It was about 1.30 when "God Save the Queen," silently listened to with respect by the entire company, proclaimed it time to *pipe down*. We adjourned to our different houses, and to bed as well, very tired and considerably bruised from the bumping we had received. The champagne and varieties of eatables which in general adorn the supper table of more fashionable life were here dispensed with; plenty of good milk was supplied wherewith to *wet our whistles*, and I am sure our spirits were quite jovial enough to allow us for that night to wish for nothing stronger; and all the better, too, we felt next morning for it, as no feverish cries of *brandy and soda* were heard to escape our innocent lips upon being called.

During the forenoon the Commodore got a number of people together to be photographed, principally in family groups. Our chaplain, Veitch and I rode up early to Mount Pitt; it reaches an elevation of about 1,040 feet. It is nice going to the foot of the mountain, though both in ascending and descending it you have literally to clear your own way. We had a splendid gallop through an avenue of Norfolk Island pines on soft springy turf; it certainly struck us as one of those inexpressibly lovely views so seldom met with.

Getting back to Kingstown about noon, we found the girls collected in the school-yard, the band giving them their last melodies; for we had to take our departure after replenishing the inner man.

The whole island accompanied us, the road from the settlement to Cascade Bay, a distance of about three miles, presenting an unusually lively scene. I, of course, never walking when I could ride, secured one of the few horses able to carry two outside, for I had a fair companion with me on the pommel of my saddle; in fact each mounted officer got one to accompany him. She being in front took the reins, whilst we behind gently held them in their seats by encircling their waists with our arms, whispering sweet things in their ears by way of a little flirtation, each assuring the other that the happiness of meeting again would be looked forward to with hope, &c. Of course we made the most of the ride, as speed was no object; in fact the pedestrians were some way ahead of the mounted corps. We took a very touching farewell of them all upon the beach, and stepped reluctantly into our boats, for some of them had given way to their feelings, and more than one eye was

seen to *pipe*. The Commodore has promised to return before many months, so that we have the prospect of a very pleasant visit in store for us, particularly as we shall go as old friends. At 4.30 we were again under-way for more uncivilized regions, with a fresh S.E. breeze; so Norfolk Island was soon lost to view.

John Adams, who put me up, is the great-grandson of the Adams one reads about in the mutiny of the *Bounty*. He has several children: Polly, who is married; a son, Fish, about 20 years old, who was my guide to Mount Pitt; besides various small fry. About the first question old Mr. Adams asked when he boarded us, accompanied by his boat's crew, was relative to the Queen's health; and I am sure the whole lot of them felt what they looked, when they said that they were "exceedingly glad to hear that she was quite well." The rest of the Royal Family, of course, got their share of attention.

We saw a good deal of a man called McCoy, who, coming on board the first day we arrived, preferred stopping on until the evening to hear the band. So we gave him a *shake down*, but were unable to land him the next morning on account of our having had so hurriedly to put to sea.

All the first day he was very sea-sick, for, although accustomed to knock about in their own whale-boats in any weather, the motion of the frigate he found to be quite another thing. I administered a favourite antidote of naval men for this malady, viz. brandy and water; the draught, though not wholly, was partially successful in relieving the patient—the temporary effect was to cause him to eat a little, then to enjoy a sound sleep for the night, and to come on deck the next morning with his sea-legs properly shipped. This drug is best applicable to a strong constitution when it may be administered more freely; but such confidence have I in its efficiency, that when ladies even have been about to commence a sea voyage, I have ventured to recommend it on top of a substantial meal; but when treating with these more frail constitutions, I have been fearful of fixing the exact proportion or quantity of the component parts of the mixture, on account of a certain tendency in the alcoholic ingredient to rise to the head; and I think, as a general rule, it is best to make it as agreeable as possible to the palate, and suit the quantity to the inclination.

McCoy is a fine man, about 6 feet in height, with an open countenance, intelligent black eyes, and a luxuriant black beard and moustache; to add to his manly appearance, he is—like them all, in fact—an unaffected civil fellow; he is married and has six or seven children, his wife being a fine blooming woman, and there is no doubt that, if his hopes are realised, there will be seven

more little McCoys, thereby making fourteen in all. This is nothing extraordinary, for when giving us the number of some of the families in the island, such figures as sixteen, seventeen, and even nineteen appeared on the list.

A family called the Quintals were old inhabitants, but I saw very little of them.

The scenery generally is strikingly beautiful: a succession of prettily rounded hills and dales, covered with rich pasture, interspersed with majestic pines, wild lemons, guava bushes, ferns, &c.; also Mount Pitt in the distance, clothed to its summit in luxuriant foliage, with its towering pines standing out at intervals up its sides and along the topmost ridge, all tend to make it so. A variety of birds flit about, amongst which are pigeons, blue and red parrots, &c.; these, with the fine cattle and goats, give life to the landscape, whilst inland pretty glimpses of the sea are caught between the hills and trees.

On reaching the south side of the Island, you look down from the hills above and discover a flat shore nearly a mile long in the direction of the beach, and quarter of a mile broad; and in the distance Philip Island, with its red rocky hills 980 feet high, a grove of trees growing round the summit.

This plain is the spot on which the settlement is situated, and this part of the island in appearance strongly contrasts with all the rest of it; the picturesqueness and romance of the scenery around is for a moment lost, whilst gazing on the cold massive walls of the large regular buildings which once kept some hundreds of convicts within their bounds, but now form the happy and peaceful home of a pious and innocent community.

Now, many conflicting accounts have been given of these people; what little I have stated concerning them I saw. Whether they are an industrious, hard-working lot, or not, I cannot say, for whenever a man-o'-war visits them, her stay is the occasion of a general holiday, and then attention is paid to entertaining their particular favourites, naval officers.

Bishop Pattison paid them a visit in his yacht (the *Southern Cross*) whilst we were there; he preached an excellent sermon, which, I trust, did his hearers good. It was on the Sunday; I was at sea in the ship, so, of course, did not hear it.

He sailed the day before we left, on a cruise to some of the other islands, taking with him ten of the young men. On Mr. Adams, senior, telling me of this, he seemed to deplore their loss on account of their not having sufficient hands left to do the required work in the island.

Their stock of sheep amounts to about a couple of thousand, which are regularly sheared, and the wool sent to Sydney market for sale. Occasionally a whale is captured, and last year, I believe, £150 was the sum received for the oil extracted from these animals, the money being invested in a general fund for the whole community.

It is a well known fact that the inter-marriages that must occur with so small a number, confined as they are by a limited space, have caused, and will always be the cause of, many deformities in their offspring. I observed two cases, one in a little boy who was walking upon his ankles, the soles of the feet being upwards; and the other in a boy who was in a state of idiocy, but perfectly harmless.

Their religious observances are conducted in the strictest and most pious manner, under their good pastor, the Rev. — Nobbs. A schoolmaster was sent by the Governor of Sydney recently; until then Mr. Nobbs gave them all the instruction. This new man, I fancy, is looked upon as an interloper; he has a salary of £800 per annum, whilst Mr. Nobbs is allowed but £100 per annum—most galling, I should think, to the reverend gentleman, who has a large family, and for so many years has fulfilled the office of pastor, master, and doctor. Most probably he was getting *washed out*, and it was deemed necessary to introduce younger blood and more enlightened teaching.

Some few years ago there appeared in the *Times* a letter pointing out the apparently destitute state of the inhabitants on Pitcairn Island.

It is well to know that the survivors of the mutiny of the *Bounty* and their descendants lived upon the above island from 1790 until 1855, the surface of which has about 800 acres; and at their own request they were all transferred in the following year to Norfolk Island, after they had been informed that it was no longer to be used as a convict establishment.

Their party consisted of 198 persons, viz., 40 men, 47 women, 54 boys, and 52 girls; total, 198. But sometime afterwards forty of them, who appeared discontented with their improved quarters, preferred returning to their desolate rook. These, therefore, are the individuals for whom the appeal was made, and it is reasonable to suppose they are badly off; but what a contrast to the comfortable life their relatives live upon Norfolk Island, who knew when they were well off.

"Salus populi suprema est lex."

The Black Ordeal.

By M. VAN WEENEN.

DURING my career as a ship agent and Foreign Consul at one of our most frequented outports for upwards of thirty-five years, I have come in contact with a great many captains or master mariners, mostly foreigners, some of them owners of the vessels they command, or sons or near relations of the owners; consequently having received a good education, and being otherwise very respectable men. I cultivated a rather intimate acquaintance with some of them, and they visited me after business hours, at my private residence, mixing with my family circle. Some of these captains, like most seamen, were always prepared to spin a yarn, as they called it, and my family listened with great pleasure to their stories as well as myself; but most of these stories, although interesting for the moment, were not of a nature to be long remembered or to leave a great and lasting impression on my mind, one however really did impress me forcibly, and consequently I took the pains of putting it down in writing, not then with any intention of ever publishing it, but as an interesting "yarn" to be told to friends during long winter evenings whilst partaking of a glass of wine or whisky toddy.

This story will be deemed of a rather superstitious character; but such superstitious belief is actually commonly shown by most seamen, even amongst the best educated, and subsequent events, as they will be narrated hereafter, have proved that their credulity was not without some foundation. It is not my intention to promote any belief in dreams, forebodings, or similar feelings amongst the readers of these stories (if I should have such); but I can only repeat what Hamlet said to Horatio, "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy," and that I have every reason to believe, or even to take it for granted, that all the events as narrated hereafter have actually taken place and are strictly in accordance with truth, let them be believed or not.

Amongst my many intimate friends was a certain young Hanoverian captain, who commanded a fine vessel belonging to his father, and whenever he had occasion to call at the port, where I was then transacting business, he came to see me, often joining my family circle when he stayed on shore over-night. He was a very jovial, light-hearted and merry young man, unmarried, and, as far as we knew him, not tainted with superstition. He arrived with his vessel at our port during one of the summer months of 1852, and, on coming on shore, at once visited me at my office. I was then rather busy with other captains, and sent one of my clerks to accompany him to the Custom House to report his vessel, inviting him at the same time to pay me his usual visit at my home. He did not return to my office, but called at my private residence the same evening. We soon perceived that a great change had taken place with regard to his disposition; he was not the same merry young man as before, but, on the contrary, looked very thoughtful and gloomy. I asked him whether he did not feel well, or whether anything particular had occurred thus to pre-occupy his mind; he seemed at first reluctant to tell, but, being urged to do so, he told us the following story, which I give as nearly as possible in his own words.

"You know," he said, "that, unlike many that follow the same profession as myself, I am not given to superstition, nor to a belief in dreams, neither do I possess strong imaginative powers, but something happened during this voyage that has impressed me strongly, and that I cannot dismiss from my mind, whatever I do; the incident is ever before me, and I can but admit that it has filled me with gloomy forebodings.

"I left Rio de Janeiro in May last, having on board the same crew the ship went out with, amongst whom was a young fellow of the name of Emil H——; he belonged to my native town, and was of a very good family, well educated, and very good-looking. He was particularly recommended to me, and I liked him very much. The voyage was very prosperous; we had generally fair winds and fine weather. One night, when off the coast of Portugal, I transferred the watch on deck, as usual, to my chief mate, and retired to my sleeping cabin, and fell asleep shortly after going to rest. Now, I always sleep very soundly, and am never troubled with dreams of any kind; but that night I did dream, and such a dream as I shall not easily forget. I dreamt, then, that I was fast asleep, when I saw the door of my sleeping cabin slowly opening, and a lady appeared, dressed totally in white, long flowing robes, with a long black veil covering her head and reaching down on both

sides. She held a large wreath of black flowers in her right hand, she did not walk, but glided in slowly, approaching my couch and holding out to me the wreath of black flowers.

“When she came near enough to me I plainly saw her face, and that face I have constantly before me, although I cannot properly describe it to you; all I can say is, that it was deadly pale, or rather bloodless, with large black eyes, shining like stars, and the general expression extremely melancholy and inexpressibly weird and ghostly. Though it impressed me fearfully, and froze the blood in my veins, I felt involuntarily attracted to her, and when she came nearer and nearer, so that she almost bent over me, I said to her, ‘Lady, you have such a beautiful wreath of flowers in your hand, will you give it to me?’ She looked at me for a little while with an exceedingly sad expression, and said, in a soft melodious voice, ‘No, this wreath is not for you this time, but you will see me again soon.’ She then turned and glided away, my cabin door shutting after her, and then—I awoke suddenly, with an indescribable sensation, fully impressed with my dream, which was as vivid then as if I saw that fearful apparition and awful face still plainly before me. I felt strongly oppressed and could not rest any longer; I therefore got up, partly dressed, and went on deck to inhale the fresh sea-breeze. My mate, when he saw me on deck, came towards me, saying, ‘What brings you on deck, Captain? My watch is not over yet; it is only three o’clock. But you do not look well: what is it?’ I was reluctant to tell him of my dream, and answered that I found it rather oppressive down below and wanted fresh air. However, seeing that everything was well on board, feeling refreshed, and getting the better of what I then thought a very foolish sensation, I went down again and endeavoured to sleep, in which I soon succeeded, but, astonishing to relate, I dreamt the *very same* dream over again—the same awful apparition of the lady in white robes, with the wreath of black flowers in her hand; the same sensation of attraction and chilling fear; the same demand to her to give me the black wreath; but her answer was somewhat different. ‘No,’ she said, ‘*not for you this time, but for my Emil.*’ She then disappeared as before, but I did not awake at once, and, my dream continuing, I saw her on deck, going with the same sliding or floating movement towards Emil H——, who was one of the seamen composing the watch on deck. As she came near him, she held out to him the black wreath, which he took with avidity, and, as soon as he had done so, he took the fearful lady in his arms, they made some turns together, as if waltzing, and then both jumped over the bulwarks into the sea, and disap-

peared together. I awoke with a start, and then heard a heavy trampling on deck, and shouting of the men of the watch. I hastened on deck without dressing, to inquire what was the matter, and you can imagine my sensation when I learned that Emil H—— had just been carried overboard by a heavy sea, although the weather was fine, and the sea almost smooth. He was known to be a good swimmer; a boat was lowered at once and the vessel laid to; but, after a careful search for nearly half an hour, the boat returned with the melancholy tidings that their search had been in vain, that nothing could be seen of Emil, and that he was undoubtedly drowned. I did not mention a single word of my dream to anyone on board; but you can well fancy my feelings at this sudden and fearful loss, which could not be explained by the men, and always will remain a riddle to them, as wind and sea remained fair and calm. As to me, I recollected my dream, and since this event I have not been able to smile; and notwithstanding my blaming myself for such superstitious feelings, I cannot shake them off; the face of the fearful lady is constantly before my eyes, and I cannot help thinking that my turn will come as well as Emil's, and that I shall die a premature and similar death."

I need not say that this strange tale impressed us all very much, but we did our best to reason with him and to talk him out of his superstitious fears, without much effect, however. He left a few days afterwards with his vessel for her final destination, and I never heard anything more about him until about a year afterwards, when his vessel again called at our port; but she was then commanded by another captain, who came to see me, as his predecessor had done, and proved to be the man who was chief mate of Captain A——'s vessel when the sailor Emil H—— was lost overboard. I asked him at once what had become of my friend Captain A——; and my amazement and consternation may be fancied, when he informed me that his former commander, Captain A——, was lost overboard a few months ago, in the same way as the sailor Emil H——, that is, during his night watch on deck, in fine weather and slight sea: a wave, breaking on board, carried him off, and although a boat was lowered at once, with torch-lights, he was seen no more, and never heard of again.

The foregoing tale may appear very strange, but is strictly true in all its details, and, without any comments on my side, I must leave my readers to explain it as well as they can, and to draw their own inference.

“On Leave.”

BEFORE this article is published, the Jubilee Thanksgiving Service at Westminster Abbey will have taken place and become matter of history. Her Majesty will have been received by her loyal subjects in a manner that will convince the dissatisfied few that the Empire is, if possible, more firmly united than ever. Our Foreign guests and visitors from all parts of the world will carry back with them the impression that they have witnessed a magnificent spectacle of grandeur and loyalty evidencing the goodwill and affection the people entertain for their Sovereign, their thorough belief in the institutions of the country, and in the integrity of the United Kingdom, ruled over by Victoria, the Queen Empress—the most revered Monarch of the age! House-agents and house-owners have had a busy time of it, and have no doubt reaped a rich harvest for sittings to witness the Procession. Never were such fabulous prices paid for windows before, and people have gladly given one guinea a head for standing room on the roofs of the houses. The architectural beauties of most of the Clubs have been hidden by the seats that have been erected in front of them for the members’ wives and families.

At the annual meeting of the Ladies’ Grand Council of the Primrose League, Colonel Malleon, who seconded the adoption of the Jubilee Address to Her Majesty the Queen, said that he did so with particular pleasure because “he felt that the testimony which was contained in the address was the testimony of the women of England to one who set the brightest example to the whole nation. (Applause.) Having had some opportunity during the last months, in connection with the Primrose League and the Ladies’ Grand Council, of seeing how the women of England had pledged themselves to the glorious work of saving their country, he felt sure that such a testimonial from them at such a moment as the present would be received in a manner in which they would all wish it to be received. (Applause.) In one of the most eloquent passages in one of his most eloquent novels, Lord Beaconsfield—(applause)

—laid down the axiom that nothing could be more touching than to see a nation saved by its youth. Since 1880 the young men of England had devoted themselves to the salvation of the country in a manner which had never been surpassed; but since the establishment of the Primrose League, and especially since the establishment of the ladies' branch, the youth of England had been more than rivalled, in their ardour, in their patriotism, and in their high and lofty purpose, by the women of England. (Hear, hear, and applause.)" The friends of Colonel Malleson hope that, when the opportunity offers, he will seek Parliamentary honours. The author of the *Red Pamphlet*, whose mind is better stored than most men with the military history and requirements of India, and who is an elegant and persuasive speaker, would command attention in the House.

Lord Wolseley, in a speech he made a short time since at the United Service Institution, said: "He himself believed in novelties. What Napoleon had said was true, that you must change your tactics frequently. But the difficulties of doing so were not fully appreciated outside the charmed circle of official life. They might make up their minds that it was desirable to have breech-loading guns and magazine rifles, a corps of cyclists, and many other admirable inventions; but he would say, 'Don't go to the War Office and ask for those complicated instruments which were necessary.' It was discreditable to the nation that whatever was asked for, after the request had been forwarded from one person to another, and ultimately reached the Secretary of State for War, the latter, upon the advice of his financial friends, told them that there were no funds. The reduction of the fighting staff was generally suggested to meet any increased expenditure, and the result of all this would be that it would ultimately happen that the army would consist of 'two men and a boy.'" Lord Randolph Churchill, in one of his speeches on National Expenditure, says: "When I read that statement, I was very angry, because I knew it was perfectly untrue." Lord Randolph then shows that since 1875 there has been a steady increase in nearly all the branches of the army, with a corresponding expenditure, and adds: "I find that the British forces at home have been increased by 80,000 men, and the whole of the forces of the British Empire by 128,000 men. Yet Lord Wolseley, a man of position and authority, has the face to come before the British public and to insinuate that owing to the action of the Treasury and the Government your army is being reduced to two men and a boy. I bring this before you that you may be able to form a sound, healthy opinion as to the reliance you can

place upon the statements made by the official ring, and to give you an idea of the sort of customers I had to deal with when I was Chancellor of the Exchequer." (Laughter and cheers.) And then adds, in a speech pregnant with important National statements, that the great fortress of Malta is not only insufficiently armed, but it is not provisioned to support a garrison for more than three weeks. There is not a single gun in reserve, and no reserve whatever of heavy projectiles for these guns. The horse artillery, of which the nation is so proud, is armed with what Lord Wolseley has called the worst gun in Europe; the field artillery is armed with the most inferior weapon; the infantry is armed with rifles which have been proved in action to be of the most defective and inferior description, and with bayonets which have been proved to be utterly unreliable; the cavalry are armed with swords of equally bad manufacture; the sailors are armed with cutlasses of the same worthless description; and it is a fact that though at any moment we might be called upon to defend the Empire, we have not got at home, in spite of the vast expenditure of £31,000,000, land transport for 20,000 men! In the midst of these shortcomings it is satisfactory to learn that Messrs. Wilkinson & Son are manufacturing for the Government 150,000 Enfield Martini Sword-Bayonets. The blade has to stand 160 lb. weight on the point without the slightest deviation, and they have also to be struck in a mechanical proving-machine on the back of the edge with a 170 lb. blow.

I regret to have to record the sudden death of Captain Macneill, the Managing Director and Secretary of the Hotchkiss Gun Company. His courteous and gentlemanly bearing will long be remembered by those with whom he was brought in contact.

The theatres—that is those which have good performances to offer—are well supported. The public now-a-days soon learn where excellent amusement is to be found, and those managers who fail to satisfy the public taste will assuredly come to grief. The Napoleon of *entrepreneurs* is unquestionably Augustus Harris; nothing seems to limit his capacity for the most arduous undertakings. His skill, knowledge, and natural genius has made "Old Drury" the central attraction of London evening amusements. In winter he gives you an unapproachable pantomime, which is patronised by the hard-working East-ender as much as it is by the lordly West-ender, and modest Clapham at this period relaxes her stringent rules and patronises Augustus; the North, aye "Merrie Islington," sally forth in crowds, and cheerfully pay the additional fee at the "early doors" so as to be in time and get a good place.

Every Spring—in *secula seculorum*—we are to be provided, it is said, with the Carl Rosa Opera Company—the season of which, alas! has this year only extended over six weeks. So admirably have the operas been given that crowded houses, enthusiastic audiences, have witnessed and listened with delight to the old and new favourites. Augustus—the *entrepreneur* of England—produced Wagner's *Lohengrin*, and, had he played it more frequently, he would no doubt have satisfied an important section of the musical public; but Augustus wishes to provide entertainment for all his supporters; and, with excellent taste and judgment, in the last week produced the *Bohemian Girl*, *Mignon*, and *Maritana*. On each occasion there was a brilliant and crowded audience. Madame Georgina Burns, Miss Marian Burton, and Madame Julia Gaylord must have felt satisfied that their endeavours to please were heartily appreciated, for no favourite air in any of these operas was allowed to escape without an *encore*. Mr. Valentine Smith, Mr. Max Eugene and Mr. Leslie Crotty in *Maritana* sang and acted superbly. Mr. Barton McGuckin, Mademoiselle Tremelli, and Madame Marie Roze in *Lohengrin* admirably sustained their parts; their singing could not be excelled, and satisfied the most exigent of critics. The opening production was *Carmen* which had all the charm of novelty. The mounting of this opera was excellent. Mr. Augustus Harris brought with him from Spain the view of the towers and Moorish gates at the back of the first scene, recalling the cities of Spain more forcibly than anything which had yet been done for this opera. Again in the second act the Posada was represented with far greater accuracy than had been previously attempted; the smugglers, male and female, appeared on horseback in the rocky retreat near the sea, and the procession to the Placero de Toros showed that Mr. Harris's visit to Spain had been turned to good account. For summer a Royal Italian Opera Season will be given, by which enterprise Mr. Harris has stated he expects to lose £10,000, but which all hope will not be the case. A new drama, written by Paul Merritt and Augustus Harris, will be produced in the autumn. In addition I may add that Mr. Harris has become the Lessee of two theatres in Scotland. All lovers of music will regret to learn of the serious illness of Miss St. John, whose admirable performance of *Madame Favart* at the Avenue Theatre attracted such crowded audiences. The manner in which *Madame Favart* was put upon the stage was excellent. The characters were all well sustained, although Mr. Arthur Roberts seemed a little out of his element as Charles Favart. Miss Phyllis Broughton danced as gracefully as ever, and the whole opera was full of go.

It has now been withdrawn, there being no songstress to take the part Miss St. John has so identified herself with.

Those who have not seen the *Private Secretary* on its late revival have lost a treat, as a merrier or more amusing performance could not be witnessed, while the acting was as finished as possible. Mr. C. H. Hawtrey's adaptation is so good that ere long it is hoped he will furnish the public with another specimen of his skill, when Mr. Burnand's *Doctor* has run its course. The Royal Globe Theatre ranks among the best managed in London; there are no fees or gratuities, and the programmes, delicately printed in mauve, are not disfigured by advertisements. Mr. Penley was as amusing as ever, and his sweet resignation and mild manner under the most trying circumstances kept the audience in roars of laughter. "I will take my chattels with me" hit off a certain style of High Church clergyman met with in Belgravia in 1854. Mr. Hill played his part as admirably as ever, and Miss Vane Featherston and Miss Blanche Horlock, two young ladies of very attractive appearance, and possessing charming manners, cleverly showed that the fascinating art of flirtation has not died out in country houses. I have not space to say more than that every character in the *Private Secretary* was admirably acted.

Mr. Fisher, the inventor of the Gladstone Bag, drew my attention to the "Musical Tubes" (Harrington's patent), as a substitute for the loud-sounding gong. They are equally well adapted for hotels, messes, and domestic use, and take up very little room. With a set of eight tubes a variety of tunes can be played by striking them according to the directions given. The tones are so sweet that the most fastidious musical ear, or the most nervously sensitive person could not be pained by the sounds. Every tube is tuned, and *cannot get out of tune*. The eminent campanologist Mr. Haweis—would, I think, approve of the Musical Tubes.

FURLOUGH.



Reviews.

DUELLING DAYS IN THE ARMY. By WILLIAM DOUGLAS. London: Messrs. Ward & Downey.

The author is well-known as the compiler of *Historical Records of the Household Cavalry*, and other works of the class. On the present occasion he has ventured on fresh ground, and so successfully that we trust he will not only reap the due reward of his conscientious labours, but be encouraged to write further books on the model of *Duelling Days in the Army*. The subject is naturally one that lends itself to interesting treatment; but none the less Mr. Douglas has made the utmost of an attractive subject, and there will be few readers of it, we imagine, who will dissent from our view.

THE HISTORY OF BERKSHIRE. By Lieut.-Colonel COOPER KING. London: Mr. Elliot Stock.

A short time ago Mr. Elliot Stock commenced the issue of a series of popular county histories, to be written by "eminent hands" in that department of literature. The present one is devoted to Berkshire, and is prepared in the most conscientious manner by Lieut.-Colonel Cooper King, who has not only in the course of 300 pages given a complete account of Berkshire from the pre-historic period to the present year, but also added thereto a valuable list of books relating to the county. These popular county histories meet a long-felt want, and reflect credit both on the authors of them and the publisher.

CAPTAIN TRAFALGAR. From the French of ANDRÉ LAURIE. London: Messrs. Cassell & Company.

This story of the Mexican Gulf, so popular in the French language, has been rendered into spirited English by William Westall,

himself a story-teller of the first order. Belonging to the series of books of adventure, issued by Messrs Cassell & Co., which have enjoyed such a run since *Treasure Island* and *King Solomon's Mines* appeared, it is bound to win many readers, who will find our commendation of the work not misplaced. The illustrations are remarkably graphic.

JUBILEE PRAYER-BOOKS. Oxford University Press: Henry Frowde.

We have received from Mr. Henry Frowde several choice specimens of the new *Jubilee Prayer Books*, which are got up in a very dainty style, in the best Austrian calf, with an embossed Jubilee design on the side forming a good memorial of the present auspicious year of Her Majesty's glorious reign.

THE CAMPAIGN OF THE CATARACTS. By Colonel Sir W. F. BUTLER, K.C.B. (London: Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.)

Although late in appearing, we venture to predict a long-continued popularity for this account of the Nile Expedition of '84. The brilliant and graphic style which rendered *The Great Lone Land* such a favourite work of travel is repeated in the present volume, while the illustrations are from the pencil of the most popular military painter of the day, Lady Butler. It is rather a pity that they are so few, but what there are fully maintain the reputation of the gifted artist, and give a permanent value to the book. Colonel Butler confines himself as much as possible to a personal record of the scenes that passed "beneath his own glance." He, however, is endowed with wonderful eyes; and though the story of the campaign has been told over and over again, he tells it so freshly, with such force and originality, that no one will think the bulky volume a page too long. While entertaining to the highest degree, it contains a large amount of most valuable campaigning matter, and on this account must be regarded as an important contribution to military history. The work is provided with a capital map.

RECENT BRITISH BATTLES ON LAND AND SEA. By JAMES GRANT. (London: Messrs. Cassell & Co.)

The recent death of the author of *The Romance of War* has called attention afresh to his historical works, among which *Recent British Battles* claims a foremost place. It contains an

account of the whole of the campaigns in which England has been engaged from the Expedition to Perak in 1875 down to the present time. The accuracy and clearness of narration which were Grant's well known characteristics as a military novelist, display themselves admirably in this volume, and place it far above the level of usual works of the kind. For the soldier who desires to be acquainted with the details of recent British battles there exists no better, and certainly no cheaper book than this, which contains nearly 300 illustrations and maps, executed for the most part in excellent style. As a general history of the wars of the past decade, further, it possesses particular value.

THE GREAT SILVER RIVER. By Sir HORACE RUMBOLD. (London : Mr. John Murray.)

Sir Horace Rumbold, of the diplomatic service, has published under the above title "notes of a residence in Buenos Ayres in 1880 and 1881." Nearly six years have elapsed since he left the River Plate, during which the material progress of the country has been accompanied to a large degree by an abatement of those political disorders which previously earned it such an unenviable notoriety. Ere long the locomotive, already reaching the foot of the Andes, will place the capitals of the Argentine and Chilean States within three days' journey of each other, and a new route to Australia will be thrown open. Sir Horace Rumbold gives a very good account of the country, and has added to his work some admirable illustrations.

THE FRIEND OF THE FAMILY, AND THE GAMBLER. By FEDOR DOSTOIEFFSKY. (London : Messrs. Vizetelly & Co.)

The latest addition to the translations of eminent Russian novels published by Messrs. Vizetelly is *The Friend of the Family*, and a shorter story called *The Gambler*, by Fedor Dostoeffsky. The translation we note is by Frederick Whishaw; it is a pity that none of the many Russian translations now appearing are by military translators; because the public, as well as the Government, would feel more confidence in the system of giving bonuses to officers who acquire Russian, if there were visible results of the study of the language having been applied to a practical use. If such officers are above keeping their hand in by translating novels, there are a number of excellent military works by Dubrovin, Kuropatkin, and others, that would be a valuable addition to Eng-

lish professional literature. The present translation fully maintains the reputation of the series issued by Messrs. Vizetelly, and those who have read Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*, or, *Injury and Insult*, will scarcely need to have it recommended to them.

THE GOLDEN HOPE. By W. CLARK RUSSELL. (London: Messrs. Hurst & Blackett.)

Mr. Clark Russell's new novel fully sustains the reputation he has won as a teller of stories of the sea. It is not so terribly exciting as *The Wreck of the Grosvenor*, but it is full of situations of the most dramatic character, and descriptive passages surpassing in vivid realisation anything of the kind in our literature. The chapter entitled "A Terrible Night," is one not readily forgotten by the reader, and Captain Weeks and Old Stone are a couple of characters equalling any of the previous conceptions of the author. The book is full of ozone, and will be relished by the most *blase* novel reader.

MARY JANE'S MEMOIRS. By GEORGE R. SIMS. (London: Messrs. Chatto & Windus.)

Since Mayhew wrote his *Greatest Plague of Life* the conditions and ethics of servantgalism have vastly changed, and when placed alongside *Mary Jane's Memoirs* whole centuries, instead of a single generation, seem to intervene between the two. If Mary Jane has changed, her "missus" has changed likewise, and the social life of both possesses hardly anything in common with that which excited the merriment of Mayhew's readers thirty years ago. George R. Sims, while an equally humorous, is a cleverer descriptive writer, and imparts a dramatic interest to his narrative that never drags throughout the book.

NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD. By HENRY DRUMMOND. (London: Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.)

The amazing success of Professor Drummond's book is testified by the fact that in the original dear edition 50,000 copies were sold, while another 50,000 have been disposed of since the cheaper edition came out. Briefly, it is the attempt of a well-known scientific authority to reconcile religion and science, particularly as applying to "conversion." It is rather startling to find the "doctrine of being born again" declared and demonstrated to be not only logical, but absolutely essential from the scientific standpoint.

Original views of this character, expressed with remarkable clearness of language, have provoked a profound impression, and must have satisfied many minds hovering between science and atheism.

THE STORY OF THE NATIONS: EGYPT. By GEORGE RAWLINSON.
(London: Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

The historical series, describing the growth of the various peoples of the world, ancient and modern, has this month reached the *Story of Egypt*, which is told by Professor Rawlinson, Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford. Recently the public have become pretty familiar with the modern history of Egypt, with which Professor Rawlinson does not deal in the least. His narrative is devoted to an account of the marvellous ancient glory of Egypt, from the pre-historic period until the invasion of the Persians quenched the light of civilization, and rendered the country a land of dust and desolation. Told in a popular and interesting manner, the story is made still further attractive by some seventy illustrations and maps.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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Reviews of Books and Notes on salient matters connected with the Army and Navy will be continued each month.

THE ARMY AND NAVY MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1887.

Six Months of Ocean Tramp.

STRAITS SETTLEMENTS—CHINA—JAPAN—RUSSIA.

By A. PILL, M.D.

If plants could convey to us their sensations on being transplanted to different scenes and climes, they would not be more astonishing than the change which took place in the life of the writer from the active bustle of professional life to the variable monotony of life on board steamship. It was on a black foggy February morning that I found myself on the steam-tug which was to convey me on board the good ship *Pathee*, which was to be my home for the next few months, and which had slipped out of the dock during the night or early morning. After a game at hide and seek amongst the shipping, to the accompaniment of fog-whistles, we found her, and passed on board, and as she steamed down the Mersey I endeavoured to get my cabin as ship-shape as possible before I was forced to resort to it, as I expected to have to do as soon as we got out of the river. The day turned out lovely, and gave us a good view of both banks of the river; and off New Brighton the ship was swung to adjust her compasses, soon after which proceeding, luncheon was announced, and the remaining visitors left us for the shore in the patronising steam-tug that had been up to this time in attendance on us.

Farewells are always painful, and for a man not in the most robust health to have to take leave for six months, at least, of those nearest and dearest to him, is rather a pinch, *but what maun be maun be*, and I soon found I was anything but singular in being

"down" at parting. Everybody had left someone—wives, mothers, sisters, sweet-hearts, &c., so a bond of sympathy knit us all together after the pilot left us, about 8 P.M. Most of us sent later farewells by him, and I actually—to my great astonishment—sat down to, and enjoyed my dinner. Not so, however, breakfast next morning, nor till the Bay of Biscay was passed did I put in a regular appearance at the cabin table, though after the first two days I lived on deck.

The start in a steamer must be a most anxious time to a captain. In our case the crew were, with one exception, all strangers to the ship and one another—fresh-shipped in Glasgow—and if ever an opportunity were desired to acquire the accent of that far-famed city of the North, it was afforded on board the SS. *Pathee*. Of this more anon. But besides the crew being fresh, two of the officers were new to the service; one, the chief, only joined the day before sailing, and the third was also new, added to which the captain had only recently been appointed to the ship *as captain*, having held the post of chief officer on two of three previous voyages. So we nearly all had to shake ourselves into our new position, none more so than the Doctor, who, as the sequel will show, was never intended by nature for a sailor.

Our ship was sound—iron, of course—admirably found in everything by first-class and liberal owners, who went on the principle of doing everything thoroughly and well, even to lading their ship, which was "deep" with a heavy cargo of iron of every description, from old horse-shoes to tramway-engines.

We were going-out about fifty-one souls, all told, to whom I was gradually introduced. The captain I had made acquaintance with before starting, and never was a kinder-hearted or better fellow than my friend, as I always hope he will remain, Captain Dudley. I never, the whole six months I was with him, saw his brow clouded for more than a few minutes, and then chiefly when the ship was approaching some "awkward" part of the voyage, but that he had a temper, and a decided one, was frequently evinced by the way he would, as with sledge-hammer, completely demolish an argument at the cabin-table. He was thoroughly devoted to his work, and never spared himself a moment. Living, as I did, with him in close personal communication for six months, for he allowed me to share his chart-room, I would not wish for a better specimen of a mercantile marine captain. His chief officer, Mr. Kumshaw, joined the day before I did, and was a most peculiar character. According to his own showing he had private means sufficient to live on shore, and we were therefore sorely

puzzled as to the *why* of his coming to sea. He was of Scotch extraction, educated at Aberdeen; had read an immense deal of good class literature. He could be very pleasant, and to me invariably so, but he was the most miserably mean man I ever met. He was a rabid chartist and non-conformist, and an intense reader of newspapers. No sooner was a mail delivered on board, and he had read his own letters, than he was about foraging for newspapers. I got into dreadful disgrace once, and once only with him by lending him a copy of *England*. He shouted, he ran aft, he raved, and, as the quartermaster, who heard him, expressed it, "gave it me hot." He seemed intensely anxious, and after each letter he received, he always came to talk his wife over with me. I should add, he never wore uniform, and was most untidy and unsailor-like in his rig and person. The second officer was Irish by name, though he denied he was so by birth; was a contrast to the chief officer, specially neat and dandified in his sea-going uniform; he used frequently to go to "adonise" himself, as he expressed it. He was as rabid a Tory as the chief officer was a Rad., and consequently arguments were fierce and frequent over the cabin table. He had been educated at Christ's Hospital, and sometimes indulged us with dictionary words and curious expressions. One day he astonished us by asking the captain if he knew the name of *the man who manipulated the cargo*, meaning the stevedore; on another occasion we were amused by his asking "What is the name of the company of which — and — (naming two ships) are the component parts?" After leaving Christ's Hospital, he went to the *Britannia*, which he had to leave owing to his father's death. He had been in every class of ship, even on a filibustering expedition. He was, as he told me, the "navigating officer" of the ship, and thoroughly well he knew and did his duty; still he was the most unpopular man in the ship; he had never a good word for anybody, and was quarrelsome, though he did thoroughly his duty to his ship and owners.

The third officer was a quiet, gentlemanly young man, well up to his work, who was as beloved as his seniors were detested; the captain and he were equally liked, and I personally took very kindly to him, as he was shipmate with one of my sons on board the *Worcester* training-ship. We did not see him at meal times, except in port, as he had to relieve the officer of the watch, and take his meals afterwards in company with the steward. All these officers held masters' certificates.

Our chief engineer, who completed the cabin mess, Mr. McTownie, of Dumbarton, deserves a chapter, if not a volume, to

himself, were I to narrate all the doughty deeds performed by this gentleman since he quitted Dennys Yard, in Dumbarton, as they were told over the saloon table, I should require not only an inexhaustible memory, but my readers would think I had been emulating Baron Munchausen; suffice it to say, there was one thing he confessed he could *not* do, viz. ride on horseback. An admirable engineer, thoroughly conversant with all branches of his profession, he thought he knew all others equally well, and consequently "put his foot into it" sometimes. A very kind-hearted man, exceedingly fond of badinage, *if not addressed to himself*; but if anything touched his dignity, it was a case, as the sailors say, of "stand by." He and our passenger, who I will describe shortly, were sadly down on me because "I didn'a speak wi' a Scotch accent, and a man with a Mac to his name." [I was so horrified at my deficiency that I dropped the Mac from my name ever after.] Well, our passenger—we had only one on the way out as far as Penang—was a Mr. McGlasgie of that ilk; he was a draughtsman in a ship-builder's yard in Shanghae, and had been home and got married, and was returning to seek fresh employments in China. He professed to be one of the "unco guid," and was going to lead us all in the right track. Unfortunately, however, our arrival at Shanghae removed the mask he wore so deftly, though some of us suspected he had over-acted his part. He was always growling that the ship did not go fast enough, not nearly so fast as the one he went out in before. This, of course, brought him into perpetual collision with his friend the chief engineer. The above constituted our cabin party. Our chief steward—a very military-looking individual—tried to "bos" the ship. I believe he was a good fellow at bottom, but very bumptious, and never recovered from the insult he felt when a photograph was taken of the "officers" of the ship which did not include him, but did include the three junior engineers. He had two understewards and a Chinaman under him, as well as two cooks and the mess-room waiter. There were besides, 4 quarter-masters, 10 seamen, and 21 Lascar firemen, who made up the tale of our crew.

After taking my meals for four or five days in the Captain's chart-room, which, being amidships, was far more free from motion than the saloon, I was able to join the cabin party on the day that we passed Cape St. Vincent, when we sighted some six or eight steamers homeward bound. After a rough, rolling night we reached "Gib," of which we got a good view—passed a French troopship homeward bound from Tonquin—also saw Apes Hill on the African

Coast; duly made our number on passing signal station. Had the pillars of Hercules pointed out to me. Next day a nasty ground-swell kept me out of the cabin. The Scotch waiter who came and asked me what would I take for breakfast, on my making a very modest demand, almost looked pitifully at me and said, in such a quaint voice, "There's fush and chawps," as if a breakfast without either of these articles was no breakfast at all. A run of 248 miles nearly satisfied our passenger. Rising early next morning I got through the glass a splendid view of Algiers, prettily situate close to the sea, with a suburb to the eastward. Temperature is much milder, though I was astonished to see the mountains inland to the town of Algiers covered with snow. Towards sunset the weather got cooler, and we lost sight of Africa for the present. Next morning early a delightful spicy aroma was wafted to us by the east wind which was ahead, as almost without exception the wind seemed to be throughout the voyage. The following day we signaled Gozo and Malta, but the next three or four days we "enjoyed" a considerable rolling which was credited to the Gulf of Lyons. On the thirteenth day out we reached Port Said; in the afternoon anchored opposite the town, and went ashore to the Agents. Our "unco guid" passenger had told us that *he* would not go ashore to such a Sodom and Gomorrhah as Port Said was; and, to our astonishment, nearly the first person we met after leaving the office was Mr. McGlasgie! and, meeting him again in a billiard-room after midnight, we doubted his consistency. After returning on board to dine, we went ashore to spend the evening, and heard a very decent opera troupe from Marseilles, in "*Si j'étais Roi*." The town of Port Said seems to be all sand; large streets at right angles to each other; and a polyglot sound of conversation reaches the ears as you "prospect" through the streets. It was a great treat to feel one's feet on "terra firma" for a few hours, even when the land was sandy.

Six o'clock the following morning saw us in the Canal; we had a nervous, slow, French pilot, the parting with whom, at Ismailia, was a subject of congratulation. His successor, on the contrary, was a most agreeable fellow, with plenty of "go" and conversation; he had a son being educated in England, feeling assured, as he said, "that English was the language of the future." He was two nights on board; the second being due to a mud barge having sunk and blocked the canal, obliging us to wait for its removal. The second afternoon, when tied up at Kilometre 146, we went to the station to inquire, by wire, when we could go on, and found a most intelligent Greek telegraphist, with whom I had a long conversa-

tion. He was teaching himself English by the Ollendorf method. He treated us to "café à la Turque," and invited us to return again in the evening, which we assented to; a prolonged debate on politics, in the French language, ensued, he gave me some fossil arrow-heads which were dug out from the bottom of the canal—and we had a most affectionate parting. Going through the Bitter Lakes we had a trial of the speed of our good ship, deeply-laden as she was, and we ran nine miles in $48\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, or nearly $12\frac{1}{2}$ knots.

Got out of the canal at Suez, and without stopping, were boarded by Agent's launch, which brought us letters, and we were off on a three weeks' spell of steaming (I omitted to mention that we took in coal at Port Said). We passed quickly down the Gulf of Suez, saw Mount Sinai in the distance, and expected to be in the Red Sea in the morning. Passed the Brothers and the Dædalus reef; a ship, *Clan Buchanan*, which left Canal the same time as we did, coming up with us; next day she was level with us, but did not pass; next day she was in sight ahead; the following day she was out of sight; the next night, however, we passed her laid-to, and did not see her again till we met her in the Canal on our return voyage.

The monotony of the voyage was varied by a dead calm, sometimes followed by a day's rolling, more or less wind, sighting vessels. One day an exhausted shore bird, of a pale fawn colour, the size of a thrush, came on board. Another day we were annoyed by disagreeable smell, as of animal or vegetable decomposition; on my mentioning it to the captain, he calmly assured me it was *only the Red Sea*, whereon someone irreverently "guessed that Pharoah and the Egyptians who followed him took a long time decomposing." The butcher, however, was, we found, the guilty party. Perim, a new coaling station, in the more direct track of the vessels than Aden, was passed and signalled. Two days after Cape Guardafui was reached, and we were in the Indian Ocean. Here we perceived a variety of steamship not usually seen; a large harbour-dredger navigating out to New Zealand, and going a good steady pace. We passed south of Ceylon, visible through the glass, and did not smell "the balmy breezes"; though our chief engineer broke out in a poetical vein, and insisted on my criticism, which, I must confess, was decidedly favourable. The following night, however, I had a serious shock. I had "turned in" for the night, and was lying half between sleeping and waking, when someone stealthily entered my cabin and commenced overhauling the things in the upper berth. I was soon on to him, and found it was our Chinese cabin servant.

who said "he came for an old newspaper, and had made a mistake in the cabin." He did not visit me again so late, as I provided myself with a good stick, and promised him a warm reception if he repeated his "mistake." Two days after this saw the revolving light on the island Pulo Rondo—strong winds and currents against us. Temperature getting hot as we neared the equator. Passed Pulo Jerra, getting derricks prepared to discharge cargo, and got to Penang on a lovely Sunday morning. Some little time before we were boarded by the pilot we were carefully steering through some fishing nets, which are fixed to long bamboo poles, when, on touching one, spite of our care, the captain was saluted with a volley of oaths in the English tongue, which convinced me that at any rate the worst part of our language was readily acquired. Soon we were boarded by the Malay pilot, a splendid fellow, six feet high, with a magnificent beard, in Eastern dress and slippers, who took charge, and anchored us amongst the shipping at Penang. Before we had been there an hour our ship was surrounded by lighters, and gangs of Madrassees were discharging the cargo. After dinner the captain and I went ashore, and I made acquaintance for the first time with that delightful conveyance a jin-ric-sha. Visitors to the Colinderies will have noticed two of these conveyances there; they originated, I believe, in Japan. When you yet accustomed to the motion and learn how to "fix" yourself in them, I do not know a pleasanter conveyance. They resemble a headed-gig, are very light, and drawn by a "boy," in the Eastern sense of the word, between the shafts. The pace they go, and the "last" of these ric-sha men, specially the Japs, is perfectly astonishing. The town seemed to teem with population of all nations and languages, chiefly Eastern, of course. English residents learn Malay; but "pigeon" English suffices for ordinary travellers. We saw what appeared very fine buildings, and a European hotel, which we visited for refreshments, was first-class, especially in its charges.

Early next morning I accompanied the steward ashore to do his marketing. The size, the variety of species of fish truly surprised me; fowls were plentiful and cheap, and everybody was on the move at a very early hour. After breakfast I went ashore again with the captain, and presented a letter of introduction, and went out to tiffin with my friend at his country house. The Eastern foliage on the drive out was charming. On returning to the town I met my captain, and we drove out in a "gharry," a vehicle with jalousies at the side, to the waterfall; here we found some admirably laid-out grounds, and on ascending a hill we came to a tank, in which we were "requested not to bathe." Higher up is the

waterfall ; it needs a good climb to reach it. We dined at a restaurant in town, and then spent the evening under the guidance of the Sanitary Inspector, visiting all the "lodging-houses"—Chinese, Japanese, Malay, Clings. The great attraction of the Chinese ladies seemed to be their singing, which, to a European ear, was monotonous and the reverse of attractive. The Malay women look most peculiar with their gold nose-rings. The numbers occupying each house were astonishing ; also we visited Chinese and Japanese theatres. Next morning I joined my friend at his inspection visit at the hospital, as I found that the Colonies—at any rate these Eastern ones—are wiser in their generation than the mother country, in that they still continue the Contagious Diseases Acts with great advantage to all classes of the population. I returned on board to tiffin, and though we expected to sail soon after, we did not start until 11 P.M., owing to the slow progress our Madrassees made with the work of unloading and reloading. I found we had the Surgeon-General of the district and a Parsee gentleman as first-class passengers to Singapore, and nearly 200 coolies on deck for Hong-Kong. It was very interesting to watch the habits of these coolies ; the contractor who shipped them had his servants and cooking apparatus "forward," and at fixed hours they were supplied with food, chiefly rice and decayed dried fish ; what fish it was I could not learn, but there was no doubt it "smelt." The contractors also had provided a "fantin" table to enable the Chinese to indulge their passion for gambling. It was astonishing to see rough-looking coolies, who seemed to possess only what they stood up in, and that was not too much—produce and "plank," to use an Americanism—their dollars on the table, or rather mat, on which the game is played. The method of playing is somewhat thus : an oblong flat piece of tin is laid on the mat, the tin is numbered in Chinese numerals from one to four ; the gambler stakes his money on the sides as numbered, or on the corners, in which latter case he gets only half the stake. The croupier—I suppose he must be called—squats on one side of the mat and places a large handful of Chinese *cash*, well-polished by frequent use, on the mat ; these he covers as far as it will go with an inverted metallic cup ; next he begins with a stillette to withdraw the cash not covered by the cup ; as soon as he has taken these, he looks round with a stealthy cat-like eye to see that everybody intending to play has placed his stake, as after he has raised the cup no more can be staked, he then slowly and deliberately withdraws the cash by fours till at last there are only one, two, three, or four left. Whichever number remains wins, and then follows the settlement ; and then the game begins again,

de capo, only to cease for lack of players, or meal-times. Our chief engineer and head steward thought they saw their way to breaking the bank, and the latter made the experiment, and was convinced of its failure when he had lost £5. Our Chinese waiter, though Christianized, was unable to resist his national love of gambling, and "dropped" a similar sum. I took considerable interest in watching the opium-smokers; the process by which they prepare the opium for smoking seems far longer than the actual smoke, which does not consist of many whiffs, after which the smoker lies back on his uncomfortable Chinese pillow, which fits the nape of his neck, and goes off into the land of dreams. An opium-smoker is readily detected by his pale, haggard, washed-out countenance, emaciated muscles, and generally debilitated appearance. I had these peculiarities specially pointed out to me in hospital at Hankow, and also had the opportunity afforded me of visiting two of the largest opium-smoking shops in the French settlement in Shanghai.

The doctors will not undertake to perform any operation on an opium-smoker.

I made my first acquaintance with mosquitoes at Penang, and I suppose I possessed a great attraction for them, as if there was one anywhere about he generally singled me out as a *bonne bouche*, and the bites swelled up tremendously, on one occasion the swelling on my feet was quite of an erysipeloid character as after the reduction of the swelling the skin peeled off, and I was so lame I could hardly crawl half the length of the ship. I tried all the remedies I could think of, or that were suggested to me, but without avail. I was frequently asked, Why don't you get a net? I need not say I had a net, but if any parts of your body, especially your feet, touch the side of the net, which is a most likely circumstance on a hot night, they "nail" you as sure as fate.

Little over a day and a half brought us to Singapore, where our first-class passengers left us. The Surgeon-General, who was going on to Hong-Kong, thought he would get there earlier by taking a "Messagerié" boat from Singapore; but on this occasion he miscalculated, as the Messagerie boat was detained at Saigon, and we reached Hong-Kong 26 hours before her.

We arrived at Singapore a little before dark. The scenery on entering was very picturesque; the turns and twists the vessel had to make in her course presented a series of little bays to view in quick succession; the tropical foliage, its different hues, the Malay huts and villages, built over the water on piles, all reminded us that we were in eastern climes. We were, before long, moored at

the wharf and had dined, when, on returning on deck, a curious sight met our view: fires were lighted on the wharf, and black forms flitted backwards and forwards with great regularity to and from the ship, carrying baskets on bamboo-poles between each two of them—these were coolies carrying coal to fill our bunkers. Later or in the evening we got into a gharry, and went up to the town some considerable distance from the Tanjonpaga wharf. Here we met some “old chums” of the captain’s from Sydney, and went to see *Pinafore* played at the theatre by a Juvenile Opera Troupe from Sydney, none of whom, barring the manager, were over eighteen years of age. I never saw better “business” on any stage. They interpolated and acted the “Midshipmite” song between the acts, which had a very telling effect. After watching some billiard matches at the Hotel till rather a late or early hour, we “gharried” back to the *Pathee*. Nevertheless, I was walking on the wharf before breakfast in the morning, revelling in the tropical scenery and the novel surroundings. Numerous vendors of shells came in boats alongside, offering us parrots, monkeys, sponges, malacca canes, fruit, cigars, and “Balbriggan” hosiery, and boys in canoes were diving for pence which they caught before reaching the bottom.

I went ashore to present my letters of introduction, but found two of the gentlemen away, and another out, whom I saw after four attempts. The only man I found at home insisted on my dining with him at his mess, where four or five young men resided in bachelors’ quarters together. Earlier in the day I had been all over the town with Mr. McGlasgie the passenger. We “tiffened” by chance at the same hotel, and, after being joined by the captain, were sitting smoking in the verandah when the young ladies (or girls they quite looked off the stage) of the Opera Company passed on their way to or from rehearsal. Of course the captain, who had been introduced, saluted them and raised his hat, and they smiled a bow in return; but Mr. McGlasgie took umbrage at this, and next day informed all at the table on board that he was shocked at them, and “that a Glasgow lassie wadna have smiled in that way,” which produced a roar of laughter, as nobody had ever learned that Glasgow lassies were so chary of their smiles. After dining with my young friend I joined the Captain and friends at the hotel, where we made a party to visit the Chinese theatre. If noise is a great charm in acting, then I give the *pas* to the Chinese actors, who seemed very much flattered at being visited by several English actors as well as a numerous following. The sanitary arrangements of the theatre were conspicuous by their absence. Smoking was allowed—and much

needed it was. The actors rushed on and off the stage in a manner which we could not comprehend. A stabbing trick was admirably well done. You apparently saw the large sword rammed up to the hilt in an actor's chest, blood flowed, and a most realistic scene ensued; after which the wounded actor came forward and showed himself intact and happy, and was duly applauded.

Guided by our young Australian friend, we made a raid on a coffee stall, and had eggs beaten up in coffee, and cakes, an *al fresco* entertainment which, however agreeable both to us and the stall-keeper's pockets, was not included in our original programme of the evening's entertainments. The most amusing fact was that we were all hopelessly ignorant of the language, and I should imagine that the dollar with which the stallkeeper was presented, would make him pray for a similar visitation very often.

In the course of my wanderings with Mr. McGlasgie I learned how to deal with the natives. We spent near upon two hours about one shop, whilst he bought a crêpe shawl for his wife. I tried to profit by the lesson, and purchased a Chinese backgammon board and men for precisely half what I was originally asked. I certainly profited by this instruction in future dealings in China and Japan, and, if not too lazy to take the trouble of "dealing" themselves, I imagine Englishmen might save a great deal in their transactions in the East—especially if they could thus do away with the middle-men's profits. A military band played at some gardens a little way out of town, to which I had purposed to go, but time failed me.

A custom, prevalent in the East, struck me forcibly as a "new chum," namely, the habit of giving "chits" for everything. No resident seems to think of carrying money to pay for anything; it is far easier to write a chit or promissory note, which is presented at his office either the end or beginning of the month, and duly paid by the compradore or cashier. My host at Singapore did not even pay the gharry-driver, but told him to call at the Office the following morning, though I offered to pay him. The habit must, I fear, lead to extravagance.

Singapore seemed to be a great emporium for trade, vessels making it a centre of communication from Europe, China, Japan, Manilla, Java, Dutch Settlements in the East, and last, not least, a direct line of steamers to Western Australia, and round the northern coast by Queensland to Sydney.

I had noticed in the hotel, and elsewhere, the advertisement of a Dutch quack-doctor, but I did not expect to have the honour

of being introduced to him; but having occasion to visit the Doctor who had come on with us from Penang, I called at the hotel, and the native servant, catching only the first word of my inquiry, showed me up with all due ceremony to this man's consulting-room. I made my bow and speedy exit, and subsequently meeting Dr. H. in the court below, told him of the mistake, which caused us a hearty laugh.

It was very little I saw of the ship whilst at Singapore, and next morning at half-past ten, we were off to Hong-Kong. We had picked up a first-class passenger for Shanghae, a young clerk, suffering from chest disease, who had been sent down to Singapore from Shanghae for a warmer climate. The next day, Sunday, was quite a red-letter day in our calendar, as far as excitement went, as the steward had to collect the passage tickets of the coolie passengers. Some ten of them were found wanting in tickets, some had sold them in Singapore, others had lost them at the fantin table; however, the steward, who well knew how to manage them, tied all their pigtales together, and took them aft on to the poop, where they were all tied up separately. All the officers came on to the poop—it being just after tiffin—and, the Chinese pantry-servant acting as interpreter, they were interrogated. Most of them, though pleading poverty, had dollars in their boxes, which were turned out on investigation, and some three or four who could not pay were let off. This proceeding did not tend to foster love between passengers and crew, and those of us who had revolvers were advised to have them loaded and handy, as coolies have been recorded to have taken possession of ships from time to time; and what made our position a little more uncomfortable was that in the cabin aft at night there were only the steward, the head and front of the offending, the Doctor, two passengers (one an invalid), and two cuddy servants. Though nothing happened, this kept us all on the *qui-vive*. Our passage to Hong-Kong occupied a week almost exactly, as we hardly ever exceeded eight knots an hour, squalls and head-winds being against our faster progress. One day we passed at some distance off another ship belonging to the same firm, which we saluted with house flag, and whistled, to the engineer's great delight. The entrance to Hong-Kong is rather intricate, but our captain brought us in in an admirable manner, and just outside the harbour we were boarded by the Chinese pilot, who was also the ship's compradore, *i.e.* the man who supplies all the ship's wants in a port, representing the ship-chandler of European ports, who brought us to an anchor in a very good position in the harbour, almost in the centre, and one in which we

could gain a very good impression of the size and beauty of the port.

HONG-KONG.

We had hardly dropped anchor before a quarter-master informed me that the captain was waiting for me to go ashore with him. Almost as soon as the engine stopped, the ship was surrounded by junks, and I was accosted by a very pleasant-looking Chinese young woman, who presented me with her card, which informed me she was a "dobie," or washer-woman, and would be happy to wash for me, mend my clothes, sew on buttons, &c. Whether she eventually had that honour I never knew, as the under-steward looked after that "pigeon" for me. Our first visit on shore was to the compradore, who, though a Chinaman, was a British subject, and spoke very good English; his firm rejoiced in the style of "Bob and Jack." Our ship had been stationed at Hong-Kong as an armed cruiser the previous year during the Russian "scare," and Bob and Jack had given a Chinese dinner, supplemented, however, by champagne and other European and American drinks, to a lot of the officers of the vessels, the memory of which "feed" time had certainly not effaced—in fact, rather enhanced.

Hong-Kong, from our anchorage, was a magnificent sight, with the numbers of vessels of all nations lying at anchor, of all sizes and rigs, besides which there were junks and sampans innumerable; the houses from the water's edge, towering one above another up the sides of the hill on which the town is built: all tending to impress the visitor's mind with the greatness and importance of this British possession.

On landing, we found the buildings in the main street very handsome; large granite pilasters supporting a balcony all along one side of the street, far higher and lighter, but somewhat reminding one of those at Berne. Then the theatre and the Government buildings display evidence that British capital has utilised Chinese labour to some purpose. We "tiffened" at the club, to which I had an introduction, and in the afternoon "assisted" at the military athletic sports—here, as elsewhere in the East, using the inevitable jin-ric-sha, or rickshas, as they are vulgarly called. We were most courteously admitted to the pavilion, and had a very good view of the sports; the running of the Sikhs was very plucky, but was for the most part unsuccessful against their European competitors.

After dining on board, we returned on shore and went to the theatre to see the *Lily of Killarney* by the *Mascotte* company, several members of which were colonial friends of our chief engineer and steward, and we were consequently taken "behind,"

as well as placed in the best seats "in front," amongst naval and military officers in evening dress, which rendered us rather uncomfortable, as we were not similarly attired. On returning on board, we had great difficulty in finding a sampan, and were pleased at the police precautions, as they took our names, and ship, and the number of the sampan before allowing us to proceed. The people in the boat, not knowing our ship, rowed us round the harbour for a considerable time. An appointment at the office on the following day precluded going to church, as we had intended, but in the afternoon we took jinricshas and went out to see the "Happy Valley," where is situated the race-course, and also the cemeteries of the different religionists. The largest and best kept was the Protestant burial-ground, where, amidst foliage, both European and tropical—amidst the incessant chirp of cicadæ, were placed some of the most eloquent, as well as the most ornate monuments, erected by the living to the departed, it has ever been my lot to behold. Apparently, no man-of-war, or regiment, had quitted the station for "home" without leaving a record, and a very handsome and permanent record, of those of all ranks, from the highest to the lowest, whom disease or their country's service had "called away" during their tour of service. There was one monument which specially attracted my attention, placed by the Freemasons to one of their members, evidently of high rank in the craft, which must have cost a very large sum. Into a granite pillar were let Masonic emblems in stone of masonic blue colour, and on three of four sides of the base were engraved what I am led to believe were extracts from Masonic charges. There were other Masonic monuments handsome, but not approaching in beauty the one I have so feebly tried to describe. The number of Masonic emblems on ordinary tombstones could not fail to strike the spectator, and impress him with the universality of Masonic science.

The Roman Catholic cemetery, though not so carefully tended, contained some splendid sculptured monuments in white marble, most artistically carved, and which could hardly have survived had they been exposed to the open air in Northern Europe. On our way to the Happy Valley we had to descend a steep hill; down this our ricsha men rushed as hard as they could run, and I confess I never felt more uncomfortable in my life, or, as my friend expressed it, "my heart was in my mouth." I knew no Chinese to make the fellows stop, which, by the way, I doubt if they could have done, so great was the impetus, and I learnt afterwards that they understood or did not understand pigeon English, as they found it con-

venient. These men attached themselves to us, whether we wanted them or no, from the moment we got on shore to the time we left it again these men with their "ric-sha's" followed us about the streets till they became a nuisance. We were to have gone in the evening to a garden up the hill "topside" where a band plays, but the expedition did not come off. We met our late passenger the Surgeon-General in the road, and rallied him on his leaving us to get on quicker in the Messagerie boat, and losing a day by it; and, as we were sailing the next day, he insisted on our dining with him that evening, and we did not require much pressing, as a shore meal is always a treat after some months of the monotony of sea-feed. We went on board early to write letters, as I had an appointment next morning at the Military Hospital. Here I arrived before Dr. H., who came up in a chair carried on coolies' shoulders. I saw one in the Colonial Exhibition, with some very emaciated models of coolies in it, and the "affiche" on it stated it was used by ladies, though I saw numbers of gentlemen, notably military officers, using them. A peculiarity is, that the military hospital is on board ship, and the naval hospital on shore. I was lent a Government boat, manned by Chinese, to go to the "Meanee," the military hospital, with an introduction to the surgeon on duty, who most courteously showed me over his hospital ship, and took me back to my own ship, where I found out we were not to sail till the afternoon, and so my kind friend took the captain and myself ashore, our sampan following us.

In each port a sampan is engaged to wait upon the captain of the ship and take him to and from the shore; this our captain made me free of, and we usually went ashore together, but often when he did not require it he placed it at my disposal. Our sampan at Hong-Kong contained—and was the abode of, day and night—a family of three generations: there was the mother, who commanded the boat, her married daughter, a nice-looking girl, who pulled stroke oar, her husband, also a lad about twelve, a little girl about eight, who usually steered, and another about five, who acted as nurse to her little niece, the stroke-oar's baby. If the wind were anyway favourable a sail was hoisted, and this eight-year old young lady used to make me feel quite nervous by the plucky way in which she sailed the boat close to the wind, greatly to the amusement of my captain. On joining the ship after tiffin, I found we were giving a passage to a Shanghae pilot who would take charge of us off that port and pilot us in. Our compradore Bob came on board and handled the big ship admirably through the crowd of shipping, steered us through the famously difficult Lye-e-moon

pass, jumped into his steam launch, and we waved our adieux to Hong-Kong.

Our passage to Shanghae was comparatively slow; we had a strong monsoon and current against us which made the sea rough, and we had plenty of rolling; one night the fog whistle was going all night, as the numerous Chinese fishing boats pursue their occupation at a great distance from land. We found our Shanghae pilot, who was an American by birth, a great acquisition. He had a vast fund of information, and, having been employed in the comparatively recent war between the French and Chinese, was able to give us many details which we could not otherwise have learned, relative to the tactics on both sides, which did not impress us with any great idea of the courage of the Chinese when opposed to European enemies. We saw a good deal of Captain C—— after our arrival at Shanghae, and he was exceedingly kind in giving me introductions to people there who put me in the way of seeing everything possible during my stay. One evening, when 110 miles off Shanghae, the captain called me up to see three or four rocky islands, one surmounted by a light-house, the new moon shining on them forming a very picturesque scene, which would have delighted the heart of any lover of art who could have transferred it on to canvas. The bar at Woosung at the mouth of the river leading to Shanghae is only passable by deep vessels at certain states of the tide aided by the wind, and we greatly feared we should have to lie at least ten days outside this bar. At 3 A.M. on the morning of the fifth day from Hong-Kong we dropped anchor some miles from Woosung, at the outer bar, and at 7 drew up opposite the fort. Our captain went ashore in the compradore's boat and drove up by road to Shanghae. It was pouring with rain and blowing half a gale, so I declined his invitation to join him. He returned in the afternoon, when the harbour-master boarded us and placed us in another position nearer the fort. We were anything but pleased to find that whilst we were drawing $20\frac{1}{2}$ feet there were only 18 feet of water on the bar, and so lighters were sent down from Shanghae to relieve us of some of our cargo. All our passengers left us next day, going up to Shanghae in a launch "run" by a Chinese woman between Shanghae and Woosung; it was a miserably rainy morning, but happily cleared up in the afternoon, and enabled us to "take stock" of the Chinese fort. We were also favoured with the sight of two very neat corvettes belonging to the Chinese navy, which steamed out to the outer bar and back to their anchorage. We were in close proximity to innumerable man-of-war junks, each carrying from three to seven guns, which were said to be used

against pirates, but we never saw them out of port. The next day, Sunday, the captain renewed his offer to take me up to Shanghae, whither he was going again, which I accepted with the proviso that I might take my bag and stay at the hotel till the ship arrived up at the wharf, as there was nothing to be done at Woosung, and the pilot had given me an introduction to the landlord of the Astor House, the first hotel there. We were landed at the mouth of a little creek which was crowded with junks, the inhabitants of which gave vent to their hatred of Europeans by shouting out "Foreign Devils" to us, which did not affect us greatly, and at the head of the creek we found carriages for hire, of one of which we availed ourselves, and drove over a very fair road to Shanghae, about twelve miles. I learned that this had formerly been a railroad, but the Chinese Government, in their fear of "foreign devils," had bought up the railroad and destroyed it as a railroad, leaving only the road fringed by telegraph posts as a memorial of their exclusiveness. I learned afterwards that the Chinese stole the timber of the bridge, which required strict supervision on the part of the police.

Here I might mention that, at the time of the war before referred to, large vessels were sunk at the Woosung bar, leaving only a narrow passage through which it was possible for ships to pass, and besides this a hulk laden with stones was moored ready to be sunk on the earliest report of the near approach of French ships, to close it completely. The drive up to Shanghae was anything but pleasant, a cold wind and rain-showers meeting us. We met one or two similar conveyances to our own, some jinrichas, and the peculiar Chinese wheelbarrow which I saw here for the first time; its wheel and handles are similar to the European barrow, but the centre is raised, having a seat on either side somewhat similar to two old-fashioned garden seats arranged *dos-a-dos*; on either side of this people sit, or luggage is carried; the sitter *appears* very uncomfortable, riding with both legs swinging over the side, or one foot resting in a rope stirrup attached to the front of the vehicle. A new feature in the country was the number of graves in the fields by the side of the road. In a sanitary point of view, perhaps, this separate burying of the dead—"as the tree falls there it lies"—may be more wholesome than the aggregation of a number of bodies in a defined area, but it strikes a stranger as peculiar. I presume the custom arose from a desire to keep their dead in close proximity with the living. The graves varied in construction from simple lumps of soil to well-built tombs; some were in a sad state of decay. Whether there were any inscriptions I could not ascertain. At several places, actually along the sides of

the road, sometimes, however, in the fields, a little apart from it, were men and women weaving the blue dungaree linen so constantly used by the lower orders of Chinese for their clothing. After a little over an hour's drive we began to see the tall masts of the shipping and the warehouses of Shanghai. After driving through a part of the settlement, chiefly occupied by Chinese, we drew up at the door of our compradores, "Cheap Jack & Co." The names adopted by the Chinese are peculiar. There was another firm of ship's compradores nearly next door, who traded under the style of "C. D. Jack & Co."; this puzzled me till I learned it meant "Chop Dollar Jack and Co.," as interesting an appellation as our friends at Hong-Kong, "Bob and Jack."

SHANGHAI.

We soon found ourselves at the Astor House, and, having got myself installed in a good room, we went down to "tiffin." A quantity of small tables scattered over a large room, plenty of "boys" (waiters), some seven courses and dessert, including the inevitable curry, admirably served, soon put us in good humour with all around us. Then a ride in rickshas up into the town, accompanied in our shopping by a most gentlemanly young Chinese—who we afterwards saw a good deal of at Hankow—who interpreted for us at the shops, and made himself most agreeable. Then we found it was necessary to discover the second officer, who was on leave, and was to have returned by steam-launch to Woosung. This obliged us to go up to the junction between the French settlement and the native town whence it started. Whilst waiting here we saw natives actually come and take water for drinking purposes from the filthy river. In some streets close by we saw numbers of Chinese prostitutes sitting in the doorways and passages of houses in broad daylight, their faces painted thickly, and "patched" all over, their feet tied up into exquisitely small size. Some of these poor creatures were hardly twelve years old; they are sold by their parents when small children, avowedly to be brought up to the "profession." In a long conversation I had with a French *gendarme* he dilated profusely on the *tristesse* of the *habitude Chinoise* in matters of morality, for the repetition of which many of my readers might not thank me.

Our second officer not turning up (he was wanted to remain in Shanghai to "tally" the cargo which was come up in the lighters) we returned to Cheap Jack's, as the captain had ordered his carriage to return to Woosung; but after waiting a few minutes at the comprador's, in walked the second officer, and he received his orders to

remain, and we saw the captain off on his solitary drive to Woon-sung. Mr. J—— and I then walked ourselves tired, tramping over the settlement in every direction, and I made Mr. J—— happy by inviting him to dinner, and a smoke in my room afterwards. I found myself in very good quarters, a large well-furnished bed-and-sitting-room combined, with bath-room attached, three good meals a day, everything included for three dollars per diem. There was a large reading-room, bar and billiard-room in one, where there was a fireplace or stove, I do not know how to describe it; suffice it to say that anything warmth-giving was very desirable that evening. Here I made myself known to the landlord, an American, and as good a "sample" of the race as one need desire to see, a fine, tall, gentlemanly man who quite fulfilled the promise his appearance gave you. He insisted on my breakfasting with him at 7 o'clock the following morning, and going with him to market, and being introduced to various people. I joined my host at breakfast, having declined the proffered and preliminary "cocktail" in which he indulged, as he said, from habit, and, after a very nice breakfast, we started off to the Chinese market; here I saw any amount of novelties, fish, flesh, fowl, game, fruit, some tempting, others the reverse, but so numerous that my recollection of them got decidedly "mixed." The variety of cereals used as food struck me, more especially the young and what would be reckoned immature plants in use for food, *e.g.* the shoots of peas and beans in a very early stage, and I was informed they were a very palatable and wholesome food. My friend took me to the British Consulate and Court House, a handsome substantial building standing in its own grounds; here was pointed out to me the magnificent red granite monument to the memory of Bowlby, the *Times'* correspondent, and party who were murdered by the Chinese. I was then taken to see the public gardens which are on either side of the road which leads from Hongkew to the bund close to the river, by which they are bounded on one side. The gardens were beautifully arranged with walks and beds filled with variegated European and Eastern flowers. The trees were chiefly tropical, camphor, &c., well grown and strong. The gardens made an interesting promenade for the European residents. The Chinese are excluded from them, but in 1885 addressed a memorial to the Council, representing that, as ratepayers, they had a right to partake in the enjoyment of them, and complaining of the hardship of exclusion. The Council's reply was to depend on the wishes of the ratepayers at their annual meeting. The objection to the admission of Chinese was,

as admitted by themselves, that their great number would render the comparatively small area uncomfortable to Europeans.

In addition to the garden, there are ferneries and greenhouses containing plants of all species, and from various countries. At one extremity outside the garden boundary, on the bund, is a monument to the memory of the Europeans who fell while fighting under the orders of General Gordon, of Chinese and Khartoum fame. The Bund at Shanghai is, I should guess, from the Hong-kew end to the further extremity of the French concession, nearly three miles long. On the land side are enormous houses, palaces they might almost be called, occupied by the Banks Insurance Offices, merchants' places of business, and residences for their employes; one of the most magnificent buildings was the Freemasons' Hall, which is the joint property of all the Masonic bodies in Shanghai hailing from England, Scotland, and America. The Grand Lodge room was splendidly lighted and decorated, and would have done credit to Great Queen Street for taste and arrangement. There were several other lodge-rooms, and a club with reading-room, bar, &c. My conductor evinced so great a pride in showing me all the arrangements of the establishment, that I "guessed," and rightly too, that he had somewhat to do with them himself.

Facing the bund is the river, and here lie the men-of-war, British, French, Russian, &c., the mail steamers, and also floating hulks belonging to the large merchants, from some of which hulks the river steamers up the Yangtse-Kiang start two or three times a week. The wharves for the cargo steamers lie lower down the river at Hong-kew; at one of these our ship lay on her arrival. After passing three or four hours very pleasantly, being hospited, I went off to present some letters of introduction, and on my return to the Astor House to tiffin I discovered our pilot there, and learned that owing to the lightening of the vessel, and a favourable wind raising the water on the bar, he had been able to bring her up that morning, and I should find her at the wharf; so I gave notice to quit my room, and, having tiffined, rejoined my ship in the course of the afternoon, though it was not the last time by many that I tiffined and dined at the Astor House. Next day, after a morning spent in looking at some of the wonderful shops, and indulging in a little "dealing," I went out to tiffin with our agent's representative at his private residence up the Bubbling Wells Road, a suburb of Shanghai much affected by the residents. I met here the Treasurer of the European Hospital, who courteously invited me to visit it, and promised me an introduction to the acting-

surgeon. I met him at the club to which I had been previously introduced by our agent, an introduction of which I freely availed myself, and for which I ought to and do heartily thank the members. He drove me in his cart to the Hospital, and introduced me to the doctor. It is a fine building by the side of the Soochow Creek, and has accommodation for two or three classes of patients. There were paying patients, civilians, and officers from the men-of-war; then sailors from the ships also paying, but on a different scale; then, again, there were the usual run of non-paying patients. This Hospital was nursed by some French sisters; and there was also a wardsman who prepared the instruments and assisted at operations, &c. &c. There were also infectious wards. It was necessary for the doctor and some of the sisters to be polyglottists, as all nationalities seemed to find the Hospital a haven in their trouble. I met here frequently the surgeon of one of the men-of-war, who, like myself, was "keen" for professional work. Next day the captain and I took a vehicle and a country drive up the Bubbling Wells Road, and a considerable round to see the country, returning close outside the wall of the Chinese town and through the French settlement. Though walled towns still exist on the Continent, the fact of every town in China of any size being enclosed within a wall, and that wall after their manner fortified, appears strange to Englishmen. We made an expedition into the Chinese town, which may as well be narrated here, though it was after our return from Japan. Outside the entrance we were met by a man who spoke "pigeon" English, and informed us he was a guide, and showed us his credentials—the card of a surgeon of one of the P. & O. boats. We had learned that it was safer and wiser to engage a guide, rather than to trust to our own bump of locality to find our way out, and the advice was fully justified by our experience; though one of our sailors—a little fellow, too—told me he had gone alone, but had been dreadfully hustled and mobbed. Our guide took us to a good many shops, presumably those of his own friends, to induce us to make purchases; but beyond a Chinese compass, some fans, and some wonderful material for scenting one's linen, which did not effect its purpose, he was not successful. We were pestered by innumerable beggars, from whom, I fear, we received the reverse of blessings when we shook our heads negatively, with the usual "No, sabe," to their long-winded complaints. We found the irregularly-paved streets very trying walking, and after about two hours of it, following the guide at a rapid pace, at which the Chinese all seemed to walk, we cried "Hold! enough," and soon were piloted back to the gate by which we entered, and after gladdening

our cicerone's heart and hand with a dollar, we, with great pleasure, resumed our seats in our jin-ric-shas, and went off to the ship, having seen and smelt enough of Chinese native town for one lifetime. Very rarely do the English residing in the settlements visit the Chinese native town. So many Chinese live in the settlements that nearer acquaintance needs not be sought.

Our guide insisted on our visiting a tea-house on an island quite in the centre of this Chinese town; the water which surrounded this island was of the filthiest description; the house shaped exactly like the one on the willow pattern plate, with which we used to be so conversant. He took us into all the rooms up and down stairs, I presume, telling the people who we were (as far as he knew), and we attempted some remarks, partly pigeon-English and partly through his interpretation. The customers, who seemed chiefly occupied in taking their tea and smoking opium, did not receive us ungraciously. We were also conducted to a yard where were large earthenware tanks containing gold fish of notably large size, some of which possessed wonderfully fan-shaped tails; they were for sale, and I afterwards learned that a ship captain had made a very good "spec" by taking a large quantity of them to New York.

(To be continued.)

The Greek Army.

By CHARLES MARTEL.

IN considering the relations of England to Greece, in connection with the development of the Eastern Question, it is necessary to recall briefly the close alliance which has always been maintained in later years between our diplomacy and the fast-growing power of modern Athens in the Mediterranean. During the fifteenth century the districts which form modern Greece fell into the hands of Venice and Constantinople, the subsequent wars between those two Powers resulting in the Archipelago and continental Greece remaining in Turkish hands, the Ionian islands in those of Venice.

In 1797 the latter were ceded to France by the Treaty of Campo Formio, but were retaken by Russo-Turkish forces two years later, proclaimed an independent republic in 1802, and placed under Russian protection by the Treaty of Amiens. The Treaties of Tilsit and Vienna, in 1807 and 1815 respectively, dealt extensively with the Seven Isles, which, in the latter year, became an independent state under British protection.

In 1821 came the Greek insurrection, ending, upon the refusal of Turkey to accept the mediation of England, France, and Russia, with the battle of Navarino in 1827, and the Russo-Turkish war the two following years, which, besides an increase of Russian territory, brought about the independence of Greece. This independence was confirmed by the London Conference of February 1830, which placed the country under the protection of the same three Great Powers, who, on their part, contracted not to place on the throne any member of their reigning families.

Otho, Prince of Bavaria, was elected King in 1831, but dynastic and religious causes, joined with a want of sympathy between prince and people, militated against him, the authority of his Government rapidly diminished, and, in 1862, he was obliged to leave the country. It was this stipulation which invalidated the election of Prince Alfred by 230,016 votes out of 241,202.

Prince George of Denmark accepted the vacant throne, with the understanding that the Ionian islands should be ceded by England. By the treaties of July 1863 and March 1864, Greece, with these islands, formed an independent and constitutional State, under George I. and his descendants, remaining, at the same time, under the protection of the three high contracting Powers.

The King has all the prerogatives of a constitutional monarch, the executive power is entirely in his hands, while he shares the legislative power with a single chamber, the Senate having been suppressed on his accession.

The Greece of to-day includes 19,353 square miles of territory, with a population of over two millions. Greece is rich in mountains, bays and islands; its geographical position affords unusual maritime facilities for its people. The country is divided into so many water-tight compartments by its mountains; as for the military value of the recruits, peasants who can thrive on a single meal a day of maize and a few vegetables steeped in oil require no great forethought as regards commissariat arrangements.

In order to understand the system of recruiting it is necessary to touch lightly upon the administrative system of the country. The kingdom is divided into thirteen departments, each with a prefect and assistant prefect, the departments into arrondissements, with a sub-prefect, the arrondissements into cantons, with a mayor, who holds office in the chief town and has representatives in other communes, while the parish forms the lowest administrative unit. The sub-prefect and mayor are assisted by councils duly elected; the prefect holds office in the chief town of the department, and is the authority on all questions of recruiting, being represented on all commissions by a secretary.

It is sufficiently well known that the Greek population in the Mediterranean is numerous, wealthy, intelligent, and enterprising, but it is, perhaps, not always sufficiently remembered that while other nations are resting peacefully, in blissful ignorance or carelessness with regard to the colossal changes about to ensue in south-eastern Europe in the immediate future, Greece, true to her traditions, has made ready for every sacrifice in order to fulfil the mission of Hellenism in the East. All the words and acts of her statesmen and her people impress us with the conviction that there is a fixed determination in the country to take an active share in the impending crisis.

"We must prepare," said M. Coumondoros to the Chamber in 1876. "we must organize our forces by land and sea. The existence of a nation which cannot maintain its independence, its

honour, and the integrity of its rights may be tolerated, but will always be despised. We are not inspired in our present action by any crisis or circumstance; our convictions are of old date, constant, unconquerable. Small nations may exist in a neutrality guaranteed by powerful rivals, but such an existence is only suitable for a nation with no mission to fulfil in the world; for us the only wise and far-seeing policy is to be always ready and never to neglect, as no nation does now neglect, the dearest interests of the fatherland."

The existence of the Greek army in its present modernized form is of comparatively recent date, and it is unnecessary to conjure up past glories of distant ages in order to understand the existing organization.

Before the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78, and during that campaign, Greece was in a state of ferment, but was helpless from her want of military power. It is true that the forces of the country made a late entry into the field by crossing the frontier the very day after the Adrianople armistice was signed, but this was more a diplomatic than a military act, and its intention was, not to provoke a war, but to bring the Greek questions prominently before the Powers at the then impending settlement, and to affirm once again the pretensions of Hellenism.

The Greek army in February 1878 was not particularly formidable. There was no organization worthy of the name, few officers, finances at a low ebb; so bad, indeed, was the case of the army that all units other than the battalions were abolished and these bodies were filled up with reservists in order to form so many centres of attraction for the insurgents in Epirus, Thessaly and Macedonia. But this crisis taught the people a valuable lesson; after the stirring events of 1877 it was universally felt that Greece could no longer lag behind and expect an army worthy of the name without resorting to conscription.

Greece had been the last continental Power to give way to the temptation, but it was evident that it was a question either of cutting a ridiculous figure before a Europe in arms or of accommodating the means of the country to the ends in view by the help of an intelligent organization of the rough material.

The laws that bear date November 1878 form the great turning point in Greek military organization; they bear a very distinct resemblance to the French law of 1872 which was confessedly the model held up for imitation, those measures only being rejected which appeared foreign to the sentiment and constitution of the country.

Briefly, the law demanded military service from all men between the ages of twenty-one and forty; foreigners were excluded, substitution suppressed, and dispensations from service made provisional only. Exemptions were permitted for — (1) physical infirmities; (2) sole supports of families as determined by law; (3) students in army and navy schools and candidates from the military schools; (4) clergy recognized by the State, and students at recognized theological colleges; (5) Jews, 5 per synagogue, as declared necessary for the services.

Before this law came into force the Greek army could muster in all some 12,000 men only, recruited by the drawing of lots and owing 3 years' service in the ranks and 3 in the reserve. The laws of 1878 substituted an army composed in principle of all men between 21 and 30, together with a reserve of all men up to the age of 40. Although there was no very accurate civil census of this time, it was assumed that there were 120,000 men between the ages of 21 and 30, from which number 16 per cent. would have to be deducted for exemptions; there remained, then, in round numbers, 11,000 men on an average for each of the 9 classes of the active army. The adoption of this law showed in a strong light how primitive and unreliable had been the civil and military system of former times.

On the promulgation of the law the mayors, by proclamation and notices on church-doors, informed the population that a register was being prepared of all males under 40 fulfilling the conditions required by law, this being a preparatory step rendered advisable by the absence of any reliable civil census. The declarations of age were obligatory, and were made in writing. The mayors made out the lists for their cantons, which were verified by local commissions taking evidence from house to house; these were then posted upon the notice-boards in each commune. The second part of the operation began by a formal inquiry into the numerous objections urged against the lists. This in its turn being completed was forwarded to the sub-prefect, who submitted it to a fresh commission sitting at the chief towns. The decisions of this body could only be invalidated by the lower courts of justice, whose decisions were irrevocable. The whole procedure occupied nearly six months.

Every birth is now regularly notified, the mayor forwarding the register for the past year to the administrative authorities during the first week in January, who, by the end of the month, complete the recruiting lists, or "army catalogue" as it is called, and forward it to the departmental recruiting council.

During the first week in February the prefect assembles the departmental council of recruiting, which proceeds to all the chief towns of the canton, presides over the drawing of lots, and, finally, adjusts all matters relating to exemptions, classification of conscripts, terminating its labours by the middle of April.

The main results gained of this law, which is now in full operation, may be summed up as follows:—A definite and reliable knowledge of the capabilities of the country, and a regular adoption of registering and recruiting; next, a groundwork for estimates of the numerical strength of future levies, together with a regular liability for all classes of men without exception.

The National Guard, or *Landwehr*, was placed under the Minister of the Interior and organized in each commune. It was divided into mobile and sedentary guard, the former being a regular service with the age liability, as expressed by law, the latter a last reserve of youths from 18 to 19, and of older men, 41 years and upwards. On mobilization both bodies passed under the control of the War Ministry.

In estimating subsequent improvements in military organization achieved by successive ministries, we should mention that, in 1879, the peace effectives of the army numbered 19,091 men, with 1,367 horses and 288 mules, capable of expansion on a war footing to 35,136 men with 2,044 horses and 3,323 mules. The absence of suitable tactical control has been already noted; against it we may add some 7,000 partially-trained men who remained over and above for the formation of fresh units. In this year the army was in a state of transition as service did not become obligatory till 1880. In the latter year the laws of 1878 came into force. Placing, as they did, a far larger contingent at the disposal of the authorities than had, up to that date, ever been controlled, they profoundly modified the balance between army and reserve. We must also mention that the Tricoupis Ministry, which came into office in 1879, passed a new law on the organization of the army, while political events aided in evolving a solution of the army problem somewhat at variance with original intentions, but rendered necessary by the situation of the country at the time.

The Greek army in 1880 somewhat deserved the name of an army of cadres that was bestowed upon it, the great aim and object of its reformers having been to render it capable of expansion at a reasonable cost.

The cardinal point in the Tricoupis scheme was the separation of the rifle battalions, and their distinct formation as a service army as opposed to the line battalions, squadrons, and batteries, which

formed the army of instruction. In former times the whole army had aided in frontier duties and police work, but the work had to be differently ordered if the new levies were to be trained in accordance with the needs of modern war. This was effected by an increase of the gendarmerie, which measure released the line from many onerous and irksome duties, while the rifle battalions, with their volunteers and longer service performed the frontier work, leaving the mass of the army at leisure to devote its time and energy to training recruits, an economical and numerical gain, the importance of which will escape no one. Towards the end of 1880, and during 1881, those serious events took place which happily ended with the cession of a large tract of country in Epirus and Thessaly to Greece by Turkey, thereby preventing a war which at one time seemed imminent. The military preparations of Greece during that period are very instructive. In November 1880, the army was increased to a strength of 47,000 men; volunteers poured in from Russia, Egypt, Italy, and France, while temporary changes of organization were effected by an elastic interpretation of former laws, which is one of the distinguishing and most provoking characteristics of the Greek system, but which rendered it possible to place some 60,000 men under arms before the end of the year.

In January 1881 came a royal decree fixing the composition of the forces, but neglecting the national guard, whose convocation is only legal on absolute declaration of war. The infantry, by this decree, were increased to 81 line and 9 rifle battalions, the cavalry to 3 brigades of 5 squadrons each, and the other arms in proportion, the effectives eventually amounting to the following:—

	Men.	Horses.	Mules.
War Ministry and Army commands	218	89	—
Infantry	57,825	640	4,160
Cavalry	2,856	2,487	—
Artillery	6,942	2,746	1,250
Engineers	4,634	54	390
Gendarmerie	5,342	316	—
General Services	204	11	—
Sanitary	2,755	96	700
Administrative	1,166	119	600
Posts and Telegraphs	18	—	—
Military Instruction	162	—	—
Chaplains	32	—	—
Total	82,154	6,558	7,100

Here we may mention that the terms employed in Greece for

the military hierarchy are all derived from the military terminology of ancient Greece; but as these curiosities of literature are somewhat out of date, it appears best to give them an approximate English equivalent.

The forces above enumerated far exceeded the strength of the active army of operations ready to take the field. If Greece could have manœuvred 40,000 men beyond her frontier, it would have been her greatest effort. In February M. Coumodoros declared that the improvement effected, and numerical strength attained enabled Greece to take the field with serious chances of success, and that all was ready for an offensive campaign, the harbours and coast defended, torpedoed extensively prepared, and heavy guns mounted. The latter end of March would be the most favourable season for the Greek army to assume the offensive. By consulting the opinions expressed at the time, we find a general verdict agreed upon that the numbers mentioned could be arrived at, while a provisionary call upon the national guard would place under arms 114,000 men of all ranks. The gendarmes were to be employed in the strong places, horses were purchased in France and Hungary, heavy guns in England, Gras rifles in France, while 2,000 volunteer sailors joined the flag, and a marvellous activity was displayed in all departments of army and marine.

The affair came to nothing, but the subsequent occupation of the ceded districts, effected by successive zones, bore somewhat a resemblance to a military advance, while this relatively considerable operation was performed in a highly satisfactory manner.

The army was divided into Western and Eastern forces; the former—consisting of 4 line and 3 rifle battalions, 1 mountain battery, 1 engineer battalion, and 2 squadrons of cavalry—occupied the district of Arta, in Thessaly. The Eastern force—of 18 line and 6 rifle battalions, a brigade of mountain batteries (42 guns), 8 field batteries, 2 engineer battalions, and 8 squadrons of cavalry—occupied the district of Karditza.

The crisis was over for the time, but the energy of the Government and the persistency of the people did not relax. "Persuaded as we are," says M. Tricoupis, on assuming office on the fall of the Coumodoros Cabinet in 1882, "that the crisis in the affairs of the countries which surround us is imminent, we shall occupy ourselves zealously with the military and maritime preparations of the country." He considered, and his countrymen were with him in considering, the laws in force unsatisfactory, and in consequence a series of reforms shortly afterwards passed into law affecting almost every portion of the active army.

The laws of 1878, besides their general bearing already noticed, divided those fit to bear arms each year into two categories ; those included in the first category, about 2,800 in number, were held to serve in the active army for three years ; but the majority, or infantry contingent, were only retained for two years, and even this in many instances was reduced, so that the average length of service exceeded but little fifteen months. Those of the second category in the infantry were called upon to serve for one year with the colours, but had the option of six months and a money payment of 100 frs.

No army whose inner mechanism was of so fragmentary a description could be expected to give satisfaction, while financial resources were incompatible with three years' general service.

The leading feature in the recruiting laws passed in July 1882 was the adoption of a uniform service of one year for the infantry, and two years for the other arms ; this short liability being compensated for by all men able to bear arms being obliged to spend one year in the ranks, and this period a year of real and unremitting exercise.

The duration of military service remains as before, 19 years from the age of 21 to 40 ; the length of service is one year for the infantry, two years for the other arms ; eight years in the reserve of the infantry, seven years in the other arms, and ten years in the national guard.

The active army, therefore, as it now exists, includes the men of the last levy fit for service, and a portion of those of the penultimate levy, in addition to re-engaged men and volunteers. The reserve is made up of the seven youngest classes, with the exception of the youngest of all, of those of the penultimate class who have finished their year's service in the infantry, and, lastly, of those whose services with the colours are temporarily dispensed with, but who are classed with the nine youngest levies. The national guard is formed of all men who have served their regular time with the active army and the reserve. The method of drawing lots is similar to that holding good in other great European States ; the men are first chosen for cavalry and artillery, according to the chance of the lots and the supply demanded from each canton, the infantry receiving the residue. Exchanges are permitted between men in special corps, and those in the infantry ; furlough is granted for one month during the year, but this has to be made good in reckoning service. Men incorporated in special arms join on the 1st July of the year they become liable for service ; half the infantry contingent join at the same time, the remainder on the 1st of

December. This measure is important, as at no period of the year is the army particularly weak. Voluntary engagements are allowed for from one to four years in the rifle troops and line battalions, from two to six years in special corps, from three to four years in the gendarmerie. Lance-corporals, soldiers, and buglers are allowed to re-engage in their own arm to complete four years in the infantry, ten years in the rifle troops and gendarmerie, six years in the other arms; non-commissioned officers can continue in service for fifteen years in all if they are under fifty years of age.

A further law passed by the Tricoupis Ministry in July 1882 dealt with the War Ministry and the localization of the active army. The War Ministry is now divided into thirteen sections, as follows: (1) Head-quarter's Staff, dealing with general organization and instruction, roads, telegraphs, transport, statistics, foreign armies, &c.; (2) Recruiting; (3) Infantry; (4) Artillery; (5) Engineers; (6) Public safety; (7) Military law; (8) Medical service; (9) Administration; (10) Commissariat; (11) Accounts; (12) Press; (13) Registration and library. The active army is formed in three great commands, with head-quarters at Larissa, Missolonghi and Athens. The Larissa command includes the provinces of Larissa and Tricala, with the departments of Phthiotides and Eurytania; the Missolonghi command, the provinces of Achaia, Zante, Corfu, Cephalonia, Aeta, Aetolia and Acarnania; the Athens command the provinces of Attica, Boeotia, Eubœa, Arcadia, Messenia and Corinth. Each command has a General of Brigade in command, and a staff of thirteen officers. The Greek staff consists of the officers of the staff corps, of those who have passed a satisfactory examination at the war school, or a similar military establishment abroad, and, lastly, of superior officers who succeed in passing a certain standard fixed periodically by royal decree.

The infantry of the Greek army consists of 27 battalions of the line, and 9 rifle battalions of 4 companies each; each company has four officers, 23 non-commissioned officers, and 88 men, or 110 of all ranks; the rifle companies are 130 of all ranks; thus each battalion of the line includes 458 men, and the rifle battalion 582 men on a peace footing.

The cavalry numbers 3 regiments each of 4 squadrons; each regiment has 500 men and 436 horses. The artillery has 5 brigades of 4 batteries each; each field battery consists of 123 men and 87 horses. The engineers are in all 3 battalions of 4 companies each; each company is 116 and each battalion 478 strong.

In each great command there is an intendants direction and seventeen sub-directions. The establishments for military instruc-

tion include (1) preparatory schools for adjutants and sub-lieutenants of infantry and cavalry; (2) the Piræus military school; (3) special schools for non-commissioned officers; (4) regimental schools. The military school has two branches; the first preparatory, the second military. The first lasts four years, candidates for admission being 13 years of age, fifty admissions taking place each year. The second course last three years, the candidates being not under 17 years old. On leaving this establishment, those who have passed with honours are promoted into the engineers and artillery, and sent abroad for two years to study the systems of foreign armies. The remainder join their corps and serve two years before promotion to commissioned rank.

The Gendarmerie consists of three inspections of 210 infantry and 16 cavalry "brigades"; the former number 5,250 men, the latter 272 men and horses, the full strength thus amounting to the considerable total of 5,649 men.

The administrative services of the army are confided to a special corps of officers, selected as follows:—(1) From sub-lieutenants and adjutants of the army with good qualifications; (2) By promotions from the higher non-commissioned ranks of the administrative service; (3) by competitive examination of youths between twenty-two and twenty-seven, who have certificates of education, or who have been apprenticed to banking-houses for three years.

In case of war it is expressly laid down that the effectives of the various corps and services above enumerated may be raised to any numerical strength determined by royal decree, while new corps may be created by the same instrumentality. It is also laid down that foreign officers may be consulted, and their services made use of in studying the organization of the army of the kingdom in order to increase its efficiency.

By the laws which we have briefly summarized, the army was made to consist of 27 line and 9 rifle battalions, 3 cavalry regiments, &c., or a peace establishment of 24,760 men, without counting the gendarmerie.

Judging, however, by official documents, we find that on the 10th July 1884, the effectives were 80,008, as follows:—Infantry, 17,964; artillery, 8,083; cavalry, 1,568; engineers, 2,072; accessory services, 1,229; and gendarmerie, 4,087. This was an increase of 2,058 over the numbers in the preceding January, which in their turn showed an increase of 4,450 over the numbers in August, 1883, and show us that fully two years were taken in reaching the effective peace strength authorized by law.

Greece is in possession of some 150,000 good modern rifles, the

majority of the Gras system, besides a number of chassepots, Myloná's, and other kinds. Nauplia and the Piræus are the chief war-ports of the kingdom; the former, with its docks, arsenal, and powder factories, is the Woolwich of Greece. In heavy guns Greece possesses a number of Armstrongs, besides Krupp pieces of 7 c. 5 and 8 c. 7, with La Hitte guns and various old pattern bronze and iron weapons.

The natural defensive capabilities of the country are well-known. As regards fortifications on the frontier and points of support in the interior, these are conspicuous by their absence. The works at the Piræus, on the Islands of Lipsos and Salamis have some military importance. They comprise some dozen forts, with three or four guns each; the soil is very rocky, and the command of the batteries over sea-level varies between 50 and 250 feet; the parapets are only 2 feet 6 inches high, and 20 feet thick; the extension given to these works is considerable, but they are of more value against a light naval attack than against a landing party; three lines of mines were laid down near the harbour, and at the east and west entrances of Salamis Bay in 1886.

The native breeds of horses are small, but robust, hardy, and suited to the hills; the greater part of the cavalry remounts come from Hungary, although there are some 35,000 horses besides 18,000 mules in the country. The Greek infantry are hardy marchers, trained to fatigue and mountain warfare, and excellent marksmen.

In the last crisis, so nearly productive of a war which would undoubtedly have crushed for many years to come the military power of modern Greece, the Government adopted the method of procedure which answered so well in 1878; it retained under the flag those men whose time of service had rightfully expired; it called up five classes of reserves, enrolled volunteers, purchased horses, and made ready supplies with a lavish hand. Lastly, the war fleet was got ready for sea, and the authorities boldly announced that they were ready to place 90,000 men in the field.

By the aid of the brief sketch we have made of the organization of the army during recent years, we can judge how far this estimate was just or exaggerated. The active army consisted of the

Classes 1883-1884, all ranks about . . .	31,000 men,
Five Classes of Reserves, 1878-1882 . . .	55,000 „
Marine	4,000 „
Volunteers	8,000 „
Total	98,000 „

If we deduct from this total the usual percentage for non-effectives, deaths, &c., for both the active troops and the reserves, we shall find that, as regards the rough material, the statement of the strength of the armed forces of the country was not exaggerated.

One unfortunate result of the last crisis for us was that the masses of the people were deeply incensed at our action in holding them back from rushing to their destruction. Now, if another Power stood behind Greece and supplied the country with the means for mobilizing and rendering efficient the 200,000 men of the various classes of the army and national guard, in this case Greece would become an important factor for the decision of the Mediterranean problem.

French diplomacy certainly did not score a success at Athens during the recent crisis. To intrigue with and encourage Greek ambition, and then to sneak away and leave their friends to get out of the mess as best they might, was certainly no very magnificent achievement for a "great nation." As for Russia, the other great European centre of disturbance, she has never ceased to intermeddle with Greek intrigues. The insurrection of 1821 was started by Prince Alexander Hypsilantes, a phanariot in the Russian service; while, later on, Capodistrias, who was appointed president for seven years, had a similar training. Although the former failed, and the latter was assassinated, Czarism still played with the revolutionary fire, and it has been almost forgotten that during the Crimean War the Greeks sided with Russia, made inroads into Turkey, and were only suppressed by an Anglo-French landing at the Piræus.

But, alone, the present power of Greece for offensive operations is limited from want of the accessories which go to make up an army fit for field service. Greece has a large heart and a small body, and is perpetually striving for a large share of the good things in south-eastern Europe when the day of settlement arrives. The introduction of military instruction into the daily life of the country, and the corresponding exercise of youth to a healthy discipline,—this is the great principle enunciated so often and so vigorously by public men in Greece, and carried out so zealously by all classes of the population. It is this principle that forms the great lever for the regeneration of that potent Hellenism which rendered the glory of ancient Greece so powerful and so lasting, and it is by carrying through this programme of self-discipline that the statesmen of modern Athens will gain renewed vitality and lasting strength for the institutions of their country.

Of all those questions quickly ripening for decision, that of the

balance of power in the Mediterranean is perhaps the most important. The danger of a combination of France and Russia aiming at the virtual exclusion of other nations from free and unimpeded use of this world's highway, has been growing *pari passu* with the southern march-mancœuvres of the Russians, with the development of the eastern conquests of France, and with the natural attraction that the two States have for one another in view of the preponderance of the central European alliance. We are at present assisting at the curious spectacle of a republican government aiding and abetting the most autocratic government in the world to place that "Cossack boot on the neck of Europe," of which Napoleon warned his nation.

But a Franco-Russian domination in the Mediterranean would mean an extinction of all those hopes and aspirations which now find such free utterance at Rome and Athens. Not only Italy and Greece, but all other nations interested in the freedom of highway and balance of the great European lake are bound to resist all attempts of Franco-Russian diplomacy to dictate the law to the rest of Europe on a matter of such common interest.

Although Greek sympathies in the past have been with Russia, and in the present with France, the position of pure negation which would be forced upon the country by the successful accomplishment of the new "idea" must force itself upon the notice of Athenian statesmen. We believe it is already understood that even the traditional rivalry with the Ottoman Power is of far less importance to the future of Greece than the manner in which the country prepares to grapple with the newer, more dangerous, and more lasting danger.

British Relations with Bunder Abbas and Kishm.

By CHARLES RATHBONE LOW (late) L.N., F.R.G.S.

BUNDER ABBAS, or Gombroon, in the Persian Gulf, opposite the island of Ormuz, is now one of the least-known places in that inland sea, but between two and three centuries ago it was a port of considerable opulence and importance. To participate in its trade was the bait held out by the great King of Persia, after whom it was named, to the East India Company, to induce them to assist him by the aid of their ships in dispossessing the Portuguese of the island of Ormuz. For 100 years after Albuquerque established Portuguese ascendancy in the Persian Gulf, both the Turk and Persian sought to dispossess the European power which then more than any other represented the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent.

In 1552 the Turkish Government sent from Bussorah an expedition of sixteen thousand men against the Portuguese, under the command of Peer Bey, described by Fraser as a "veteran pirate"; but though he took Muscat, after a month's siege, he was foiled at Ormuz, and had to retire, after plundering the town. During Albuquerque's tenure of power, he received at Ormuz an embassy from Ismael, the founder of the Sophi dynasty in Persia; and here, when in his sixtieth year, he was seized with the illness which carried him off when within sight of Goa, though his biographers attribute his death chiefly to mortification on receiving notice of his supersession in the viceroyalty by his mortal enemy, Almeida, and a denial from his sovereign of the title of Duke of Goa, which he had solicited. For upwards of one hundred years the Portuguese trade with Bussorah and the ports of the Persian Gulf flowed through Ormuz; but the year 1622 was destined to see the extinction of their power and commercial greatness in this inland sea, for there was no officer of the genius of Albuquerque to

uphold the flag, and the sun of a race rivalling his in maritime greatness was rising in the East.

The first year in which a ship of the English East India Company entered the Persian Gulf on a trading venture was 1618, when the Surat factors despatched a vessel to Jask, not far from the entrance to the Gulf; and the venture being successful, regular trade was opened between the ports in the Persian Gulf and Surat and Bantam. Shah Abbas and the Company suffered so greatly from the exactions and insolence of the Portuguese, that an agreement was entered into, in 1622, for a joint expedition against Ormuz, which was crowned with complete success. Shah Abbas was overjoyed at the conquest; but all the magnificent plans which he had formed for having a great seaport, terminated in his giving his own name to Gombroon, which he commanded to be, in future, called Bunder Abbas, or the Port of Abbas. The hopes which the servants of the East India Company had cherished, from the expulsion of the Portuguese from Ormuz and their other possessions, were also doomed to disappointment. The agreement made by Shah Abbas to obtain their aid, by which it was stipulated that all plunder should be equally divided, that each should appoint a governor, and that the future customs, both of Ormuz and Gombroon, should be equally shared, was disregarded, as regards the two first clauses, from the moment the conquest was completed.

Another article of the treaty entered into between the allies was that all Mahomedans made captive were to be given up to the King of Persia, and all Christians to the English. Mr. Monnox, the agent of the East India Company, in reporting the fall of the island, boasted of his humanity to the prisoners, but added, "I must trust to Heaven for my reward, for the Portuguese are but slenderly thankful." He also soon found how illusory were the sanguine anticipations expressed in a letter from Ispahan to his masters in England, "that their dear infant [a term applied to their commercial factory at Gombroon] would receive new life if the King would but keep his word." After the fall of Ormuz, we find the same gentleman stating that no benefit whatever can be expected from that possession unless it be held exclusively by the English. But any expectation of even partial advantage was soon dispelled by the positive refusal of Abbas to allow the English either to fortify Ormuz or any harbour in the Gulf, though the Persian monarch renewed the treaty made in 1615 by Mr. Connoek, and granted an additional firman, allowing the English to purchase Persian silks and bring them to Ispahan without payment of duties. The chief advantage, therefore, gained by the

Company on the destruction of Ormuz, beyond half the customs levied at the Port of Gombroon—which in 1632 yielded £1,650, though it gradually decreased in amount—lay in their having broken the power of a hated rival in the Persian Gulf, in the waters of which they were now supreme. They were only permitted to occupy two houses at Gombroon, “lest they should give a building the strength of a castle”; and in other respects the great success achieved by the Company’s sailors brought their masters much trouble and pecuniary loss, as a general impression prevailed in England that vast booty had been acquired by the Company and their officers at the capture of Ormuz, which had been carried to their account by their factors at Surat. When, therefore, the Company’s home fleet of seven ships was fitting out for the venture of 1628, claims were made by the King as “droits of the Crown,” and by the Duke of Buckingham, Lord High Admiral, for a proportion of the prize-money which their ships were supposed to have obtained at Ormuz and elsewhere. For the purpose of establishing a ground for these claims, references were made by the King and the Duke of Buckingham to Sir Henry Martin, Judge of the Admiralty, and other civilians, to ascertain the King’s and the Lord Admiral’s rights; the former to a proportion of prize-money belonging to the Crown, the latter to one-tenth of the prize-money in right of his office.

The first question appears to have been admitted, the governor and directors not feeling it to be their duty to dispute any point with His Majesty; the second demand they resisted on the plea that they had not acted under any letter of marque from the Lord High Admiral, but only under their charter, and contended that he had not any right to a tenth of the prize-money, which had arisen from their having made prizes of ships, or taken plunder from their enemies. In order, however, to substantiate the claims both of the King and the Lord High Admiral, Captains Waddell, Blyth, Olevinger, and Beversham, were examined, also the several officers of the Company’s ships which had made prizes in the East Indies from the Portuguese, and, particularly, those officers who had been employed at the taking of Ormuz, from which it appeared that the total amount of prize-money was about 100,000 dollars, and 240,000 reals of eight; but this calculation was made without taking into view the charges and losses incurred by the Company in their equipment, or by their ships being called off from commercial engagements to act as ships of war. While the suit was pending, the ships of the season were stopped at Tilbury, the Company “put in arrest,” and all their solicitations to the King and to the Lord

High Admiral rejected. Eventually they were obliged to compound by paying £10,000 to the Duke of Buckingham to discharge his claim, and received an order from Sir Edward Conway, the Secretary of State, to pay also £10,000 to the King. Thus terminated this episode of the conquest of Ormuz; but though it caused immediate pecuniary loss to the Company, the gallantry displayed by their seamen, and the skill and conduct of their officers, raised the British name in the estimation of Oriental Governments, which recognised in the new aspirants for maritime supremacy in the East a race whom it would be advisable rather to conciliate than to defy. Twenty years after the occupation of Bunder Abbas, the Dutch, having attained an ascendancy over the Persians, sent eight ships to Bussorah, where they almost ruined the English factory; also by their extortionate demands at Gombroon, the factory at that port likewise fell into so precarious a situation, that the Company's property was removed thence, and sent to Bussorah in June 1645. The Gombroon factory, however, still continued a small business, and, on the outbreak of war between the Mogul and the King of Persia, there was a great improvement, the carrying trade being exclusively conducted by the Dutch and English ships; it was necessary to retain a footing at Gombroon, in order that the Company might realise the moiety of the customs acquired by their seamen at Ormuz, which varied every year, and in 1648 amounted to 635 tomans, or about £1,900, though their fair proportion was estimated at £15,000 per annum.

When the Afghans conquered Persia, Bunder Abbas shared in the turmoil caused by the unsettled state of affairs, and on the Beloochees attacking the factory, it was several times successfully defended after the adjoining Persian town had come to terms. The Shawbunder, or Persian official, at this place played an unfriendly part to the English; but when the Afghans occupied Gombroon matters improved to a slight extent, and they were well treated, because the aid of their ships was found useful in dealing with a refractory chief on one of the islands of the Gulf.

The year 1759, which is memorable in our history as that in which Quebec was taken by Wolfe, and our Canadian Empire was founded on the ruins of the French power, is famous in our Eastern annals as that in which our rivals dispossessed us of Gombroon—a truly barren and inglorious triumph, which was more than counterbalanced by the capture of Surat, where the Company established their first factory. Bunder Abbas was little deplored, as the place had long been unprofitable as a trading dépôt, and it scarcely lessened the exultation of the directors at the intelligence of the

acquisition of Surat. The circumstances of the capture of Bunder Abbas were as follows: General Lally* (Governor of Pondicherry), a French officer of great enterprise, equipped four ships, under Dutch colours, one of which, the *Condé*, carried sixty-four guns, and another twenty-two, and employed a force of one hundred and fifty European and two hundred native troops, two mortars, and four battering guns, to besiege the small and unfortified English factory. The expedition was entrusted to the command of Count d'Estaing—an officer who, later, attained some notoriety as the opponent of Vice-Admiral Byron, in his victory off the Island of Grenada, on the 6th July 1779—and arrived off Gombroon on the 15th October, when the ships began to batter the English factory, which was gallantly defended by sixteen of the Company's seamen and some Sepoys, under Mr. Douglas, the chief agent. The French burnt the *Speedwell* sloop, and at high water hauled in their twenty-two gun ship within four hundred yards of the factory; they also landed their troops and heavy guns, and battered the west face of the building for two hours. About three in the afternoon the French summoned the place to surrender, and Mr. Douglas capitulated; his men being regarded as prisoners of war, with liberty to carry away their personal effects. By one of the articles it was agreed that the twenty-six civilians found in the place should be exchanged for Count d'Estaing, who, being on parole, was ostensibly proceeding to Europe by way of Bussorah, though, in reality, he conducted the operations. The French, having burnt the factory, and left a quantity of articles as a present to Moollah Ali Khan, the Persian Governor, set sail on the 30th October; but they certainly derived more profit than honour from this feat of arms, for we are told that the detailed account of how they laid regular siege to an almost defenceless factory was received with surprise and derision by "all military gentlemen in India." The Company's factory was removed to Bushire, and Bunder Abbas fell into that decay and oblivion from which it has not yet been rescued.

The island of Kishm, near Ormuz, has played no inconsiderable part in British relations with the Persian Gulf. Kishm, the largest island in the Persian Gulf, was called by the Portuguese, "Quexome"; "Kish," by El Idrisy; and by Arrian, in his *Voyage of Nearchus*, "Oarakta." The Rev. G. P. Badger, in his *Introduction and Analysis* to his translation of the *History of the Imâms and Seyyids of Ormuz*, makes the mistake of confounding

* General Lally was the officer who commanded at Pondicherry, at the time of its capitulation, on the 15th May 1761, to a combined British naval and military force under Colonel Eyre Coote and Admiral Cornish.

the island of Kaish, which is a small islet generally known as Kenn, with the larger island of Kishm, near Ormuz.

The Portuguese were the first Power to establish themselves at Kishm, as in so many other places in the Persian Gulf. Albuquerque made himself master of the island early in the sixteenth century, and a fort was erected at the town of Kishm. In 1552 the place was sacked by a strong Turkish expedition, despatched from Bussorah; but in 1622 the fort successfully resisted a Persian army which laid siege to it. From Kishm the Portuguese army drew their supplies of water in seasons of drought. When they lost Ormuz, chiefly through the valour of the East India Company's seamen, Kishm was also evacuated, and they ceased to have any power or influence in the Persian Gulf. Early in the present century, Kishm was occupied by Joasmi pirates from Ras-el-Khymah, on the opposite Arabian coast, until that stronghold was captured after severe fighting, in November 1809, by a large military and naval expedition from Bombay. Lingah, a flourishing port on the Persian coast, near Kishm, was also captured without resistance; the population, consisting of about 10,000 souls, fleeing into the mountains on the approach of the squadron. The town was burnt, and also twenty vessels, nine of them large war-dhows. Thence a portion of the expedition sailed to Luft, a Joasmi port in the north side of the island of Kishm, where a desperate resistance was experienced. Commodore Wainwright, of H.M.S. 36-gun frigate, *Chiffonne*, despatched the Honourable Company's ships of war, *Ternate*, 16 guns, and *Nautilus*, 14 guns, to the eastward of Kishm, to prevent the escape of the Luft pirates, while he entered the channel between that island and the main at the western end; but having got the *Chiffonne* aground, owing to his ignorance of the navigation and intricacy of the channel, he determined to proceed to Luft by the eastern passage, and left the Honourable Company's 10-gun brig, *Vestal*, to guard the west end of Kishm. On the 24th November the *Ternate* and *Nautilus* joined him, and having procured pilots at the town of Kishm, the commodore sailed for Luft with his flagship, and the *Mornington*, *Ternate*, *Nautilus* and *Fury*, and the *Mary*, transport, carrying 500 troops, chiefly British. The squadron arrived at noon of the 26th off the town of Luft, and, the channel being narrow and difficult of approach, the *Ternate*, *Nautilus* and *Fury* were warped into their stations. A summons was now sent on shore, as the people had not abandoned the town, but had taken post in a large and strong castle, having many batteries and redoubts. After twenty-four hours had been expended in fruitless

ress had already been abandoned by the inhabitants, but some few still remained fled at the approach of an individual, or resistance unavailing, or supposing, should come singly, but as a herald to others for his support. Be this as it may, the castle, and the British flag waved on its walls by an officer, to the surprise and admiration of the town and fortifications, together with 11 taken possession of, and the latter were burnt. Then by the Joasmi from the Imaum of Muscat, over, together with property to the value of to the Imaum, to Sheikh Dervish, head of a family to His Highness. The loss in this affair of the squadron having twenty-seven killed and among Mr. Hay, Midshipman of the *Mornington*, Mr. Guy, Midshipman of the *Ternate*, and Mr. Bain of the *Nautilus*.

Following the severe chastisement inflicted on the Joasmi, they recovered themselves, and in 1817 we find that by 5 heavily-armed vessels blockading the Bussorah. Sail were cruising between Ras-el-Had—the most of Arabia (the word signifying “limit”)—and Cape Persian Gulf, preying on merchant ships, though they give a wide berth to the Company’s vessels of war, of which had received orders from the Bombay not to molest them unless they assumed an aggressive. Great was the fear of these pirates, inspired by their cruelty, that a panic seized the inhabitants of with difficulty restrained from entirely deserting. The British chief, apprehending an attack by the Turkish to build a fort at Bassadore, on the western end of Kishm, which had formerly been occupied by who built fortifications and reservoirs, and during the forty years preceding its abolition, the of the Indian Naval Squadron in the Persian Gulf. Described as a reign of terror ensued upon the sea, the people feared to leave any port without the escort of

of the voyage of Nearchus’ fleet from the mouth of the Gulf, Cape Jask is called Bardis. It was while Alexander’s controversy arose between Nearchus and Onesicritus, the “galley,” as the historian calls him, who proposed that they Mussenden and coast along the shores of the Indian Ocean.

negotiation with the chief, Moolla Hussein, the three Company's cruisers being in their stations, the troops, preceded by the gunboats, were landed, under Colonel Smith, about 2 P.M. on the 27th November. While forming on the beach, a slight skirmish took place with such of the armed men as were flying for shelter to the castle. The troops then advanced towards the fortress, which is described as having walls fourteen feet thick, pierced with loopholes, and only one entrance through a small gate, well cased with iron bolts and bars. It was intended to have blown this gate open with a howitzer, and then to have taken the place by storm; but on reaching it, when the ranks opened, and the men proceeded to surround the castle and seek for some other entrance, they were picked off so rapidly and unexpectedly from the loopholes above, that a general retreat took place; the howitzer was abandoned even before it had been fired, and the troops sought shelter by lying down behind the ridges of sand and little hillocks immediately underneath the castle walls. An Irish officer, jumping up from his hiding-place, and calling on some of his comrades to follow him in an attempt to rescue the howitzer, was immediately killed, and some others, who only raised their heads to look around them, were picked off by the musketry from above. The whole of the troops were accordingly ordered to keep under shelter until the darkness of the night favoured their retreat to the beach, whence they re-embarked after sunset without molestation.

"Meanwhile," says Commodore Wainwright in his despatch of the 7th of December, "the gunboats and the *Fury*, which being of light draught had been towed within musket-shot of the fort, kept up a ruinous fire which very much shattered the strong fort by sunset." A message was then conveyed to Moolla Hussein in the castle, summoning him a second time to submit, and fixing until 2 A.M. for the period of evacuation, when, in the event of a non-compliance, it was threatened that the squadron should bombard the castle from a nearer anchorage, and no quarter be afterwards shown. With the dawn of morning all eyes were directed to the fortress, when, to the surprise of the whole expedition, a man was seen waving a Union Jack on the summit of its walls. This gallant action was performed by Lieutenant Hall, of the Indian Navy, who had commanded the *Stromboli*, bomb-vessel, at the time of her sinking, while on her way from Bombay, but had saved himself by swimming, and now commanded the *Fury*, which was one of the vessels nearest the shore.

"During the night," says Buckingham, "he had gone on shore alone, taking an Union Jack in his hand, and advanced singly to

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a ship of war, for the pirates had become so bloodthirsty by long impunity that, not satisfied with plundering ships, they massacred the crews. However, on the 21st of December 1818, Lieutenant Tanner, of the Indian Navy, commanding the *Antelope*, 14 guns, gave them a severe lesson. Descrying a Joasmi squadron of 5 large baghalahs, 1 dhow, and 2 batils, under sail close to the island of Kishm, with a full-rigged ship, belonging to our ally the Imaum of Muscat, in tow, he cleared for action. The enemy opened a hot fire on the brig, which was briskly returned. On closing the Kishm shore, the pirate vessels wore and stood across the *Antelope's* bows, upon which she tacked to engage them at close quarters. Her fire told with terrible effect as she neared them, and a batil was observed, after speaking one of the baghalahs, to proceed to the others with a message, upon which the whole squadron bore up and steered for the *Antelope's* main chains. It was an anxious moment for the gallant crew of the little brig, as it was evident that the pirates, in desperation, intended to try their favourite manœuvre of boarding with an overwhelming mass of men. But the officers and men were equal to the emergency, and worked their guns with such cool precision that, though within half a cable's length, the enemy hauled off, having sustained very heavy loss. Soon after they made a second attempt to board, but were again heavily dosed with grape, upon which they bore up for Ras-ul-Khymah. The *Antelope* gave chase, but, after a pursuit of five and a half hours, the wind being light, they escaped, two of their baghalahs being in a shattered condition. The pirates afterwards acknowledged to a loss of one hundred and seventeen men, which principally arose during their attempts to board. The victory was a very creditable one, as the *Antelope* carried 14 guns and a crew of 71 Europeans and 87 natives, and the pirate vessels were armed with 28 guns and had on board 1,070 men. It was subsequently ascertained that the object in carrying such large crews was to form a settlement in Kishm, which at this time was in the possession of the Imaum of Muscat, who also rented from Persia Bunder Abbas and its dependencies, some 90 miles of coast line.

In November 1819 took place the second expedition against the pirates of Ras-ul-Khymah. The fleet rendezvoused at Kishm, where they took in a supply of water, and Ras-ul-Khymah was reduced after regular siege operations, in which the British loss was 5 killed, including Major Molesworth of the 47th Regiment, and 52 wounded, the enemy losing about 1,000 men. Ras-ul-Khymah was occupied by a British force until the 18th of July 1820, when the detachment was removed to Deristan, situated on a large bay

in the island of Kishm, which became also the head-quarters of the Indian Naval Squadron of five ships, permanently stationed in the Persian Gulf, to carry out the provisions of the treaty of peace concluded on the 8th of January 1820, with the Joasmi and other chiefs of Ras-ul-Khymah, Shargah, and other parts of what was long known as "the pirate coast." The military force stationed at Kishm suffered so severely from the intense heat, owing to the camp being on a rocky hill exposed to the heated prevailing winds, or *shemal*, that, in February 1822, the troops were removed thence by the Company's cruisers to Sallack, on the south coast, eight and a half miles south-west of Deristan, and later to Bassadore,* on the same island, which continued to be the head-quarters of the Indian Naval Squadron up to the date of its abolition. In 1823 the military force, hitherto retained in the Gulf since the expedition to Ras-ul-Khymah, was removed to Bombay, and the Indian Naval Squadron was left alone to fulfil the police duties of this inland sea.

Doubtless the secluded waters of the Persian Gulf will become the scene of stirring events. The great northern Power which has absorbed the Khanates of Central Asia, will surely in the course of time, probably within twenty or even ten years, take the opportunity of our being involved in hostilities elsewhere, to seize Persia, and, on the disintegration of the Turkish Empire making further progress, on the Pashalic of Baghdad, which will bring Russia down to Bussorah and the Persian Gulf. On this old battle-ground of England, whence we ousted the Portuguese two and a half centuries ago, and in whose waters we have ever since been the undisputed masters, we can, unless our maritime power declines, successfully curb Russia or any other Power. On the sea we are in our element, but the mad scheme of advancing far beyond the frontiers of India to meet the Russian advance can only end in military disaster and financial ruin to India. Such authorities as Lord Wolseley and the late General Gordon were against it; and though it is true Sir Donald Stewart and Sir Frederick Roberts desired the continuance of our occupation of Candahar, this does not satisfy the amateur strategists who would advance our armies to the Helmund, or even Herat, on the one side, and to the Hindoo Khoosh mountains, enclosing the Cabul Valley, or to Balkh, on the other. There is no thought, in these engrossing combinations, of the financial question, which happily puts the veto on this *reductio*

* Bassadore, which has the advantage of an excellent harbour, is situated at the point forming the south-west extremity of Kishm. A short distance within the point stand the ruins of the once flourishing town of Bassadore.

ad absurdum of the best way to meet the inevitable Russian advance. Behind the range of mountains on our frontiers, forming an impassible barrier, if properly fortified, with the Indus as a second line of defence, we ought to hold India against the world, provided we have the people and princes of India with us; and if we have not, then our tenure of the Eastern Empire is precarious indeed. But it is on the Amoor and on the Pacific coast that we can most effectually check Russia, as General Gordon recommended; and should she advance to the Persian Gulf, in the waters of that "British lake" we can best make our power felt and strike a decisive blow, so long as our rulers are alive to the paramount necessity of maintaining our navy at a strength equal to a combination of any two European powers.

Every Inch a Soldier.

By M. J. COLQUHOUN.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE RISING OF THE STORM.

BURKE, Whitby, and his wife were sitting at their breakfast-table at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 11th of May 1857. Whitby was dressed in full uniform, having only just returned from morning parade. The table was decorated with flowers, and the room, in spite of the glare and heat without, was dim and cool, the shutters being closed.

The bungalow was a scene of repose and happiness, "a home where hearts were of each other sure." The newly-married couple and their friend were lingering over the meal, and laughing at those nameless little trifles and verbal jokes which lose all their point in repetition, and yet raise a gay laugh in daily life; while Florence had started early, when it was cool, to spend the day in the city of Delhi, with some friends of the name of Palmer, who lived there.

Suddenly Whitby's orderly, a handsome young Rajpoot rushed into the apartment, the picture of fear and amazement. "Sahib," he cried, "the Foughe has come from Meerut!"

Whitby rose from the table, fastened on his sword, and put his hat on his head. Despite his endeavours to appear calm so as not to alarm his wife, he looked almost as much astonished as his informant.

"What is the Foughe? what has happened?" cried Eleanor and Burke.

"Oh, nothing," answered her husband quite collectedly. "It means only the army. There is nothing to be frightened about. I am going to see the Brigadier, and I shall be back directly."

He then left, accompanied by his orderly; and his wife, not at

all disturbed in mind, went about her daily duties as calmly as at any other time ; while Burke lit a cigar and read a novel.

Whitby soon returned, looking rather annoyed, but otherwise as calm and self-possessed as usual. He said : " Brigadier Graves has ordered me to take two hundred men to the White House. Some slight disturbances have taken place at Meerut, and from that point we should command a view of the road from the ford of Baghput, by which the disaffected may try to reach the city of Delhi.

" But the heat is frightful," she said ; " must you go now ? "

" Yes," he answered, " but I shall get under cover at the White House, which is empty. Good-bye, sweetheart." He kissed his wife as he bade her adieu. Neither of them for one moment imagined what frightful scenes they would pass through before they met again. For the mutiny of the Sepoy army had suddenly taken place. The Whitbys had little expected it, nor could they foresee the six months of ceaseless struggle and conflict which would occur before the revolt was suppressed.

Whitby walked to the quarters of his soldiers, where he was joined by Captain Tytler, another officer of the same regiment, but neither of them suspected the loyalty of their men. The soldiers proceeded to fill their pouches with ammunition, and Whitby could not help observing that they were taking a larger quantity than he had ordered ; but, as time was short, he contented himself with reprimanding them sharply for the present, determining to report some of them for disorderly conduct. At length the two companies started, and marched down the straight roads of the cantonments, on each side of which stood the detached villa-like residences of the English officers, surrounded by gardens full of trees and shrubs.

As they marched on, they saw an English officer riding rapidly towards them. " Whitby," he said, " the Brigadier has ordered all the women and children to assemble at the artillery-sergeants' quarters. I will inform your wife, and I will let Miss Page and her father know."

The staff officer galloped on. His words pierced Whitby's heart like a dagger, for he realised that some great danger was now apprehended, or the Brigadier would not have ordered such precautionary measures ; and although he was bent on performing the military duty on which he was ordered, he could not help feeling deeply anxious about his young wife, who, unsuspecting of any danger, was left alone under such unforeseen circumstances. They passed a high, massively built small fortress, called the Flagstaff Tower ; it was situated on the hill known as the Ridge of Delhi,

and from its summit the English ensign still waved. After leaving this, they marched but a short distance, and halted at a large unoccupied villa, the White House. By this time the heat was intense, for it was now eleven o'clock, and the two officers hailed with pleasure the sight of the mansion, where they hoped at least to find a shelter from the burning rays of the sun.

Whitby addressed his soldiers: "Come out of the heat," he said, "and sit here in the shade."

"We prefer sitting here, Sahib," said some of the younger men with un-military familiarity.

Whitby remarked a group of young soldiers, most of them mere boys, who were listening with intense interest to a veteran, who seemed to be haranguing them. He heard the orator say: "It is just one hundred years since Plassey. Have not the Brahmins always foretold it? Is it not written in the books that the Company shall rule one hundred years and no more? Are not the men from Meerut our brothers? Why should we then fight against them and obey foreigners?"

Whitby could not help feeling disturbed at this speech, although at the time he little understood its ominous import. "Come in out of the sun," he said sternly to the speaker. "You—an old soldier—what do you mean by this disobedience? It will be all the worse for you, who ought to know better."

The soldiers submissively entered the door of a large shed, for the habit of military obedience was still strong in them, added to which the more than ordinary influence Whitby exercised over the men of his own regiment forced them to submit. Yet still there was an atmosphere of restlessness and excitement around them too real to be completely hidden from observation. They talked, they gesticulated, some argued, and, again, some spoke in low earnest whispers. They had been at the White House five hours, when suddenly an end was put to the tension of nerves so painfully felt by the men and their officers.

It was then four o'clock in the afternoon, and all at once every man jumped to his feet, and seized his gun, startled by a terrific noise, which sounded like the roar of a thousand cannon, or even as if the end of the world had come.

Natives and Europeans alike gazed in amazement at the city lying below them across the river Jumna, for the terrifying sound evidently proceeded from thence. Then they saw a snowy white cloud—like a sheet—hanging over Delhi. This gradually rose higher and higher, becoming quite black as it ascended into the cloudless sky.

"Good God!" said Whitby to Tytler, "It is all up with us, the natives have taken Delhi, and blown up the magazine!"

The effect of this spectacle upon the two hundred soldiers was electrical. After gazing on the sight in deathlike silence for a moment, as if spellbound, they rent the air with acclamations, and, being Hindoos and mostly men of Oude, they shouted "Long may Pirtheeraj reign!"

They then, without the least hesitation, rushed tumultuously on the road to Delhi, taking their arms with them. Whitby and Tytler called after them, exhorting and commanding them to return, but their words fell upon deaf ears. The thoughtless youths of the 38th, who had but lately joined, hastened on to swell the throng in the revolted city; but forty old soldiers, whom time and dangers shared together had bound personally to their officers, remained behind.

"My friends," said Whitby, addressing them, "you will be loyal to the English Government and true to me?"

"Sahib," they answered, "we will not allow a hair of your head to be touched!"

Whitby was about to return to cantonments with his small guard of faithful soldiers, to report to the Brigadier that most of his men had deserted, when he saw Captain Holland riding in hot haste towards them.

"Whitby," he said as he drew near, "the Brigadier has ordered you to bring your men at once to the Flagstaff Tower."

"My men?" answered Whitby, bitterly; "I have only these forty soldiers left; the rest have gone to join the insurrection in Delhi."

"Come at once, Whitby," answered the other; "the Brigadier wishes to see you."

They soon reached the Flagstaff Tower, which they found greatly changed from the quiet and tranquil appearance which they observed as they had passed it in the morning. The English ensign still waved from the tower, and some Indian boys, who, being Christians, had thrown in their lot with the English, manned the top of the small fortification, and muskets and ammunition were being handed up to them. On one side stood the Brigadier, holding an impromptu council of war with half a dozen officers, as to the best means to be employed in the emergency in which they found themselves. On the level ground which surrounded the tower were several groups of English ladies, ayahs, and children. A great number of private carriages stood near at hand; there were besides a few sepoy and numerous native servants,

while the interior of the fort was also crowded with women and children.

Whitby looked around with agonizing anxiety, and at last saw his wife, whose fine face looked calm and brave; she was standing at the foot of the tower, handing up arms to its boy defenders.

Another feature of the scene was a cart, whose ghastly contents were hidden by a covering of pink and yellow muslin, which shrouded the dead bodies of some of the officers of the 54th and other regiments, who had been murdered by their soldiers that morning in the city. Among them was the corpse of poor Chadwicke, and many others who had been at the dinner party of the previous night. Before Whitby could speak to his wife, he, in a few hasty words, reported the desertion of his men to the Brigadier; he was then, for the first time, made acquainted with what had actually taken place at Delhi.

The native cavalry and other regiments had risen the night before in Meerut, murdered their officers, and had ridden forty miles straight over to Delhi. Brigadier Graves sent out the 54th N.I. to oppose their entrance into the city, but, instead of repulsing the rebels, this regiment fraternized with them, and killed their English officers, who strove to keep them to their duty. The revolted troops had been joined by the King of Delhi, and, at his orders, they then rushed pell-mell to the Arsenal, which they knew was filled with munitions of war. Young Willoughby had charge of this post, and as he had but nine Englishmen to rely upon, he could not hope to defend the place against the swarms who attacked it. He laid a train of gunpowder to the magazine, and, as the rebels poured in, he applied a match to it and blew up assailants and defenders together, being prepared to sacrifice himself, and those he knew were loyal, rather than allow this great store of warlike materials to fall into the hands of the insurgents.

Willoughby, so handsome, brave, and gentle, so modest and unassuming, had in his breast the heart of a true hero, and had performed a deed the remembrance of which will last for ever, and rank worthily with the most vaunted achievements of ancient chivalry. Strange to relate, Willoughby and another officer escaped from the burning ruins, and made their way out of the city, but only to be murdered at last by hostile villagers.

Indecision and hesitation were rampant in the little council held at the Flagstaff Tower; no one knew what to do for the best; some advised one thing, and some another. This was a worthy hesitation, for Brigadier Graves refused to abandon his post; he believed and hoped every minute to see English troops and guns

arrive from Meerut, only forty miles away. At Meerut there was a large force of British horse, foot, and artillery.

Tytler, of the 88th N.I., addressing the Brigadier, said :

"Pardon me, Sir, but what are you going to do ?"

"I shall stay here," he answered, "and protect the women and children."

"But," resumed Tytler, "it is impossible to defend them here without food or water."

"We cannot abandon our post," said some of the other officers.

"There is no disgrace in leaving a situation which is untenable," said Tytler, "and this is so; and I dare not stay here and see my wife and children murdered before my eyes. It would be unmanly in me not to try and save them and the other ladies and children, and the only way to do so is to leave at once. I will stand my court-martial!" he said hotly, "but leave this we must, and that immediately!"

The times were out of joint, indeed, or Tytler would never have addressed his superior officer in these terms, but have contented himself with the strict performance of any duties assigned to him; but he felt it was incumbent upon him to speak out. He was a good officer, having a greater knowledge of the native character than most Englishmen possessed, and this enabled him to see clearly the desperate nature of the strait they were in. Tytler's words accustomed men's minds to the idea of retreat, but they could hardly believe that succour would not come from Meerut, and they detested the idea of retiring.

By this time it was 5 o'clock, and the heat was oppressive, and besides, they had been almost without food or drink the whole of the anxious day. So it was decided that when the sun set they should retreat, and try to reach Umballa, which was about seventy miles distant, and which was garrisoned by English troops. They possessed two guns, which it was arranged should form the advance guard, while the forty faithful sepoy who had remained with Whitby, and a few others of the 74th, were to protect the rear. This being settled, Whitby, having now a line of action open to him, went to his wife, who had been watching and listening to the tones of his loved voice, when he had also given it as his opinion that they must retire.

"How thankful I am to see you here!" he cried. "How did you come? have you a carriage?"

"No," she answered, "I was brought here by the quartermaster's wife."

"I will send for our close carriage at once," he answered, "for

"when the sun sets we are all to start. But where," he continued in a tone of anxiety, "is poor little Florence?"

"She has not come yet. She was in the city, you know, but as soon as the disturbance began Desmond Burke rushed off to Delhi to bring her away."

Whitby dared not put the terrible truth into words, which was, that nearly all the English in the city—men and women—were in the greatest danger.

Just then an extraordinary apparition appeared; a fair, tall, well-formed man, whose feet were bare; he had no hat on his head, and his costume was a loose suit of much-soiled white flannel, looking more than ever peculiar where all the men were in full uniform.

"It is Carew!" cried Whitby.

The Squire addressed the Brigadier: "I have just managed to escape from the Main-guard. The whole city is up, and has joined the mutineers; they kill all the English, men, women, or children, they see." And then in a few hurried words he went on to explain that he and several English men and women at the Main-guard had managed to drop from the city wall, a distance of thirty feet, and cross the glacis of the fort. "Most of our party," he said, "were determined to get into the open country and reach Meerut. Burke and Florence are together; but I joined an officer called Merton, and came here. Where are Major and Miss Page? I do not see them," he said, addressing the Whitbys.

"I have not seen them all day," said Eleanor. "They were certainly warned, at the same time that I was, to come to the Flag-staff, but, for some reason or other Louisa absolutely refused to leave her house; at least, I was told so."

"I will go to the Red House at once," cried Carew, although he was utterly exhausted by his dangerous escape from the walled city, and long walk in the sun. "What can have become of her?" He left, running with great speed towards the Red House.

Whitby's few soldiers were standing near him, and an old man now addressed him. "Sahib," he said, "are you playing with us? If you do not leave at once, we cannot go with you. For God's sake leave at once! The cavalry from Meerut are in the Ochterlony gardens, close at hand, resting their horses; they are only waiting till the sun goes down, for they think, as you have stayed here all day, that you intend remaining for the night; and unless you are gone when they arrive, you will all be murdered, and they will kill us for having stayed with you. Leave at once, Sahib, or we must go."

Whitby repeated this fresh news to the Brigadier, who then gave orders for instant departure. The ladies and children were placed in vehicles, and of the officers some walked and some rode. Whitby's carriage having opportunely arrived, he placed his wife in it, and mounted his charger, which his orderly had brought up. "I have to stay with my men," he said, "but you will drive on, and mind you follow the guns, then reach the ford of Baghput, and go across country to Meerut."

The procession started at full gallop, the guns going first as ordered, but Captain De Teissier, the artillery officer who was in command of them, having had his charger shot under him early in the day was on foot, and was soon left behind.

They had proceeded along some roads when Eleanor discovered that her carriage was no longer following the course of the guns. "Stop," she said to the coachman; "you are going wrong! Why do you not follow the guns?"

"Because they have left us," answered the servant. "They are gone to Delhi to join the rebels, and I am driving to Baghput as the Sahib said."

"Then we will wait for him," said Eleanor. "I will not go on alone, for he told me to follow the guns."

They stopped for a few minutes, and then Whitby rode up excitedly to the carriage. "Where are the guns?" he asked.

"They have deserted us and gone over to the enemy," answered Eleanor.

"And my forty men, who promised me to be faithful, have left us also! We met, as we came along, two of our own men who were frightful-looking objects, being literally flayed alive! They were part of the guard at the Arsenal at Delhi, and had been blown up with it. Not knowing from whence they had come I inquired how they were in so dreadful a condition? They answered, 'Wil-loughby Sahib has blown us up when we were doing our duty to the English Government.' 'Then,' said my men, 'if the English treat us like this, we will serve them no longer.' I tried to reason with them," he continued; "I reminded them of their promise, but it was useless. 'Sahib,' they said, 'you told us we should have guns, and they are gone; you promised us water, we have none. Go and take the ladies and children away, for you are in danger. We will allow no English to be killed if we can help it, for your sake, but we can stay with you no longer.' So they have gone, all but three men, who declare they will stay to protect our individual party, and one of them is my orderly, Partial Singh."

The carriage, in following the guns, had gone down various roads, and the Whitbys found themselves in the neighbourhood of their own house.

That evening, before the Brigadier (who was one of the last to leave the cantonments) finally deserted his post, the ammunition which had been collected at the Flagstaff Tower was drenched with water and rendered useless. An effort was made to recover a magazine outside the city walls, held by the 88th N.I., but without success. Incendiary fires were rising on all sides of the cantonments before Brigadier Graves, Captain Nichol, and Dr. Stewart mounted their horses and turned their backs upon the city of the Great Mogul.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MAGNANIMOUS DEEDS.

It was now nearly sunset, the English community had spent the whole day at the Flagstaff Tower, and no help had come from Meerut.

"Sahib," said the youth Partel Singh, coming up to Whitby, "you do not realise the danger. Every minute is precious, let us start. See," he continued, pointing to the road which led to the city below them, "look at that distant crowd coming from Delhi, the sun glittering on their spears and swords. They are Goojurs, and with them are some rebel soldiers and bad characters of the city. It is not only the revolted troops you have to fear, although they are killing all the English without regard to age or sex; but those robbers are even more to be dreaded!"

Whitby saw the advancing horde and recognized the immediate peril in which they were placed, for the approaching mob cut off the road to Meerut; therefore, he directed the coachman to drive rapidly in the opposite direction down the Kurnaul road. They would soon have reached a place of comparative safety, but just at this moment Carew arrived, breathless with running.

"Thank Heaven! you have not got started," he gasped out. "Major Page's coachman has started off to Delhi, taking the horse and buggy with him. The riding horses have also disappeared, and unless you take pity upon Louisa and her father they will be murdered. For God's sake wait a few minutes for them."

Whitby turned to his wife: "We cannot leave them to a horrible fate," he said; "still we have no time to lose, we are all in deadly peril. Shall we attempt their rescue, Eleanor? The Red House

is not very far behind us. I know it is a dangerous undertaking, but I leave it to you to decide. Shall we return ? ”

His wife covered her face with her hands for one instant ; then, looking up, said calmly, although her lips trembled, “ I am afraid for you—not for myself, dear ; but let us do our duty, and save them.”

The equipage was turned back, and that part of the road being now utterly deserted, they reached the Red House without further adventure. A flight of steps led up to the door, and there they saw Louisa standing in the verandah.

As the carriage drew up, she said : “ I hardly dared to hope you would come back. How noble of you ! how like you ! The servants have all deserted us, and my father is not himself. No entreaties of mine or Carew’s will sober him. Richard, you must carry him to your carriage. Have you room for any luggage ? ”

“ Certainly not,” answered Whitby, angrily.

She was disappointed, the luggage she spoke of being some of the treasure, to retain which she had perilled her life by refusing to leave the house that morning.

“ Richard, do come and speak to my father,” she said ; “ please do.”

“ I will come back soon, darling. God preserve you ! ” Whitby said, as a last adieu to his wife.

“ Partel Singh,” he added to his orderly, as he dismounted, “ take care of the Mem Sahib until I come back.”

Then Whitby, accompanied by the other two Sepoys who had remained with him, ran up the stone steps and entered the house.

Some minutes passed, and Whitby had not returned. It was a dreadful time of suspense to Eleanor after her husband had left her, going she knew not to what fate ; perhaps even to his doom. An ominous feeling of dread came over her. Alas ! poor soul, she might well fear, if all the future, with its unspeakable horrors, had been opened to her ; but such a future had never entered into any Englishwoman’s wildest dreams. She had a presentiment that she might never see her husband again ; and yet, being brave and generous by nature, she could not reconcile it to herself to abandon a fellow-creature when the chance of rescue seemed so feasible. He must return soon from that fatal house, whose dilapidated appearance and forsaken air haunted her long after in her dreams.

The time she had waited seemed interminably long, although in reality it was but a few moments, and then all at once Eleanor and her servants gazed at each other with awe-struck faces. What was

that awful yell—that hoarse murmur of many voices, as if the very gates of hell were opened?

The orderly ran a few paces out of the gate, and then returned, looking utterly terrified. "The rebels have come!" he exclaimed. "They have vowed to kill all the English—man, woman, or child! Even to have served the English is certain death."

On hearing this, the terror-stricken groom fled; and the coachman, detaching the horse from the carriage, mounted it and rode away. Eleanor's first impulse was to rush into Major Page's house for safety.

"No, no, not in that house, Mem Sahib," Partel Singh said. "They will search it for the treasures hidden there, and you will be killed. Your Sahib is in the stable, quite close; I will take you to him, follow me."

Eleanor Whitby hesitated. It was a time for immediate action; but she did not know where to fly, or whom to trust, when all around were enemies. Again, on the wind, came the sonorous din of many voices, but now mingled with the popping of fire-arms. The noise was so near that it was certain the rabble were approaching the spot where she stood. Up to this time her enemies were not in sight; they were hidden by the boundary-wall and trees of the villa, added to which the winding of the paths concealed them from her view, and also prevented them from seeing that one of the accursed English race was there in their power.

"Quick! quick!" cried the Rajpoot. "Ah! the stables are too far away; there is not time enough to reach them. Hide at once here, in this place."

A small ruined mosque was quite near at hand, and through the doorway of this deserted building Mrs. Whitby and Partel Singh had barely time to disappear before the mob surged in like an angry sea. Eleanor and her attendant found themselves in a large vaulted chamber, which was very imperfectly lighted; but perceiving a narrow circular stone staircase leading up to the minaret, they mounted it. From a loop-hole in the thick wall of this little tower. Eleanor could see all that passed without being herself observed.

"I," said the youth, "will stand with my sword and guard this stair."

The scene which met her horror-struck eyes resembled hell itself let loose! A sea of human beings surrounded the Red House as far as the eye could behold. The mob consisted of soldiers in scarlet coats—the uniform which had hitherto been the badge of a friend, but which they now dishonoured—and Goojurs, a robber

tribe, with the "scum of the bazars," the outlaws and evil-doers who, in every country, join a riot. Many of this rabble were intoxicated—some with drink, all by evil passions. Some of them carried flaming torches, while others bore either fire-arms, swords, or spears. Nothing more Satanic could be imagined than the aspect of this mass of vile recreants, with their rolling eyes and long tangled hair, their faces disfigured by habitual crime and atrocities, and now distorted by frenzied madness. The air was rent by their shrill cries, which were discordant enough to wake the very dead.

With frantic yells the excited multitude attacked the house, and surged up the flight of steps leading into the hall. Then Eleanor heard a more than ever fierce cry from the raging mob. Major Page was standing at the door with a drawn sword in his hand. He was either making his way through the dense crowd or trying to calm them by speaking to them. Then there was the ringing sound of a musket-shot, and she saw the poor old man fall on the door-step. The diabolical crowd hurrahed and shrieked with savage fury at the first blood spilled, and with trumpet-tongued cries they joyfully exulted, screaming: "The old Sahib is dead!" "The Sahib is killed!" "The treasure! The treasure!" This outrage made Eleanor's heart beat violently; she trembled for the fate of her husband, for Louisa and Carew, should they be discovered in that accursed house.

The crowd swayed from side to side, and then she perceived an opening in the centre of it from whence, much to her surprise, there emerged Louisa and Carew, both mounted. They were urging their horses through the mob, who vainly tried to stop them. The people were getting more and more excited, and were pricking the animals with lances and spears. It would have been impossible for the riders to have escaped by the gate, for their passage was barred by a dense mob of yelling demons; but Louisa, putting her horse at the garden wall, which was not more than the height of a five-barred gate, cleared it, and her companion followed her example, and they gained the high road, sweeping past Eleanor's hiding-place at a gallop, in a perfect hail-storm of bullets, which apparently did not touch them.

It was a terrible moment to Eleanor to see them ride away, and to know that she was left alone amongst that horde of infuriated savages. Where was her husband? Could it be possible that Louisa and her companion had had the incredible selfishness to ride away and leave him to the mercy of those fiends? She had time to notice that Louisa was riding her husband's grey charger,

Talisman. A chill dread came over her. She feared now that her loved one must be dead, or how could Louisa have become possessed of his horse? In the agony of the moment she turned to implore the trusty orderly to try to discover the fate of his master, but, to her horror, she found she was alone! Partel Singh had abandoned her and fled!

The place in which Eleanor had taken refuge was a room about twelve feet square, the walls of which were exceedingly thick, and of antique workmanship. It was very dark, being lighted only by the one small aperture in the stair from whence she had surveyed the mob at the Red House. She again placed her pale sad face close to the opening. High above the moving, unquiet, turbanned crowd was the placid evening sky, in which one star was shining. There was an exquisitely calm and cloudless sunset, of orange and gold. Eleanor wondered if it was the last she should behold on earth! That very morning she had thought her life lay stretched out before her in a ceaseless age of happiness; and now the end had come, so early, so unexpectedly. However, neither futurity nor eternity pressed on her soul; it was the memory of her earthly love which filled her every thought. She felt she could not die until she had seen her husband's face again!

But her sad reflections were dispelled by the sight of huge sheets of flame, which leaped into the sky, crimsoning the whole heaven. With tears in her eyes she recognized that the bungalow, the home where she had been so happy, was now a prey to devouring flames. By this time the houses in the cantonment, which were mostly thatched with straw, had been set on fire, and blazed up one after the other.

The mob tried to burn down the Red House, but, being built entirely of red granite, it resisted their efforts, although they pulled off the doors and even dragged out the window-frames. A large bonfire was lighted on the lawn, and in it was thrown all sorts of property once much prized and valued, consisting of the hapless Major's ponderous folios of theology, broken furniture, and the feminine nick-nacks with which Louisa had decorated the place. Wild figures, thin and haggard, some with clanking fetters, having but lately escaped from jail, danced round the fire, which resembled a funereal pyre. The short twilight was over, and the night was black and obscure, and the light of the fire showed the moving figures of the rioters plainly. The glare also disclosed plunderers who were carrying away everything they considered of value.

But what particularly astonished Eleanor was to see a very small

woman sitting about, whom she soon recognized as the Witch of Megara. She appeared to be ordering and directing some muscular peasants and red-turbaned police to carry away numerous large and heavy trunks. Eleanor did not know then, although she afterwards suspected, that this was part of the disputed wealth of Ali Kareem. To gain this, the Red House was one of the first attacked in the rising, and the mob had been led there by this malevolent old crone.

As Eleanor gazed upon the fire with a sort of fascination she felt a light touch upon her arm, and started in terror. A low voice near her said : "Have no fear Mem Sahib. Means for your escape are arranged ; put on this white chuddar which will hide you, and follow me."

By the gleams of the bonfire which fell upon his handsome young face, but even more by his words, Eleanor recognized the faithful orderly.

"Where is my husband ?" she asked, her lips almost refusing to move, so greatly did she dread what the answer might be.

"Some of our men protected the Sahib from the Goojurs ; he lives, and is in a place of safety, and has sent for you."

Whitby's wife hardly knew if she could believe this ; she dreaded that the soldier was concealing the truth from her. "He is dead," she cried in an agony of terror.

"No, no !" answered the Hindoo ; "the words of your slave are true. He is safe, and it is the will of God that you shall be soon re-united again. But let us go. Your Excellency must go back to the ashes of your homestead, where you will find means to take you from this place ; I will conduct you thither."

"But I could not pass those dreadful wretches," said Eleanor terrified. "They would murder me, and I may as well die here."

"I can take your Excellency safely. The night is dark, you will not be seen ; besides, they are much too busy plundering to trouble themselves about you. Your ayah is in the stables ; she is waiting for you."

Eleanor was trembling like an aspen leaf ; the scenes through which she had passed had completely unstrung her nerves. She dreaded leaving the sheltering walls of the little mosque, but she reasoned that she must leave the place sooner or later, for food and water, and when daylight came she could not fail to be discovered by the rebels.

She followed the soldier out of the mosque by a door in the rear of the building, and they found themselves among the monuments in the deserted Mahomedan burial-ground. Under cover of the

darkness of the night, and by an unfrequented path, she reached the grounds of what had once been her home, now only a heap of blackened walls and smouldering embers.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A PERILOUS JOURNEY.

ELEANOR WHITBY reached her home to find that only its four bare walls were standing, for the thatched roof had been fired and had fallen in, while all the contents of her bungalow had been either burned or carried away by pillagers. After glancing in a confused and dazed manner at the sudden desolation which had fallen on her dwellings, she, shielded by the friendly darkness, followed Partel Singh through the wrecked garden and over the trampled-down flower-beds. They made their way to the stables, only to discover that they also were destroyed, and that servants, horses, and carriages were gone; however, Eleanor perceived that a rough hovel was still standing uninjured, the door of which was closed.

Though complete silence reigned inside, smoke was issuing between the cracks of the plank-entrance, and the gleams of light, which made their way through the crevices, showed that the place was inhabited. It was the only sign of life in that ruin-strewn spot; all else around was dark, save where the smouldering ashes of the wrecked habitation here and there emitted a feeble glow.

They stood alone in the darkness. What to do they hardly knew, but Eleanor had been informed that her husband was to be found among the ruins of their late home, and this nerved her heart; therefore they determined to apply for help to the occupants of the hovel.

"Open!—open!" cried Partel Singh, knocking at the door. At first there was no answer to the summons, but at length the entrance was very cautiously unbarred, and they entered, to find several of the Whitby servants, including Eleanor's Portuguese Ayah. How strangely mistress and maid looked at each other for one moment; since they had last met they had stared death in the face.

When Eleanor's eyes had become accustomed to the smoke which filled the little cabin, she perceived that there was a fire in the centre of the mud floor, the smoke from which escaped as best

it might, as there was no chimney for its exit. Close to the fire were seated a few of her household, looking paralyzed with fear, but in spite of her agonized scrutiny no trace could she find of her husband. "Where is the master?" she cried in terror.

"The Lord only knows," answered a bearded man, who was absolutely shaking with fear: "but if any English are found here, we shall all be killed. We have served them for our daily bread, not to get our lives taken from us. Go from here, you Feringhi!"

"If someone will get me a conveyance, I will leave at once," said Eleanor.

"That is impossible, for the coachman and grooms have taken the carriages and horses off," answered the man.

"You must walk to Kurnaul," said another, in an insulting tone. "You are not the first of the human race who have performed a four days' march."

At this moment a party of noisy marauders, consisting of several wild-looking peasants, rushed into the hut. "Give me your jewels," cried a strong, broadly-built, youth, "or I shall take them." The stranger approached Eleanor in a threatening manner, while his demand was greeted by the circle round the fire with a roar of approving laughter.

Eleanor took off her brooch, ear-rings, watch and chain, and handed them to her assailant.

"And those rings," he cried.

She gave them to him also, reserving only her wedding-ring.

"I will have that ring as well," he shouted.

"I will not give it," she answered proudly.

"I must have it."

"You shall not."

The man approached with the intention of using brute force.

"What are you doing?" she heard a shrill voice say from the doorway. "Leave the lady alone. Men are begging for their lives, and she, a woman, does not fear."

The Witch of Megara entered the hut. Eleanor was astonished at the transformation in her appearance; hitherto she had seemed a feeble old woman, now she had become active and sprightly.

"Son of a burnt father!" she continued, addressing the robber. "You, a Rajpoot! and war with a helpless woman! Are none of the Faithful here? Abdool Kader, will you take this English-woman to rejoin the Captain Sahib?"

An old, white-bearded Moslem, clothed in snowy muslin, rose from the ground, where he had been seated. He was the under-

butler; he said to the old woman (with folded hands and inclined head—the Asiatic posture of deference), “I will take her Excellency away in a covered cart.”

“No one will be able to see you,” said the witch, “and should any of the contumacious inquire who Abdool Kader has with him, he must reply, ‘My wife and family are in the cart,’ and then no one will be minded to injure you. Delays are dangerous,” she continued; “your Excellency should leave at once.”

“Tell me,” cried Eleanor, in an accent of despair, “is my husband safe? I had hoped to find him here.”

“Ah!” answered the woman, “did I not warn you both? You thought the old woman mad; but all she foretold has come true! Yes, yes, the Sahib is safe for the present; have I not preserved him? The Sahib is in hiding; hasten, therefore. Who can tell how soon he might be discovered and murdered. Are not all thirsting for the blood of the infidel? Your conveyance waits. Go, lady! hasten away before evil befalls you.”

At the open door Eleanor saw the vehicle which was to bear her away to her husband, and, as she hoped, to a place of safety. It was a “hackary,” a rude conveyance of roughly-hewn wood, without springs, over-arched by a covering of yellow matting, and drawn by white bullocks.

She turned to the Witch of Megara: “Is it true that my husband is well?” she asked.

“Listen to the words of a woman’s heart,” said the old woman. “Men are trembling with fear, and she thinks not of herself—only of her beloved. Go! do not fear, lady. Your destiny is propitious; you will see him again; he is well. Go! Abdool Kader knows the road to take.”

Straw had been laid in the cart for its occupants to lie or sit upon, and Eleanor and her ayah entered the primitive conveyance; for the life of the latter was in equal danger with that of her mistress, as she, too, was a Christian, and in that fierce outburst of Asiatic fanaticism her creed alone was sufficient to sign her death-warrant. A wild-looking, half-clad lad, seated on the shafts, drove the animals; while Abdool Kader, after receiving some private instructions from the old woman, walked by the side of the vehicle.

Mrs. Whitby looked round for Partel Singh, who up to that time had been so loyal to her; but he had disappeared! Such was the inconsistency of the Sepoys during that crisis, that many who risked their lives in defence of the English one minute, attacked or betrayed them the next; his defection caused an ominous

feeling of dread to rise in her mind. And thus Eleanor Whitby stole away from the scene of so many peaceful days and pleasant memories, a trembling fugitive from the spot where she had so lately been the honoured mistress and a happy bride.

With many muttered oaths and threats, mingled with blows from a knotted rope, the patient, toiling beasts made their slow progress; the heavy, uncoiled wheels creaked and groaned miserably; but Eleanor was on her way to safety, and heeded not such minor inconveniences. As they went down the familiar shrubby road she turned to take one last glance at the spot where she had spent so many blissful hours. As she did so, she saw that Major Page's house, the Red Bungalow, was now a sheet of fire; fierce flames were consuming its roof, their forked tongues leaping into the air. There, also, the incendiaries were still dancing like demons round the conflagration they had created; and the last sounds she heard, on leaving her home where so many soft words of love and friendship had been spoken, were wild shouts of execration, mingled with fierce threats of massacre and torture to the unbelievers, the accursed English rulers!

The road to Kurnaul lay just beyond the English cantonments, and, although it was night, they journeyed as easily as if it were broad daylight, for the sky was red with the flames of burning villas which illuminated the country for miles round. The fugitives at length gained the outskirts of the place; but before they arrived there, Eleanor heard the profound silence of the night broken again and again by the heart-rending screams and shrieks of the hapless people who had fallen into the merciless hands of the insurgents, and whose agonizing death-cries were appalling. Also she could hear wild shouts, and outbursts of distant revelry, mingled with volleys of musketry, followed by dropping shots. But the cart slowly, though surely, travelled along the almost deserted road, unquestioned and unmolested, and these horrible sounds gradually died away in the distance. There was still some pleasure for Eleanor in the thought that every yard of that weary road brought her nearer to her husband. She was essentially a brave woman, and her personal fears were merged in intense anxiety for the man she loved, but in her heart there rose a certain bitterness against Louisa. It was to save her brother's wife that her beloved had placed his life in peril, and she reproached herself that she had allowed him to do so. Had she acted rightly? Had she not been romantically generous? Louisa would never have done as much for her, nor indeed for anyone; and it was for this selfish, frivolous woman that she had jeopardized herself and the best of

men. "Oh, my darling! my darling!" she cried, "why did I let you go?"

They now reached some remote English houses, which had not yet been attacked, whose owners had either wisely and timely fled, or were cowering in terror in their dwellings.

"The Sahib is here," said Abdool Kader, as he entered a gate leading into a shady garden. "Stay in the cart, lady, for fear some of the rebel soldiers get sight of you."

In a few moments the servant returned, but not alone; Richard Whitby accompanied him, and two Sepoys of the 38th, who had remained loyal to their captain.

How his presence changed the scene!

The dangers through which she had passed—the horrid sights and sounds she had seen and heard—the past—the future; all were forgotten in the one absorbing sensation of meeting her husband again; but this happiness, so long delayed, was absolutely painful, and Eleanor could only find relief in tears.

Joy and ecstasy, the sunshine of his soul lighted up Whitby's worn face, and shone in his fire-lit eyes. Eleanor lay sobbing in his arms, and he was trying to calm her with soft, loving words. "Is it really you, my darling? Can such happiness, such unlooked-for deliverance, be true? Though it seemed incredible that I had lost you in such an unexpected and horrible way, yet I dared not hope to see you again, Eleanor, having heard, from what I thought reliable authority, that you were among the missing. My poor wife! how terribly ill and worn you look!"

"I shall be all right now," she answered, "happiness is the best tonic."

"Sahib," said one of the Sepoys, "we can go with you no further; you now are clear of the cantonments, and will be in less danger; though even in the open country, we hear, there are bands of cavalry wandering about."

"I am ready, let us start at once," answered Whitby; "if we can but reach Kurnaul all will be well. Make haste," he said to the driver, who, by way of assent, screwed the tails of the plodding bullocks, which torture caused them to trot on with unwonted activity, and made the cart jolt cruelly. As they drove away, the Sepoys gave a military salute, and stood watching them out of sight.

They had now left behind them the city of Delhi, with its lurid glare of burning buildings, its appalling sounds of bloodshed and violence, and were in the still, open country. The stars glimmered peacefully in the clear, dark blue sky, and Eleanor, after a time,

laid herself down on her straw couch in the bottom of the vehicle, utterly worn out by physical weakness and mental exhaustion, and tasted God's best gift to the miserable—sleep. When morning broke, she found herself much refreshed by her slumbers, but Whitby had not taken advantage of the quiet state of the road; he was too anxious, and kept guard while his wife reposed.

The beautiful bright moonlit night had given place to the dawn of day: the broad flat fields were bathed in a cold grey light, while the avenue of tall trees which overarched the road was clearly visible in the early sunrise. The driver still sat on the shafts of the humble cart, whose heavy wheels creaked dolefully as the slow beasts crawled along painfully step by step. The fugitives were concealed in the vehicle, and the Moslem servant stalked along by its side.

"What is that noise!" they exclaimed, almost simultaneously.

"It sounds like guns thundering along," said Abdool Kader.

"No," said Whitby, "it is cavalry. The rebels are upon us!"

At these words the bullock-driver and the panic-stricken Abdool Kader instantly abandoned the cart and proceeded to hide themselves behind some trees.

Whitby could now see down the road a dark line, which was evidently rapidly approaching, and could also hear the sound of the horses' hoofs.

"They may not notice us," he said to his wife; "the only thing we can do is to remain quietly here, and the soldiers may pass on."

The bullocks now left to themselves tried to cross the road, out of the way of the charging cavalry, and in one moment—in less time than it takes to relate—the clumsy vehicle was upset into a ditch. Just then the horsemen swept up, a small squadron of turbaned troopers, led by a plainly-dressed officer.

"See to them, men," said a clear loud English voice, which sounded strangely familiar to the Whitbys; "there are women in that cart," and the officer rode towards the overturned equipage.

By this time Whitby was endeavouring to extricate his wife from the conveyance, and with the aid of some of the troopers both she and her ayah were soon on their feet. Eleanor glanced at the leader of the troop. Could she be mistaken?—a turban makes such a change in the appearance of an Englishman—but it certainly was her brother who stood before her!

"Henry!" she said, her voice quivering with emotion, "Henry!"

"Good God!" said Wake, for it was he, "is it you or your host? We heard that you and Richard were among the lost."

"We were saved almost miraculously by the assistance of that old woman, the Witch of Megara," said Whitby.

"I, too, was nearly assassinated by some of the villagers of Secro, who came to recover the supposed treasure; but these men, my servants, mostly horsekeepers, defended me, and have thrown in their lot with mine. I am riding to Delhi to search for my wife? Where is Louisa?" he continued wildly, "have you seen her?"

"I believe she succeeded in getting off," said Eleanor somewhat bitterly, "for she was well mounted, and rode away from the Red House. Reginald Carew was with her."

"There is a report that she is a prisoner, and has been taken before the King of Delhi. If so, I will ride into his palace and demand her," cried Wake, passionately.

"That is madness," expostulated Whitby, "sheer madness. What can a handful of men do against a whole city risen in arms? But who says she was taken prisoner?"

"Young Quinton of the 74th; I must know her real fate," he cried.

"We can still hope she is among the fugitives," urged Eleanor.

"Louisa is not at Kurnaul," answered her brother, "I am sure of that; but I will ride up to the walls of Delhi—come what may." And before they could offer further remonstrance, Wake was galloping off in a whirlwind of dust down the road.

As the thud of his horse's feet died away in the distance, his sister burst into tears. "We shall never see him again," she said to her husband. "Do you really think Louisa is a prisoner?"

"I am surprised to find that she has not reached Kurnaul," he answered, "for she had a good horse, and several hours' start ahead of us."

"But how came she to be riding your charger?"

"She had no horse, so I placed her saddle upon mine, and we managed to recover one of Major Page's horses for Carew. I intended myself to escape in our carriage; but before I could get away, the mob rushed in, and I was stunned by a blow from a bludgeon. I should infallibly have been killed there and then, had not the little Witch of Megara interfered in my behalf; at her instigation my Sepoys carried me to that house in the rear of the cantonments, where you found me."

"When shall we arrive at Kurnaul?" asked Eleanor.

"In three or four hours," Whitby answered. "We could get there much sooner had we something better than this miserable

crawling means of conveyance. I am glad to learn, from what Wake said, that the rising has not yet reached that place."

"But, Richard, tell me what this sudden outbreak is all about? I had no idea that a revolt was brewing, and it was like a thunderbolt to me. It is true I was warned; but how could I credit that the men of the 88th, the men to whom you have been so good, and of whom you thought so highly, would have turned upon us in the way they did!"

"I know no more than you, dearest," he answered. "I only know that this is a very critical time for our power in India. I cannot understand why no English soldiers came from Meerut. What can it mean?"

The sun was beating fiercely down on the lowly equipage when they at length reached Kurnaul, which presented the appearance of an ordinary Indian station, namely, a number of detached houses standing in gardens, surrounding a flat parade-ground, formed of green turf, now dried up with the summer's burning heat.

Their cart drew up at the door of the dāk bungalow, which they found crowded with fugitives, dismay and fear being written on every countenance. Families had been suddenly broken up and scattered, while many had lost their nearest and dearest. No one understood exactly what had happened, nor why their peaceful existence had been ruthlessly invaded by a now revolted but hitherto faithful soldiery. As to Whitby and his wife, they felt utterly crushed by the terrible calamity which had come upon them. It seemed an illusion—a dream—that but one short day ago, they were in the possession of all that made life pleasant, and now they were wanderers in peril of their lives, ignorant of the fate of many whom they loved. Even Whitby, usually the most active minded of men, now that his own soldiers had turned against him experienced the lethargy of despair; and it seemed to him that life had no farther object. To the victims of this sudden revolution, the cause from which they suffered appeared a mystery. Without dogmatically asserting what gave rise to the Mutiny—a point on which people have not yet agreed—we will show how completely it was in the nature of things, in a conquered country, especially at Delhi, which was also the greatest Mahomedan centre.

Delhi is a shrine—the Rome of Asia! For more than a thousand years all the decisive events of Indian history have been enacted there. Behind the great walls of its fortress, and within its palaces, endless civil wars, religious disputes, rebellions, and tumults, have either been originated or have actually taken place; in

each of which some heroic or craven soul has played his part. Behind its magnificent fortifications what tragedies have been performed! It has been conquered by seven invaders, nearly all of whom founded a new Mahomedan dynasty. It is also a city (like modern Paris) full of the recollections of insurrection; for on the one hand there had been a tyrant king, immensely rich and powerful—"God's vicegerent on earth," as he styled himself—on the other, an uneasy, conquered people, always ready to rebel and still more to conspire against the Divine Right of kings to govern wrong.

For eight hundred years—until British rule—Delhi had been the centre of Eastern civilization, having the one all-powerful king, the Great Mogul, who, from thence, ruled many conquered lands by subordinate Viceroy, who were themselves, in their turn, slaves at the beck and nod of this absolute despot.

The rule of the Kings of Delhi had been, in times past, a very splendid tyranny, tempered by high-sounding generous sentiments, and by an affectation of extreme justice and piety, with equality among all the Faithful. The system—such as it was—had broken down; instead of the ideal despot of iron will, a leader in battle and a Paladin of bravery (and such Turkish kings, of the race of Timour, had ruled in Delhi for centuries), absolute power passed into the hands of a line of effete sensualists, and then the magic fabric of Turkish rule fell to pieces.

It was such a degenerate "Great Mogul" whom the English found in Delhi in 1805. He had been a prisoner in the hands of his once slave, who had blinded him. Still, the name of the house of Timour was a charm to conjure with. This "Great Mogul," prisoner though he was, was the legitimate sovereign in the eyes of millions—a royal Stuart or Bourbon, whom no misgovernment, and no change of fate or fortune, could divest of his sacred office of kingship. Once paralyse the minds of men with the magic of a name, and they remain for ages under the spell on their imaginations. In 1805 the English re-instated this puppet-king, gave him not only personal safety, but an income of more than £100,000 a year, and restored to him the palace and the city of Delhi, which had belonged to his ancestors.

It was the grandson of the man who owed so much to the English who rose against them in 1857.

One cause of the civil wars which have rendered Indian history so incomprehensible, arises from the fact that the crown did not always descend to the king's eldest son. The ruling monarch had the power to will the throne to any of his male children, to the

one he deemed the fittest, or to his favourite. His sons—generally born of different mothers—hated each other from birth, and in consequence, when a king of Delhi died, a fratricidal war at once broke out, the most able, or the most daring obtaining the crown, usually wading to it through the blood of all his relations. Thus it was that “no Turk could bear a brother near the throne.”

In 1857 the old story repeated itself in Delhi. It was a fratricidal quarrel with its usual harem intrigues, which plunged the Mogul city into civil war and bloodshed.

The King of Delhi was an old man of ninety, who had a young wife, or rather concubine, called Zeenut Mahal, and she was the mother of his youngest son, a boy of twelve. Neither wife nor child were very worthy specimens of humanity. This woman's object was to disinherit the king's four elder sons—men of mature years—for the sake of her own youthful darling, and to gain this end she had not hesitated to poison one of the senior brothers, because the English Power looked upon him as heir-apparent.

The English, represented by Lord Dalhousie, decided that the law of primogeniture should be observed. “No hell on earth is like a woman scorned.” Zeenut Mahal's son was not to succeed to the throne of Delhi, and in revenge she determined to upset the existing order of things. She made use of the discontent existing in the army, she was party to inviting the Persians into Delhi, and she intrigued with Russia (hence the presence of the Russians there). The conspiracy was far extending and well conceived, was carried on with secrecy, and would have been much more disastrous to the English than it was, only that the match was put to the train of gunpowder before the mine had been filled with combustibles.

There was an explosion certainly (in 1857), but the damage done was not as severe as it might have been, or was intended to be. Had the plot been carried out in its entirety, not one English person would have been left alive in India, and England would have had to re-conquer that empire.

For several months prior to the outbreak Richard Whitby knew that the Court of Delhi was simmering in hate and discontent, and he was ill at ease. From what he had observed at Agra he suspected that something was going to happen. Moreover, he had seen curiously illuminated papers posted in various parts of Delhi announcing that the Persians were coming to deliver India from British Rule. Persians! absurd! he thought, with a smile; a likely story that Persians would march through all those intervening countries and the Punjaub, which was then British territory!

Times were changed indeed. The Persians had conquered Delhi, and sacked the place, a hundred and twenty years before; the memory of their invasion was not effaced in the traditions of the people, and could never be forgotten, so terribly had they suffered, and now these Persians were figuring as good angels to deliver India from the yoke of the Christians.

In all this there was some great mystery, something which a plain captain of infantry could not understand, and for which he could offer no explanation. But now he realised that an awful crisis had come, and that if the Indian Empire was to be preserved to England, Delhi must be re-taken at all costs, and that speedily.

(To be continued.)

Mountain Artillery : its Organization, Equipment, and Tactics.

By Captain H. C. C. D. SIMPSON, R.A.

MOUNTAIN artillery is a branch of the regiment, which has grown into importance since the introduction of the jointed seven-pounder gun, at the time of the Afghan War, and is now no longer in its infancy. Constantly involved in small wars, in uncivilized or partially civilized countries, where roads are either non-existent, or the nature of the ground such that wheeled artillery can perhaps not be used at all, or only with great difficulty, a gun carried on an animal's back thus becomes a necessity to us, if artillery is to be employed at all. In Abyssinia, and in our Indian Frontier wars, the small seven-pounders of 200 lbs. and 150 lbs. have been often used with effect in many actions, but, owing to the obligatory smallness of the service charge used with so short a gun mountain-artillery fire was not very effective at any but the shortest ranges.

The jointed gun of 400 lbs. weight, carried in two parts, on two mules, introduced to the service a weapon with a powerful long-range shrapnel fire, more effective than the fire of any of the guns forming the armament of horse and field batteries in India at the present time. The excellent service performed by them in the Afghan War brought the whole subject of mountain artillery before the Indian military official world, and a Committee of artillery officers sifted the subject thoroughly; a manual of mountain artillery, with equipment tables, was introduced by authority, and now forms the official text-book for the eight British and eight native mountain batteries in India, where the service of mountain artillery is more or less a permanent one. In England we have no mountain batteries, and are almost alone in this respect, compared to the other European powers, all of whom, with the exception of Germany, have mountain batteries on their Home

Establishments. Information is, however, afforded in the *Hand-book for Field Service*, Vol. I., 1884, for the instruction and guidance (chiefly of field) batteries that may be temporarily employed as mountain batteries. Taking these authorities, therefore, as a guide, I propose to treat the organization, &c. of mountain artillery, under two heads, viz. as a distinct branch of the regiment, and as field-artillery batteries temporarily organized as mountain batteries.

ORGANIZATION.

As with horse and field, so with mountain batteries, two distinct establishments of *personnel* have to be considered. The present number of British mountain batteries in the regiment, equipped as such, is ten, viz. eight in India, one in Egypt, and one in Natal, a brigade in point of number of batteries.

Before considering the question of organization of these batteries, let us determine in what countries mountain batteries would be wanted for service with the British force, and, therefore, whether it is advisable to increase the number of these batteries permanently.

Supposing a British force disembarked on any sea-board on the Continent, it would never penetrate, now-a-days, very far into the interior, and, if it did, it would be able to move over good roads, and therefore it would be unnecessary to employ mountain artillery; and so we may dismiss any thought of mountain batteries being wanted by us for service in Europe. In Asia and Africa, the case is different. On these Continents we have to meet foes for the most part uncivilized, and to move troops over hills, deserts, and countries without regular roads: for example, Afghanistan is, at no very distant date, likely to be the theatre of a war of greater magnitude than any yet waged in that land of sands and mountains. The Burmese jungles have lately monopolized half the number of our British mountain batteries in India. Our northern and eastern frontiers in India have to be carefully watched. In Africa we have old recollections of Abyssinia and Ashantee, with their hills and bush country, and, more recently, South Africa and the Soudan deserts. With the exception of Afghanistan, it would be impossible to use any artillery *but* mountain artillery in these countries. Nor is a more powerful artillery required, as, except in Afghanistan, our adversaries would have either no artillery or a very indifferent one. We may, therefore, consider that mountain artillery is necessary for service in Asia and in Africa, and that it would be desirable to keep up a certain number of batteries for service in these countries. The question we must therefore ask ourselves is this: Have we a

sufficient number of mountain batteries at the present moment, and is our present organization of them a satisfactory one, or not?

First, as regards number. The Indian Government have determined that eight British (with which I propose only to ~~deal~~ batteries are sufficient for service in Asia, besides their eight native mountain batteries; we may, therefore, consider that their estimate is correct, as it has been carefully considered in committee.

In Africa we have, however, only two mountain batteries, and those likely to be reduced. This is certainly not sufficient, as, even when we withdraw from Egypt, it may be necessary to employ mountain artillery in South Africa, or in Asia Minor, to some small extent. Two should, then, be the minimum of mountain batteries kept ready for service in the latter, and on our troops being finally withdrawn from Egypt, the two batteries which have been employed as mountain batteries in Egypt should be moved to one of our Mediterranean stations, say Cyprus. The field battery temporarily employed in Natal as a mountain battery should remain permanently so. With those in India, we should thus have a total number of eleven batteries, which should be made permanent, and, with a depôt battery and training establishment at Aldershot, form a permanent mountain brigade in a manner I now propose to explain.

For any special service not foreseen here a field battery at a time could be trained, and equipped as a mountain battery temporarily at the depôt and training establishment at Aldershot, according to the scheme and scale laid down in *Field Service Handbook*, Vol. I., 1884, and modified by suggestions of Committee, 1887, during drill season. At present, mountain batteries are raised and kept up in India on the following system. A garrison battery is specially selected in England for conversion into a mountain battery on its turn drawing near for Indian service, and its gunner establishment is sent out to Rawul Pindi, where it takes over an establishment of European artificers, native drivers, mules, and mountain equipment generally. The men have to learn an entirely new work, and in time don an entirely different pattern of uniform and accoutrements, and are officered by an entirely new set of officers. The battery remains a mountain battery for eight years, and then, just as it has learnt its work, and is making a history for itself as a mountain battery, it is relieved. The officers, European non-commissioned officers, and men, are called upon to volunteer to remain with the mountain equipment, and to be transferred to the battery coming out from home, to take over the equipment. What is left of the battery after this arrangement

then becomes a garrison battery, and either remains in India as a garrison battery, or, if it has completed its foreign service, returns to England as such, there being no mountain batteries on the English establishment. It will be seen, from this arrangement, that two batteries are for the time useless, as each has to learn the work of the other. As an instance in point, there were recently at Rawul Pindi three batteries unable to take the field, undergoing conversion to mountain batteries. The batteries, as regards gunner establishment, are kept up to strength by drafts of picked men from the territorial depôts of the divisions to which the batteries belong, and, as a rule, too small for the work.

The drivers of British as well as native mountain batteries, are generally natives of the country in which the batteries are serving, and this system has been found most satisfactory. Excepting with the prospect of immediate active service, the work of a muleteer would probably be distasteful to the average Englishman. A Native is cheaper, easily learns the work of leading and looking after a mule, and is adapted to the climate in which the battery is serving. In India, where the drivers belong to the fighting classes of Upper India, the work of the dismounted man on parade, and mounted man in barracks, could not be performed with greater satisfaction to his commanding officer by an English driver than it is at present by the Native. There is no reason to believe that in our Mediterranean or African Colonies, where mules are so common, natives of these countries, subjects of Government, would not form as excellent a native driver establishment as in India.

Let us now from these considerations formulate a scheme of organization for mountain batteries, *inter se*, and classify them altogether as one permanent brigade. The present system is faulty in these respects:—

- (1.) Mountain artillery is a special service, and one which a man who enlists as a garrison gunner does not appreciate, as the work is much harder, and the life utterly different to that to which he has been accustomed.
- (2.) The non-formation of all the batteries into one administrative whole, causes a lack of uniformity and of *esprit de corps* amongst the batteries, as a distinct and picked branch of the service.
- (3.) The impossibility of territorial depôts, with several mountain batteries dependent on them, supplying with men of sufficiently fine physique, when they do not enlist especially for them.
- (4.) The fact of two batteries on relief being ignorant of each

other's work, and thus both being unfit for service for at least a year, a great disadvantage, especially in India, where every mountain battery may be wanted at any moment.

The difficulty of forming a permanent mountain brigade is the question of relief, as there are no mountain batteries in England, and the difficulty of driver establishment has to be got over, as only one mule can be led by a man in the field, and hence a larger driver establishment is necessary than is consistent with the proper amount of work for each man to perform as a soldier. I venture to offer the following suggestions for the formation of a mountain brigade of artillery.

(a.) *Gunner Establishment.*—Batteries at present shown in the regimental list as mountain batteries in India, with 3/1 Northern and 2/1 South Irish in Egypt, and H/4 in Natal, should form the service batteries of a brigade. A dépôt battery should be raised at Aldershot by transfers from the territorial dépôts of N.C.O's. and gunners fit for mountain battery work, maintained afterwards by special enlistment. This battery to "feed" the service of batteries with gunners.

(b.) *Driver Establishment.*—The drivers of the service batteries should be natives of the country in which the batteries are serving, the dépôt battery only having a small European driver establishment permanent at Aldershot, formed by transfers from dépôt field batteries of men of good character but indifferent riders, or invalided drivers from field batteries in India.

The terms of enlistment for gunners would be for eight years service abroad with mountain batteries (Africa or India, &c.) and four years in reserve, with the usual special clauses for N.C.O's. The dépôt battery would perform the usual duties of partially training and clothing the recruits for the service batteries. The senior N.C.O's. of the dépôt would be kept up by transfers from the service batteries. All men, on completion of eight years' service abroad, would return to the dépôt to be transferred to the reserve.

The strength of gunner and native driver establishments, and conditions of service of the latter, should be about the same as that laid down in *Indian General Orders and Equipment Tables, 1884* (Mountain Batteries, British). The strength of the gunner establishment of the dépôt battery would depend on the wants of the service batteries, but to it should be attached a small staff for the purpose of instructing a field battery at Aldershot, in the drill season, in the duties of mountain artillery, in the event of such

battery being required at any time temporarily on service as a mountain battery. The dépôt driver establishment should be of strength as laid down for *permanent* driver establishment, in Part I., *Handbook for Field Service*, Field Artillery, 1884.

As regards the relief of the batteries of the permanent brigade, the batteries in India would, as at present, be relieved amongst themselves. Of the other three batteries, the driver establishments should be local at each station, but the head-quarters and gunner establishments of each battery could relieve the other. Officers for the mountain brigade should be selected from the regiment, with the same qualifications as at present laid down for the batteries in India, and allowed to exchange amongst themselves, and, of course, be employed at the dépôt. The strength of the staff of the brigade should be similar in strength to that of a present territorial division.

A lieutenant-colonel should have charge of the dépôt and training school at Aldershot; and all matters affecting mountain artillery should be referred to him for his opinion and remark.

The mountain brigade should take precedence immediately after field artillery, and each battery take seniority, as in the following table, according to their present length of service as mountain batteries.

Mountain Brigade.

PRESENT TITLE.				NEW DESIGNATION.		
7-1	Northern Division	.	.	No. 1	Mountain Battery.	
9-1	"	"	.	No. 2	"	"
9-1	Cinque Ports Division	.	.	No. 3	"	"
2-1	Scottish	"	.	No. 4	"	"
1-1	Eastern	"	.	No. 5	"	"
3-1	South Irish	"	.	No. 6	"	"
3-1	Northern	"	(just recon-			
	verted to Garrison)	.	.	No. 7	"	"
2-1	South Irish Division	.	.	No. 8	"	"
2-1	Cinque Ports	"	.	No. 9	"	"
1-1	Northern	"	.	No. 10	"	"
H-4				No. 11	"	"
2-1	Transfers from London (training					
	at Woolwich recently with					
	mountain guns) and from terri-					
	torial dépôts					
					Depôt.	

Besides obviating the disadvantages already alluded to, mountain batteries would become old and experienced, and men would take a pride in their batteries as a special service. The expense of

forming a mountain brigade from the present material would be small.

Dress.—The dress of the officers should be that laid down by regulation for officers of mountain batteries in India, with the staff pattern saddle, with F. A. appointments, and height of charger between 13·8 and 14·2 hands. The dress of the men should also be as worn in India, with the addition of a full-dress Norfolk jacket, the sleeves and collar regimental tunic pattern, and trousers and overalls for mounted men. This latter dress to be worn at Church parade and at all full-dress parades, except when parading for “battery drill,” when knickerbockers and gaiters should be worn with the full-dress Norfolk jacket. Men do not like wearing knickerbockers and gaiters on church parade, and when walking out.

EQUIPMENT.

In discussing the question of equipment in an article, which of necessity cannot deal largely in details, it is difficult to avoid expounding personal “fads,” and keeping only generally to the matter in hand.

In considering the question of mountain equipment we must remember that we are not dealing with an entirely new subject, but that mountain batteries in India have been brought to such a state of perfection, from advantage being taken of lessons learnt in the experience of active service, that they are now the admiration of all arms in India for their serviceability and general efficiency. What is wanting in them, however, is uniformity; and the truth of the saying that “there is more than one way of doing the same thing,” is nowhere more fully exemplified than amongst the different British mountain batteries in India. Although the *Manual of Mountain Artillery*, 1882, corrected to date, is the authority which should guide batteries in all details, I am afraid it is not very strictly adhered to. An English *Handbook for Mountain Batteries for Home Service* has also been under consideration at Woolwich (where experience and practical trials of new equipment are needed before introduction), which differs in many essential details from the Indian. I propose, therefore, to take the liberty of reviewing both these authorities, and pointing out defects in both systems, and blending them into one harmonious whole. We may divide our considerations into three heads.

- (a.) The most suitable pack-animal for general service for artillery purposes.
- (b.) The most suitable artillery armament that can be carried by such animals.

(c.) The most suitable method of carrying the armament, *i.e.* the most suitable pack-saddle.

(a.) *Animals, Pack.*—As regards the most suitable pack-animal for mountain batteries, for general service in all countries, the mule stands out pre-eminently as the best suited for the work. Compared with the horse, inch for inch of height, it is stronger, more sure-footed, and requires less care in management and feeding. Compared with the camel, its paces are faster, and, of course, a camel is utterly useless in hilly or stony ground; guns, also, cannot be brought into action from off a camel with the same speed as from a mule, and manœuvring with camels is almost ludicrous. The elephant will not stand fire, is ponderous, and cumbersome in his movements, a glorious target, and in the event of his becoming *hors de combat* a whole sub-division may be thrown out by the unlucky circumstance. It is also unnecessary to state that the elephant is scarcely at home on a narrow hill-path, however much he may be so in the damp jungles and paddy-fields of Upper Burmah; but even there, I think, officers and men will endorse my statement that the guns of the elephant battery have had very narrow escapes of being captured by the wily dacoit, but certainly not from the lack of energy displayed by officers and men of that battery, which has rendered such excellent service there recently.

The batteries of a permanent mountain brigade should be equipped with mules, between the height of 13·3 and 14·2 hands, and with proportionate girth measurement. A mule below this height is not big enough to carry the weight or move the regulation pace of four miles an hour on fair ground. Above this height heavy weights cannot be lifted on to an animal's back, with ease and rapidity, by the gun detachment, nor are they so handy on narrow hill-paths with sharp turnings.

Batteries in India would continue to be "muled" as at present by mules bred in that country and Persia; a battery in the Mediterranean, by mules from Sicily and Asia Minor; and in Natal, by the South African mules. The commissariat and transport dépôt would supply the dépôt battery, from time to time, with sufficient mules to form a battery of instruction, fifty, or sufficient for parade purposes of a first or fighting line, of which more under the head of Tactics.

The same department should also have on their strength of pack animals in peace time sufficient mules to complete to strength the mules necessary to fit out a field battery employed as a mountain battery on an emergency; the number necessary for the latter is laid down in *Handbook for Field Service*, 1884, Vol. I., F. A.

The number of mules necessary for a service battery of the permanent brigade should be the same as that of batteries in India, equipped with the 2·5" M.L.R. gun, deduced from what follows in my remarks on the gun and equipment necessary for M. B. Any less number, all mountain artillery officers of experience in service are agreed, would be fatal.

(b.) *Armament.*—At present in the service we have two kinds of mountain gun, the 7-pounder of 200 lbs., and the 2·5" M. L. R. gun of 410 lbs., carried in two pieces, experience having taught us that an ordnance mule cannot carry a greater weight on its back through all the vicissitudes of active service.

The native batteries are armed with the former gun, and the British batteries with the latter. The following may be considered roughly the advantages and disadvantages of the one gun as compared with the other.

Both carry a shell weighing 7 lbs., but the 2·5" gun, having a service charge of 1 lb. 8 ozs., compared to the 12 ozs. of the smaller gun, has, of course, a very much more powerful shrapnel-fire, and is, indeed, a more powerful gun than the 9-pounder of the horse and field batteries in India.

This advantage (though the only one) is a very great one.

Its disadvantages, as compared with the other gun, are that it is incapable of being used as a howitzer, as is the 200 lbs. gun. It requires five mules instead of three to carry the gun and carriage; it takes one minute to come into or out of action, or three times as long as the other. This is an important point in "limbering up" the battery (when at short ranges) whose pace is the walk. In India it has the disadvantage of requiring one more man per detachment, that is to say ten instead of nine; but were the drill adopted as proposed in the English *Handbook for Home Service* for the 2·5" M. L. R. gun, which it certainly should be, this disadvantage would disappear. The drill is more complicated, and the loads generally heavier than in the 200-lbs. gun, and the screws at the joints liable to get knocked about, hence the danger of the gun jamming in screwing and unscrewing.

The disadvantages of the screw gun, when considering it for the armament of a trained British battery, are considerably outweighed by the great advantage of its very powerful shrapnel-fire. It has, therefore, been wisely selected as the gun for British mountain batteries, and the small 7-pounder gun has been retained for service with the Indian batteries (native). Until then, a breech-loading gun in one piece, weighing not more than 220 lbs., with a more powerful direct fire than the present small 7-pounder, but retaining

its high-angle fire, can be invented, with a suitable carriage, thus nullifying the objections of both guns, it would be surely better to retain for the batteries of a permanent British mountain brigade the present 7-pounder jointed gun, with its equipment, as in the case of the British batteries in India, as its fire is powerful used as a man-killing gun, and fairly so with common shell.

Some officers have advocated an armament of four jointed guns, and two of the small 7-pounders for use entirely as howitzers; but this would only open the old vexed question of mixed equipment and ammunition, and the objection to this is greater in mountain even than in field batteries, as the mountain battery is so frequently broken up into separate divisions, accompanying small columns, and so the howitzers might be with one column when it would have been advisable to have had them with the other, and *vice versa*. There are also advocates for arming mountain batteries with guns or howitzers in three pieces. This only complicates the armament, increases chances of casualty in action, the number of mules and detachment. Even a howitzer in two pieces would carry a big shell, but, as so few rounds could be carried on a mule, the comparative advantage would be small compared with the undesirable increase of men and mules in the column of a battery already of enormous length, on a narrow path, with its 138 mules; to say nothing of the expense, and no carriage of convenient weight can be constructed to stand the shock. It has been suggested that the muzzle or second piece for the jointed gun should be two alternative pieces; one, the long piece, as at present, for turning the breech into a gun when required, and another alternative short piece, requiring another mule, to admit of the breech piece being converted into a howitzer. This is an ingenious suggestion.

Six jointed guns 7-pounders, 2.5" M.L.R., fitted with Scott's sights, should therefore (for the present at any rate) continue to be the armament of all British mountain batteries, whether of permanent brigade or temporarily employed field battery. The present Mark II. carriage is satisfactory for this gun, but the rear bolts on trail plate should be removed, and hooks substituted for the jointed sponge, as in the old Elswick pattern carriage, and the dismounting block should be a fixture on the trail tail-piece.

As regards ammunition, in India the number of rounds carried by a sub-division is 96, carried in the proportions of 60 shrapnel, 24 common, and 12 case. This arrangement should be slightly modified. One hundred rounds per sub-division can be carried, without increasing the number of ammunition-boxes, by packing

four rounds of case in the small store box on axle mule. Twelve shrapnel should be substituted for the 12 case in the ammunition-boxes, as four rounds of case per sub-division are quite sufficient in a mountain battery, which, from the limit of its pace, cannot afford to wait for many rounds at close quarters. Also, more shrapnel are necessary than at present for a gun whose fire is intended so especially for the enemy's *personnel*. Proportions of rounds per sub-division would thus be 72 shrapnel, 24 common, and 4 case, each ammunition-box containing 6 shrapnel and 2 common; or with the fighting line of a sub-division, comprising two (instead of, as at present, one) ammunition mules, 24 shrapnel and 8 common shell; with 4 case on the axle mule, or a total number of rounds in the first line of a battery of six guns, 216 rounds; including the whole of the ammunition mules of a battery (86), 600 rounds. The Indian pattern ammunition and store boxes are infinitely preferable to the unwieldy English pattern.

The combination time and percussion fuse, for time and percussion actions, is preferable to the suggested 15-seconds fuse, which must be bored instead of set, and the percussion fuse, necessitating two natures of fuse instead of one.

Entrenching tools, one complete set per division, and the pair of artificer's boxes, three per battery, or one pair for each set of artificer's tools as in India, should be retained, but the boxes of the latter arranged with lids in such a manner that when the battery is broken up into divisions, each division could carry its three sets of tools in one pair of boxes. The present Indian pattern farrier's bellows and forge might also be well introduced generally, as being portable and efficient.

Space is not available to go into all the details of equipment carried by the ordnance mules of the battery. Speaking generally, packing laid down by the *Indian Manual* for a battery in marching order is satisfactory, and might be universal for all batteries (M.) Tentage, men's kits, quartermaster-sergeants' stores, cooking utensils, &c. &c., are carried by mules supplied by the transport department, and it is sufficient to state that 126 mules are sufficient transport for a battery to take the field for three months in India, with double-fly mountain service tents for Europeans, single-fly for natives. Out of India this number would probably be reduced, as so many followers would not of necessity accompany the battery.

Over the ground that mountain batteries usually manœuvre it is often very difficult to use range-finders. Every battery should however, be supplied with three sets (1 per division) of the Weldon

range-finder, which is more portable, simpler, and less delicate for rough work than the Watkin, and nearly as true. Signalling-flags (small size) should also be carried, and are most useful on the hillside, when the battery is perforce often scattered. The six mounted men in the battery, viz. 2 staff-sergeants, 2 trumpeters, 1 farrier, and 1 collar-maker, on stout cobs or galloways, should be armed with double-barrelled pistols, and the mounted artificers should carry in a small bag slung over their shoulders, resting on the back, a few tools, and small material for the repair of slight, urgent casualties. Twelve carbines per battery, for baggage, guard, sentry, and foraging duties, on service, are sufficient, as it is impossible for men in the detachments to perform their work efficiently as gunners when encumbered with a carbine or pistol.

All ranks should wear in a Sam Brown belt a Martini-Henry sword-bayonet, longer in the blade than present regimental pattern and the present curved weapon worn by mountain batteries in India, with the hideous and unserviceable "braces belt" should be abolished.

(c.) *Pack-Saddles, Line Gear, &c.*—There are at present in the service two patterns of ordnance pack-saddles, on which the equipment of the screw-gun is carried, weighing, with all the necessary appointments, about 60 lbs. in the English pattern, and about 70 lbs. in the Indian.

In the English pattern the cradle is cut lower in the arch, and wider than in the Indian pattern, and is attached to the pads by pockets instead of by straps. To it, also, is attached a system of mechanical attachments for carrying the side-arms, &c., instead of the loops and straps of the Indian pattern.

Except for the question of weight, which could be obviated by making the saddles of a lighter English wood, the Indian pattern is preferable. From the great pressure on the cradle, the pockets on the pads open out, and are not sufficient to retain the pad in its place on the cradle. Straps are infinitely preferable. The iron loops or mechanical attachments on the English saddles are liable to be bent out of shape or broken on a mule falling, and could not be replaced in a hurry. I have never known a casualty with the present loop and strap of the Indian pattern.

The breast harness of both patterns as it is now made is utterly useless, and, unless some other pattern can be devised, might be done away with, as the girths and crupper are sufficient for all practical purposes. The collar-chain worn by some batteries on parade is most dangerous on a pack-animal, as in going down hill it goes over his head, *en route* to entangle his feet; in going up-hill, if attached to the hook in front of the cradle, it tends to drag him

back. They should be abolished, as not wanted with "fore-foot picketing" gear.

With these modifications the present Indian ordnance saddle, with its different cradles suited to the equipment it has to carry, affords an efficient and serviceable means of carrying mountain artillery equipment, always taking care that the pads are fitted to the particular mules, and stuffed with sheeps' wool, properly carded. The much-debated question of whether certain small stores, such as sights carried by No. I., linch-pin and washer by Nos. II. and III., &c., should be carried on the person of the gun numbers or on saddles, as in proposed English equipment, ought to be decided in favour of the former system, which experience has taught is preferable; as if a mule falls over a hill-path, stores are probably lost.

For mules the "fore-foot" picketing gear is infinitely preferable to the usual head-collar and heel-rope picketing system. Jhools are preferable to blankets, when covering is considered necessary for mules.

Dunder-sticks should be done away with in India, as they are a nuisance to carry, and do not prevent a mule from eating the covering of the mule picketed next to him.

As regards riding saddles, Staff pattern and not universal pattern should be adopted, appointments and mountings being field artillery pattern. So much has been written in the official handbooks alluded to in this article on saddlery and its fitting on pack-animals, that to allude to it here would be a work of supererogation. *Experientia docet.*

I now propose to lay down the establishment and equipment of a mountain battery of the permanent brigade; which differs, as will be seen, very slightly from a British mountain battery on the Indian establishment.

A.—Establishment of a Mountain Battery of Mountain Brigade.

PERSONNEL.				N. C. O's. and Men—(cont.)			
Officers :—*		Service Battery.	Depôt Battery.			Service Battery.	Depôt Battery.
Majors		1	1	Qr.-Mr. Sergeant		1	1
Captains		1	1	Sergeants		6	6
Lieutenants		3	3	Corporals		6	6
		—	—	Bombardiers		6	6
Total		5	5	Gunners†		80 as reqd.	
		—	—	Trumpeters		2	2
N. C. O's. and Men :—							
Sergeant-Major		1	1	Total		102	—

* Attached to the depôt would be a lieut.-colonel to command depôt and training school, with an extra captain as adjutant.

† The number of gunners for a depôt battery depends on the wants of the service batteries. 80 is 2 less than in India.

PERSONNEL—(cont.)			
Artificers :—	Service Battery.	Depôt Battery.	
Farrier	1	1	
Collar-maker	1	3	
Wheeler*	1	1	
Total	3	5	
Native† Driver, Estab.	150	—	
European‡ „ „	—	54	
Native Artificers (not en- listed)	10	—	

SMALL HORSES AND MULES.

<i>Small Horses :—</i>			
Staff Sergeants	2	2	
Farrier Sergeant	1	1	
Trumpeters	2	2	
Collar-maker	1	1	
Spare§	1	0	
Total	7	6	
Officers' chargers private	7	5	

<i>Mules :—</i>			
Gun	24	6¶	
Carriage	14	6¶	
? Axletree	14	6¶	
Wheel	14	6¶	
Ammunition	42	12¶	
Pioneers	8	3¶	

<i>Mules—(cont.)</i>			
	Service Battery.	Depôt Battery.	
Artificers	3	3¶	
Spare	24	8¶	
Total	138	50	

<i>Line Gear :—</i>			
Fore-foot picketting, at 1 set per horse & mule	144	57	

EQUIPMENT.

<i>Ordnance :—</i>			
Guns, 2·5" M.L.R., jointed steel, 400 lbs.	6	6	
Carriages, travelling, complete, W.I. Mark II.	7	7	
<i>Ammunition :—</i>			
Rounds per gun	100	—	
<i>Small Arms :—</i>			
Swords, M. H.**	255	?	
Pistols, D.B. Lancaster (1 per mounted man)	6	6	
Carbines, M. H.	12	12	
<i>Saddlery and Harness :—</i>			
Riding.—Staff pattern††	6	6	
Pack.—Gun Muzzle	12	6	
„ „ Breech	12	6	
Carriage Body	14	6	
„ „ Axle	14	6	
„ „ Wheels	14	6	
Artificers and Ammu- nition, same pattern	48	18	

B.—Establishment of a Field Battery, employed on an emergency as a Mountain Battery.

This establishment should be similar to that laid down in *Hand-book for Field Service*, Vol. I., 1884, for a mountain battery on the home establishment, with these exceptions.

- (1). The permanent and hired drivers should be British, the former being the drivers on regular establishment of field battery.

* Wheeler not allowed in India, only a Native. A European wheeler should be in charge of the shop.

† Same proportion of Native N.C.O's. and drivers, but one extra enlisted Native farrier.

‡ Calculated at 1 driver per saddled mule and horse, and 6 spare, including 3 driver N.C.O's.

§ One spare horse necessary in a service battery for casualties, as the 6 men should always be mounted.

|| In India, major and captain allowed forage for one extra horse; in England, horses public property.

¶ Mules for depôt battery, calculated in order to turn out the depôt battery, or field battery in training, "1st Line" complete.

** The number of Martini-Henry swords depend on the fixed strength of depôt, the European drivers equipped and dressed like gunners.

†† In England, 5 extra for officers.

- (2.) The establishment of small horses should be the same as for batteries of mountain brigade.
- (8.) Saddlery, riding and pack, should be also as for mountain battery of mountain brigade, as should also establishment of pistols and carbines: but for a temporary service, the six mounted men might retain their long swords, and the men their ordinary clothing (but gunners and drivers wearing trousers with the regulation black leather gaiters and ankle boots) small arms and belts.

TACTICS.

The tactical employment of mountain artillery in the field is dealt with in Part IX., *Mountain Artillery Manual*, India 1882; and Brackenbury's *Field Artillery Tactics* is applicable in its broad principles to mountain as well as to field artillery. A few remarks will suffice. All drills and exercises of mountain artillery are assimilated as much as possible to those of field artillery, also *vide* the *Indian Manual*, and should remain so. For parade and fighting purposes the battery should be divided into three lines:—

The first or "fighting" line, consisting of five gun and carriage and two ammunition mules, per sub-division, with the three pioneer mules, the gun detachments, officers, and mounted men.

The second or "relief" line of the relief mules for the top loads, *i.e.* three per sub-division, and the four remaining ammunition mules of each sub-division.

The third line, or "artificers" line, of the three side load relief mules, artificers' boxes, and spare bare-backed mules of each sub-division, and spare mules for spare carriage.

These three lines correspond respectively to the gun and limber, the waggons, and general service waggon, &c. lines of a field battery.

All tactical movements and drill movements should be carried out by the first line in action, as in a field battery, the captain assuming charge, assisted by the quartermaster-sergeant of the second and third lines, and conforming generally, at some distance, to the movements of the first line. This arrangement of only three lines would be more satisfactory than in India, where there are four or five lines formed up in a battery. The proportion of mules in each line would be 45, 42, and 51 respectively.

At inspections, after being inspected and marching past by sub-divisions (sections), the second and third lines would be dis-

missed. In the field they would conform to movements of battery some distance in rear, out of zone of fire.

The number of rounds, thirty-six per sub-division, would be quite sufficient for a mountain battery to go into action, without being encumbered with its second and third lines as close to it as it is at present.

The pace of the battery is a smart pace of about four miles an hour, when manœuvring on good ground.

The trot should never be employed, except under special circumstances, such as the battery changing position, and crossing the zone of fire, &c., and then the pace should never exceed a steady double for the men, and for the sake of the mules the distance should be limited to 200 yards.

When a force with a mountain battery is advancing to engage, the battery should accompany the main body of the infantry on its flank; coming into action, if the ground and approach to the enemy's position will admit of it, at a range of not less than 2,000 yards. The battery may eventually advance to 800 yards, but nearness of approach to the enemy must depend on the nature of the ground in front, and on the flanks of the battery.

The tendency of infantry commanders of small expeditions is to bring their mountain guns into action at too close ranges, and thus the detachments suffer great loss, and the danger of losing the guns is unnecessarily increased, as mountain guns cannot "limber up" and trot away like a field battery.

Occasionally a force, when not acting entirely in the hills, may be accompanied by field as well as mountain artillery. The two, should not be manœuvred in line with each other, as was seen at the recent Indian camp of exercise. The mountain battery on these occasions should accompany that infantry brigade to which the most important rôle in the action is assigned, ready to be used at any moment to hold or attack an important point in the position, and not with divisional field artillery.

The absence of wheeled carriage enables a mountain battery to obtain cover with such facility, that it can come into action in any position where infantry can obtain good cover, without more than the usual chances of casualty, and can manœuvre with them anywhere.

On the line of march, in an enemy's country, when it might be desirable in the hills to throw well forward a division of a battery, the second line of the division, but not the third line, should be closed up in column with the first line. It is absolutely necessary to relieve the top loads, and have a reserve of ammunition, but not

to relieve the side loads, or unnecessarily lengthen the advance-guard with a longer string of mules than is necessary.

The duties laid down for field batteries, as regards "the line of march" for advance-guards, rear-guards, main body, also for outpost duty, general principles for guidance in action, duties of officers and of escorts in action for field artillery, apply equally to mountain artillery, modified to a slight extent by the pace of manœuvre of the battery, and the nature of the ground, and of the enemy's probable tactics in the country in which operations are being carried on. But in no other branch of the regiment is the feeling of self-reliance, promptitude, energy, and activity more necessary than amongst officers and men of a British mountain battery. On "the line of march" in countries with occasional good roads, an arrangement of the "prolonge" might be made, and as in Russia the guns put in draught to ease the animals on a good road, on the principle of the "Indian tonga."

In conclusion, too great a stress cannot be laid on the desirability of forming a mountain brigade, as the artillery for use in Central Asia would undoubtedly be horse and mountain artillery; and we never know when they may not be wanted, and its present constitution is eminently unsatisfactory.

The Jubilee Festival and Parade of the Corps of Commissionaires.

By Retired Staff-Surgeon JAMES C. DICKINSON.

It was a loyal, and at the same time an admirable idea of Captain Sir E. Walter to organise a Jubilee Fête of the Commissionaires. By the numbers who attended was shown the *esprit de corps* existing among the men, and how anxious they were on so auspicious an occasion to display their loyalty for their Queen and the throne; again, the fact of permission having been given to invite a non-commissioned officer from every regiment in the United Kingdom that could attend, and a petty officer from every ship in commission in England, showed that the commandant was anxious the sister services should have the amplest opportunity of judging what advantages soldiers and sailors who had left the service would gain by joining the Corps. It had suggested itself to the practical mind of Sir Edward that if he could bring together those who were now Commissionaires, and sergeants and petty officers who might be thinking of shortly retiring, they (the latter) would gain a better and more satisfactory knowledge of the benefits and advantages of belonging to the Corps, than by reading any pamphlet; that they would carry away with them an impression that they could at once join a Corps where they were sure of respectable and remunerative employment, and where they would find a comfortable home, and be amongst old comrades. To show how this excellent idea was carried out by the founder is the purport of this paper. On June the 18th, Waterloo Day, the festival was celebrated by a fête, held at Groveland's Park, Southgate, Middlesex, by kind permission of the owner, Major Taylor, late 85th Light Infantry, where a dinner was given to the men of the Corps and those non-commissioned officers of H. M. Army and Navy who had accepted the invitation. The muster was a good one, and

under a large marquee the men filled three long tables, placed at right angles to the one occupied by a brilliant assemblage of distinguished officers and military writers. While full justice was being done to the excellent catering, the wives and children of the Commissionaires were being cared for by Lady Walter, and it was a pleasant sight to see how the mothers and children enjoyed themselves on the green sward, or beneath the stately elms and other trees with which Grovelands Park is so picturesquely studded, another instance of how much greater attention our forefathers paid to arboriculture than the present generation do. Sir Edward Walter presided at the luncheon, and after the good things had been disposed of, the loyal and patriotic toasts were given with all accord. General Sir Edward Holdich, as the senior officer present of the Army, responded for the service, and the non-commissioned service was responded to by a warrant officer of the Army, who confessed that he had hitherto had very little knowledge of the existence of the Corps, the principles of which he admired, and testified that he held them to be of importance for the nation. The speech was a thoroughly practical and soldier-like one, and he sat down amidst the ringing cheers of his comrades. A petty officer of the Royal Navy responded in excellent style for the sister service, and declared that he was unaware till then of the benefits which the old soldiers and sailors could derive, if of good character, from joining the Corps. In the course of a very characteristic speech, he told the audience that when the invitation came down, his shipmates had said to him that they could not understand what this Commissionaire Corps was, and they thought the best thing was to send him, as being the sort of chap that would find out all about it, and he should have much pleasure in going back and telling them it was a first-rate institution. He concluded with some complimentary remarks to the founder and Corps, and said, until the invitation came down to Portsmouth, he or his shipmates had never heard of the Corps of Commissionaires. His thoroughly practical way of dealing with the chief benefits and advantages of belonging to the Corps, was frequently interrupted by applause, and when he sat down he was loudly cheered by all assembled, who felt that the idea of Sir Edward Walter would hereafter bear good fruit. Mr. A. Walter, who employs a number of Commissionaires, commented upon the astonishing lack of interest in that which concerned men of the Army and Navy thus brought to light, and expressed the hope that such visits as had been paid by non-commissioned officers to-day, would spread a knowledge of the Corps' operations and principles, its operations being directed to bringing good men into civil employ-

ment, and its principles being those of honesty, sobriety, and thrift—principles expressed by its motto, *Virtute et Industria*.

Lord Chelmsford proposed the health of the founder of the Corps, which was cordially toasted, cheer after cheer being given, and "He's a Jolly Good Fellow" sung by all present. The marquee had just at this time received a large accession of ladies, who, in their charming summer toilets, had come to do honour to the founder and Lady Walter. Sir Edward Walter, in reply, dwelt upon the past success the Corps had achieved through its strict application of its rules, which provided for the retention of the good men, and the dismissal of those who could not maintain the character of the Corps. Those men who did not stop long were those who thought they came in to please themselves only. Had the Corps been 100 stronger, employment could have been found for them during the Jubilee, and it was a source of regret that the staff could not meet the wishes of those requiring Commissionaires. The health of Major Taylor—who had kindly granted the use of his park for the *fête*—was then proposed and drunk with all the honours. The company then adjourned to witness the sports, which were keenly contested, and afforded a fund of amusement to the wives, families, and friends of the Commissionaires. The band discoursed excellent music, the men of the Corps looked in the best possible health and spirits, and the smart uniforms of the non-commissioned officers and petty officers present added very much to the brilliancy of the scene. Besides those already named, there were present Sir E. Willis, General Sir R. Taylor, Major-General T. R. Hume and his brothers, General Harnett, the Hon. P. Wyndham, General Brag, Sir T. Graham, Colonel Knollys, and Major Elliott.

On Sunday the 19th June, a general parade and inspection of the Corps of Commissionaires by His Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor of Wales, K.G., who was accompanied by Prince George of Wales, took place in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. At an early hour the public began to assemble in the grounds, and long before the arrival of their Royal Highnesses, some thousands of spectators had arrived. The Princes were received by Field Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, Commandant of the Royal Hospital, Field Marshal Lord William Paulet, and Captain Sir Edward Walter. The large company included many distinguished officers and other visitors, as Lord Mark Kerr, General Sir E. Whitmore, Sir F. Morley, General Renny, General Sir E. Holdich, General Dyedale, Sir James Fraser, General Harman, the four brothers Hume, namely, Colonel Sir Gustavus Hume, Lieut.-General R. Hume, Major-General T. R. Hume, and Colonel Hume

—all four of whom, it was remarked with pride, were present together thirty-two years ago at this very time of about Waterloo Day, in the fight about the Redan—General Harnett, Colonel Innes, Colonel Greene, Colonel Todd, Mr. Walter, Captain A. F. Walter, Lady Walter. General Salisbury, Sir H. White, C.B., Major-General Goldsworthy, M.P., General Sir E. Hodge, Captain Colville, and very many foreign visitors.

The Commissionaires were drawn up in two battalions in line, with the band massed in the centre. The Corps, though its full strength can never be mustered at once, completely filled the long terrace with its double lines. Most of the men had seen service, many had medals, and some had seen a great deal of service. A guard of honour was formed, in part of maimed men, who had lost an arm or a leg in the British service, and in part of staff sergeants, warrant officers, and petty officers of Her Majesty's army and marine service, who had been invited to partake of the hospitality of the Corps. The scene was heightened by the presence of the old Chelsea Pensioners in their quaint scarlet uniform and old three-cornered hats of the time of James II.

The Princes were received with a royal salute—the National Anthem being played—and accompanied by Sir Edward Walter, Sir Patrick Grant, Lord William Paulet, and the other distinguished officers, made an inspection of the ranks. Prince Albert Victor addressed many kind words to the maimed men, who were the first objects of Captain Sir Edward Walter's solicitude when he founded the Corps nearly thirty years ago. The officers in command were Colonel Wilkinson, Colonel Brind, Major Hawkins, Major Staniland, and Captain Swinhoe. In the course of the parade and inspection many of the officers picked out in the Corps men whom they had known on service, and renewed acquaintance with them.

Prince Albert Victor then made a short address to the Corps, and said it had given him great pleasure to make that inspection that day, and he was sure his gratification at seeing so fine a body of good men, who had done duty in the Queen's service, was thoroughly shared by the eminent and distinguished officers who had added to the pleasantness of the meeting by their presence. His Royal Highness expressed himself as grateful to Sir Edward Walter for affording him an opportunity of inspecting a corps composed of men whose past and present services entitled them to respect.

Sir Edward Walter, in reply, said he was very much obliged to their Royal Highnesses for their presence there that day on the occasion of the midsummer Sunday parade. He could say for

the men of the Corps that they thoroughly deserved the praise His Royal Highness had given them, and the honour he had done them by inspecting them, and the Corps would ask His Royal Highness to accept their thanks, and to convey to Her Majesty their loyal and dutiful congratulations upon the attainment of her Jubilee. They all felt the enormous advantage it had been to this country to have had as its Sovereign, for the last half-century, a lady whose devotion to duty was an example to all the world. To the great array of officers of the army who came so constantly to these parades of the Corps, Sir Edward also returned his thanks, and said that these parades gave an opportunity to the Corps to display its "stock-in-trade" in the good men who had obtained employment by means of the good character the Corps had maintained for the article it supplied. That the public appreciated the Corps was shown by the demand made for men through its ranks, and the public were now sensible of the benefit of employing men whose characters were formed and could be maintained. He also thanked Sir Patrick Grant for permitting the Corps to hold its annual assemblies in those grounds attached to the Royal Chelsea Hospital, which, he said, it was to be remembered, was founded by means of the funds belonging to officers and men of the army nearly two hundred years ago, and he trusted that it would ever be maintained for its present use and purpose. Sir Edward also thanked the officers and men of the Corps for the maintenance of the Corps' character from the time of its foundation. The men of the British army, unlike the men of foreign armies, when they had passed through the ranks, were perfectly independent of the Government in respect to their means of living. The Emperor of Germany, the State officers, and the Civil Service of that country had in their employment men whose breasts showed the war-services they had performed, and these war-services were a passport to employment when the period of war-service was over. That was not so in this country, but we had got even a better result, because our soldiers had the pick of the places in the labour market, where they got better wages than the Government would give them, while the employers got the pick of the finest army in the world. (Applause.) He did not consider that he had accomplished all he could have wished; but he had left something for his successors to carry out, and he trusted they would carry it out on its old lines.

Cheers were then given for Her Majesty and for the Princes, and one was called and heartily given for the Founder of the Corps. A short Church service was then given. The service was a Jubilee

one, and the preacher—the Rev. Hugh Huleatt, who was Chaplain to Her Majesty Forces in the Crimean and also in the Chinese wars—gave an address of a forcible character. The service ended with the National Anthem, and the Corps was dismissed. The parade state of the Corps showed that the men present, about 1,000 in number, represented a body now numbering some 1,673, of whom 1,160 are employed in the London division, and 513 are in the divisions in great cities.

The Jubilee Festival and Jubilee Parade will long be remembered with pleasure by the men of the Corps; and to Sir Edward Walter's larger circle of friends—the public—he has shown himself to be a benefactor in the widest sense of the term. Her Majesty the Queen, who takes so affectionate an interest in all classes of her subjects, has delighted the officers and men of the Corps by including Captain Sir Edward Walter in the Jubilee honours to be an Ordinary Member of the Civil Division of the Second Class or Knights Commanders of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath.

Captain Sir Edward Walter, K.C.B., Commander of the Corps of Commissionaires, is the third son of the late Mr. John Walter, proprietor of the *Times*, and M.P. for Berkshire from 1832 to 1837. He was born in 1823 and married in 1853. He was educated at Eton and at Exeter College, Oxford; entered the army in 1843 as ensign 44th Regiment; exchanged as Captain into the 8th Hussars, and retired just before the Crimean war. Sir Edward founded the Corps of Commissionaires in 1859 and has been the commanding officer ever since that date. He received the honour of knighthood in 1885.

I would strongly advise those interested in the welfare of this admirable corps, to visit the barracks in Exchange Court, and to judge for themselves how the comfort of the men is cared for, and the excellence of all the arrangements. The officers of the staff are always happy to receive visitors and afford them every information.

Our Veterinary Class.

By YEORAH.

THIS is an era of army examinations. Someone has only to discover a hitherto unknown language, or invent an impossible drill, for someone else to be appointed a deputy instructor-general of sorts to examine him in it. Hence, one-third of the officers of the British army is annually employed in cramming up subjects, which the remaining two-thirds are actively engaged in forgetting; and by the time an individual officer has acquired an alphabet after his name to denote his certificates of qualification, the chances are that he has attained but a kaleidoscopic knowledge of everything remotely connected with his profession, without really having thoroughly mastered anything. However, each study in itself is no doubt excellent, and there is no actual harm in a man taking up submarine telegraphy or ballooning if he likes it, although he will in all probability have forgotten which is the balloon and which the diving-bell by the time he is called upon to put his theoretical teaching into practice.

Be this as it may, Captain de Bryches and I, both of the "Cam-brian Fusiliers" were inspired with the laudable desire to add a veterinary certificate to those already in our possession, and so volunteered for a veterinary course at Aldershot. Now De Bryches is nothing if he is not "hossey." Indeed, he is our representative man as such, *on foot*; for, having once ridden in some remote garrison races, he has not been weak enough to repeat the experiment and thus run the risk of tarnishing a reputation mainly upheld by tight trousers and five-barred-gate pins. A veterinary course would, therefore, be quite in his line. We obtained leave to live in town and run down to Aldershot for each day's lecture; an arrangement which, I imagine, adds to the popularity of a veterinary course.

"I suppose it won't be a very stiff exam.?" I hazarded to De Bryches in the train *en route* to Aldershot. "At least I mean for me; you, of course, are already well up in everything connected with horses."

"Well," he replied condescendingly. "A fellow has always a lot to learn, for, although I've certainly had a longish experience of horse-flesh, still one can't know *everything*, you know."

This was scarcely an answer to my query, but it conveyed indirectly that even De Bryches would have to work, and helped to establish a degree of "funk" as to the result of the examination.

We duly attended the lecture on arrival at Aldershot. The first few days our whole class, from colonels to fresh-fledged lieutenants, were like so many schoolboys. We provided ourselves with every conceivable kind of note-book (De Bryches affected one of a betting nature with a gilt horse-shoe on the cover), produced stylographic pens, revolving pencils, everything to enable us to rapidly transcribe the words of equine wisdom as they fell from the lecturer's lips. We bought up all the latest editions in the place of Fitzwygram, Youatt, Hayes, and ordered others from town; and if wild scribbling and rapt attention would have passed us, scarcely one of us deserved to fail. From the outset, however, I noticed that De Bryches and a cavalry man or two, adopted a dashing style of entry in their note-books (as if the lecturer had suddenly hit upon some debateable point on which they held a different opinion and, therefore, wished to make a *memo* for future questioning), and that they then shut them up with a snap, and nodded approvingly as the lecture proceeded. This state of affairs went on for a short time; then "What a falling off was there!"

One anxious inquirer suddenly discovered that he was absolutely obliged to visit an uncle in Cheshire, who opportunely fell ill the day before pheasant-shooting began. Could he be excused just *one* lecture? He stayed away a week. Another was "so annoyed, but these sort of things always happened at the wrong time, you know, and really, if he didn't take a couple of days' leave the consequences would be something too disastrous," &c. He never turned up again until the last lecture but two. A good many followed suit, until the "voluntary" nature of the course became very evident. However, De Bryches, I, and some others stuck to our work religiously. We even went to the length of collecting specimens of grasses, buying bones of defunct cab-horses, &c., insomuch that we were nearly "run in," by alarming an old lady into calling the guard and pointing out to him a suspiciously stained brown paper parcel under De Bryches' seat. We had the greatest difficulty in

convincing them that it was only a fine specimen of the "ligaments of the patella," and I feel sure that a detective was sent to dog us on arrival at Waterloo Station.

In spite of all this, De Bryches *would* adhere to his jerky way of entering his notes. He was not going to be out out by the two cavalrymen, one of whom had given up making notes altogether; so when, one day (having accidentally missed a lecture), I asked him to let me make it up from his note-book, he demurred a little, said his entries were necessarily but superficial, and had not I better get someone else's? I, however, persisted, and I must admit that my persistence was not of much use when my object was attained. The notes were scarcely explicit, to judge from the following "true extract" which I copied out:—

. . . The conformation of the horse mainly depends upon the ventilation of the stable. Air should always be admitted high for this purpose, and the lumber vertebræ invariably drained from the surface. Subcutaneous drainage is apt to get congested unless a ventilating pipe is inserted by tracheotomy. . . . There are 40,000 glands in 1 cwt. of hay before September, but after that 56 in a truss may be taken as a fair average. . . . N.B. If the mineral qualities of hard water are not removed by boiling, they create dampness which should be avoided in all infiltrations. . . . The scaphoid corresponds to the carpus or our wrist, hence the seven cervicals which cover the cuneiform should always be well bandaged with cartilages. Wire is not a bad substitute. Melted gutta-percha may also be inserted. Asphalt and treacle balls form an excellent tonic, &c. &c. . . .

I ventured to suggest that his notes appeared, perhaps, a little "mixed," at which he seemed huffed, and said, "I told you, you wouldn't understand them," which, I allow, was true enough.

Well, the day of examination was at hand. All the truants had returned for the last three lectures or so, and had been extra attentive to the lecturer, taking down more notes than ever, and smiling the smiles of sycophants at his little touches of humour. We were told off into batches of fours, and ushered into the school-room, where four veterinary conspirators sat at four separate tables, placed a long way apart, upon which were arranged bits of deceased diseased horses, specimens of grasses, oats, grinning jaws, and bones. It was a chamber of horrors and torture. I glanced rapidly for inspiration at the walls, where certain *memoria technica* and diagrams used to hang, but, alas! these had been turned with their blank backs outwards; and even the dejected skeleton of a horse, whose melancholy cavity of an eye had been fixed upon us for the last six weeks in hollow reproach as we had misnamed all its components, had been taken to pieces, and its limbs scattered over the room. I wondered what heterogeneous monster would have been put together again, had the refitting of these bones been entrusted to the tender mercies of our class; but before I had time

to put my surmises into mental form, I found myself opposite the first inquisitor, before whom was a glass case containing grasses. Here I became painfully aware that, with the exception of "Jacob's tears" (for the life of me I could not remember the botanical name), one grass was confoundedly like another. I scraped through the four indoor subjects somehow, having come to the conclusion that a sound horse is a mere freak of nature; and as I was being ushered to the outdoor examiner (the "spinster" as someone facetiously called him on being "spun"), overheard De Bryches assuring *his* torturer that "from personal experience he considered a mass of sweet vernal and horse-chesnuds to be the best blood-producing trefoil on record." Then I concluded that he was answering according to his note-book and confusion, rather than from the knowledge with which he was credited by his admirers.

Having finished my outdoor work, and with it the examination, I was allowed to remain within earshot when De Bryches' turn came. He looked nervous and anxious, and smiled in a sickly manner when the veterinary examiner addressed him in reassuring tones.

"Captain De Bryches, I think? Yes. Well, I believe you have had some experience of horses, so will rattle through our subject. Farrier-Sergeant Rasper just trot out that bay nearest you. Now, Captain De Bryches, tell me which leg is that horse lame on?"

De Bryches tried to look confident, but I saw he was "chancing it," as he replied quickly:

"Near fore——"

"I *think* not; look again, please," said the examiner.

"Oh, of course; how stupid of me, to be sure; why, there's no doubt at all; can't understand how I made such a mistake; it's the—ah, off hind"; then, catching the examining veterinary surgeon's expression, he continued rapidly, "I mean the 'off fore'; that is to say, the 'near hind'; but——"

"Well, never mind, Captain De Bryches," interrupted the examiner. "As it happens, that horse is *perfectly sound*, but we'll now take a palpable case. Hi! trot out that black gelding;"—and the black gelding referred to was jogged along, wobbling about like a buoy at high tide. Once again poor De Bryches floundered on to the wrong leg, and was now asked to tell the age of an animal indicated.

He brightened up a little at this, for I knew that he had been studying teeth (oh! how his specimens used to smell even in a

smoking carriage!) for the last week in the train. He opened the beast's mouth scientifically, and said, without hesitation:

"Oh! ah! I see. Quite a young brute; rising four. Tusk not yet developed!"

It was an old mare!

"Thank you, Captain De Bryches, that will do. Good morning. Call the next officer's name, please, Sergeant-Major."

De Bryches never got his certificate; but he puts this down to the jealousy of "those Vets at Aldershot," and there are still several youngsters in the "Cambrian Fusiliers" who quite believe this, when they look at his legs and necktie.

“On Leave.”

JUBILEE week has passed away and we can all enjoy the pleasant retrospect of having witnessed one of the most superbly spontaneous and magnificent spectacles that Great Britain and our world-wide Empire has ever seen. The press of England has so admirably described every incident of the Royal Progress to and from Westminster Abbey, with such photographic accuracy, that I need only narrate some few incidents which are likely to interest my readers.

The letter from the Queen forms the most appropriate conclusion to the celebration, and will be read again and again by her loving subjects. It is dated, Windsor Castle, June 24, 1887.

“I am anxious to express to my people my sincere thanks for the kind, and more than kind, reception I met with on going to and returning from Westminster Abbey with all my children and grandchildren.

“The enthusiastic reception I met with then, as well as on all those eventful days in London, as well as in Windsor, on the occasion of my Jubilee, has touched me most deeply. It has shown that the labour and anxiety of fifty long years, twenty-two of which I spent in unclouded happiness, shared and cheered by my beloved husband, while an equal number were full of sorrow and trial, some without his sheltering arm and wise help, have been appreciated by my people. This feeling and the cause of duty towards my dear country and subjects, who are so inseparably bound up with my life, will encourage me in my task—often a very difficult and arduous one—during the remainder of my life.

“The wonderful order preserved on this occasion, and the good behaviour of the enormous multitudes assembled, merits my highest admiration.

“That God may protect and abundantly bless my country is my fervent prayer.

“VICTORIA, R. and I.”

Among the many gatherings that have taken place in honour of the celebration may be mentioned a “brotherhood and guestling” of the Cinque Ports, at Dover—an ancient ceremony which has not been held for twenty-one years. The mayors and chief officials of all the Cinque Ports and their liberties were present. Earl Granville, at a luncheon which followed the ceremony, among other things said: “During the remainder of his life, he should

not forget some of the scenes in the metropolis on Tuesday. He had been present at a coronation in the Kremlin at Moscow, one of the most brilliant functions it was possible to imagine; he had attended the ceremonies belonging to a coronation in Germany; he saw the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851, and many other pageants, but he had never seen one that struck him more than that of Westminster Abbey on Tuesday, so infinitely grand and more touching than he had expected. The incident of the Queen embracing the various members of her family, with that dignity and grace which are some of Her Majesty's especial characteristics, had an effect which could be only vulgarised by any description. To see the mass of men of all classes crowding the streets in perfect order, peace and contentment, with apparently no wish but to join in one common expression of loyalty to their sovereign, was a great and encouraging sign. The feeling was one of devotion to the personal qualities of the Sovereign Lady who ruled over us, of whom the poet has truly said, 'a thousand claims of reverence, due to her as mother, wife, and Queen,' and also a feeling of gratitude for the progress that had been made during Her Majesty's reign. No one could deny our progress in science, in art, in material comfort, in moral improvement, and in mechanical inventions. Wages were raised, crime and poverty diminished, the population better fed, more healthy, and better taught."

Everyone regrets that the Police have come under the censure of the Public, and it seems a pity that for the indiscreet acts of the few the many should suffer. Sir Charles Warren would do well to impress on the corps, who are essentially the guardians of the public, that a polite manner will much contribute to their popularity, and, what is more, gain for them the respect of all classes. When an unprotected female is waiting to see Her Majesty or some member of the Royal Family pass by, and asks a question of a policeman as to the hour of their expected arrival, or what not, she is entitled to a civil answer; but, I regret to state, I have heard the contrary given. That they are very ignorant of many of their duties goes without saying, and there is a question which has been raised by a distinguished General as to what the uses of the refuges, or islets of safety in the streets, are for; he (the General) maintaining that he has a perfect right to stand on them on any occasion, and that the police cannot remove him therefrom so long as he conducts himself in an orderly manner. The police maintain the contrary; but he has defied them, and they are afraid to molest him. Nothing would give the gallant General greater pleasure than to bring the matter to an issue. In the meantime

the question remains undecided, and the General has had printed on his visiting-card, "Beware of the Police." Sir Charles Warren has an opportunity now for reorganizing the corps which he should not be slow to avail himself of, as it will never do to allow the police to fall into bad odour with the public.

Messrs. Cox & Co., bankers, Craig's Court, invite subscriptions for a first issue of £75,000 in the Imperial College (Limited) being part of an authorized capital of £100,000, in 20,000 shares, of £5 each. The object of the company is the formation of an institution for the preparation of candidates for military and other examinations. A suitable freehold site, the prospectus states, can be acquired close to Addison Road, West Kensington, and, pending the construction of the building, work will be commenced immediately in temporary premises. Whether it will be a success is, to say the least, problematical. The following questions suggest themselves:—Is such a college required? Have we not a large number of similar institutions, and do these pay? Do young men who are about to enter the army like to be sent to school again? And has it not been ascertained by experienced teachers, over and over again, that it is impossible to ascertain the character and give that personal supervision to pupils to ensure their passing where large numbers are assembled? The promoters would have stood a better chance of success had they waited until Mr. Knox had succeeded in doing away with Sandhurst.

The Queen was graciously pleased to send a telegram from Windsor Castle to the Earl of Albemarle on Saturday June 18th: "The Queen congratulates Lord Albemarle on the 72nd anniversary of the battle of Waterloo." Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh honoured Lord Albemarle with a visit, as did His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, and many others. The Waterloo veteran, it may be remembered, is the author of a most delightful book of reminiscences in which is to be found the authentic history of an Inspector-General of Hospitals, who, after his death, was discovered to be a woman.

Dr. Fleming's plan for shoeing horses for the army is to have four square holes perforated in each horse-shoe, into which, whenever required, slots or bolts could be fitted and clinched. A dozen or more of these bolts can be carried, with a small instrument, by the rider, who can, in a few moments and without difficulty, render the shoe perfectly safe from slipping upon a frozen surface. The invention has been under trial for a considerable period in two regiments, the officers of which report most highly of the plan, and its adoption in the army ought to be a certainty.

The non-commissioned officers of the Royal Scots Greys wear the "Imperial Eagle" on their arms as a decoration; but, says a correspondent, "there are many, however, I believe, who are now serving in the regiment (not to speak of the general public) who have but a vague idea of how this eagle was captured, or what 'the fight for the standard' really was. From some old documents that have recently come into my possession which contain valuable information on the subject, I hope the following extracts may prove interesting.

"Extract from a letter written by Sergeant Ewart (afterwards Ensign C. Ewart, 5th Veteran Battalion) of the Royal Scots Greys to his father, relative to the capture of the eagle:—

"'It was in the first charge, about half-past eleven o'clock in the forenoon, I took the eagle from the enemy; he and I had a hard contest for it. He thrust at my groin; I parried it off, and cut him through the head; after which I was attacked by one of their Lancers, who thrust his lance at me, but missed the mark by my throwing it off with my sword by my left side; then I cut him from the chin upwards, which went through his teeth. Next I was attacked by a foot soldier, who, after firing at me, charged with his bayonet, but he very soon lost the contest, for I parried it and cut him through the head, so that finished the contest for the eagle; after which I presumed to follow my comrades, eagle and all, but was stopped by the General (General Ponsonby, afterwards killed), saying to me, 'You brave fellow, take that to the rear; you have done enough till you get quit of it,' which I was obliged to do, but with great reluctance. I took the eagle into Brussels amidst the acclamation of thousands of spectators that saw it.'"

The appointment of Colonel the Hon. O. G. P. Montagu to the command of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue), which has just fallen vacant, is an extremely popular one in the army generally, but especially among the officers and men of the regiment with whom Colonel Montagu has been so long associated.

In matters theatrical I have not much to report. Mrs. Bernard-Beere's impersonation of "Lena Despard" is simply perfect, and shows this grand actress to possess that firmness of touch and full command of resources so absolutely necessary for characters of this kind. It is a distinct advance on Fedora. Mrs. Bernard-Beere, like Garrick, has made a study of Lavater, and so admirable is the facial play that each mood or passion of this complex *intrigante* is shown *veluti in speculo*. There are various rumours abroad that lead us all to hope that Mrs. Bernard-Beere is likely hereafter to give us some Shakespearean impersonations, and possibly she may

identify herself with Mr. Wilson Barrett, as the Queen in *Hamlet* and Lady Macbeth. To say that this accomplished lady is fully adequate to the task is simply to repeat the opinion of some of the best critics of the day.

The success of the Royal Italian Opera, Drury Lane, is assured. Each opera has been produced on a scale of splendour that recalls the first season of Covent Garden, under the management of Mr. Delafield. The artists engaged have nearly all proved to be singers of exceptional talent, and Mr. Harris has had the good fortune to introduce Madlle. Sigrid Arnoldson, a youthful prima donna—a second Swedish nightingale—who has achieved a triumphant success. Mr. Beerbohm Tree continues to delight his audiences by his finished performance in the *Red Lamp*, in which he is admirably supported by Lady Monckton. Mr. Beerbohm Tree will soon remove to the Haymarket, when I hope to give a detailed account of his acting. The production of the *Red Lamp* has been in every way a complete success, and all lovers of the drama are certain to support a gentleman who combines in so eminent a degree the dual character of a first-class actor and capable manager.

All theatrical people will be glad to learn that the Hollingshead Testimonial is beginning to assume a tangible shape. A meeting of the general committee was held a few days since at the Prince of Wales's Theatre under the presidency of Mr. H. Osborne O'Hagan. The secretary (Mr. Cunningham Bridgeman) said that since the last meeting he had had an interview with Mr. Hollingshead, who stated that he was averse to a public performance taking place. He stated that he knew from experience the great amount of trouble, anxiety, and expense which would accompany such an undertaking; but after some persuasion he had given full authority to the committee to organize a public performance, and at the same time had expressed his sincere thanks for their kind and generous efforts in raising a testimonial in his behalf. It was resolved that the secretary should communicate with Mr. A. Harris to ask him whether he was willing to let the committee have the use of Drury Lane Theatre for a morning performance. A subscription list was subsequently opened. Bearing in mind the excellent reforms Mr. Hollingshead has introduced—the abolition of fees of all kinds, free programmes, and the admirable series of performances he has provided the public with—his benefit will be not only a "bumper" but thoroughly representative.

"FURLOUGH."

Reviews.

SKETCHES OF LIFE IN JAPAN. By Major HENRY KNOLLYS.
(London : Messrs. Chapman & Hall.)

Major Knollys is an officer of very great taste, and has produced a volume which, in regard to writing, type, illustrations, and binding, is one of the most artistic books of travel we have seen for a long time. His sketches are of the simplest, lightest character; he does not pretend to present Japanese history, progress, art, and life in a few epigrammatic sentences, like some ambitious triflers we could cite; but he takes a bit of life here and a bit there, and his jottings bring home to one the characteristics of human nature in Japan vividly and freshly, and fill up the gap left by writers of drier and more exhaustive works. The illustrations are admirable; one, of a Japanese girl, being a triumph of reproductive art.

ALEXANDER'S EMPIRE. By J. P. MAHAFFY. (London : Mr. J. Fisher Unwin).

This belongs to the "Story of Nations" series, which has proved so popular since initiated by Mr. Fisher Unwin a little more than a year ago. The present volume deals with the history of Greece generally, and of the empire reared by Alexander the Great in particular. The narrator of the "story" is Professor Mahaffy, the author of a variety of standard works on Greece. In the course of some 300 pages he describes, in a concise and thorough manner, the rise of the Greeks, and the causes that in time contributed to their downfall. The volume is profusely illustrated, and contains a number of excellent maps and battle plans, particularly one showing the march of Alexander upon India.

HISTORY OF THE BOERS IN SOUTH AFRICA. By GEORGE MCCALL
THEAL. (London : Messrs. Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co.)

The astonishing success of the Transvaal gold-mines has revived public interest in a country which figured so prominently a few years ago. Curiously, on that occasion, although many books on the Boers saw the light, none of them attempted to describe in detail their emigration from the Cape Colony and the establishment of the two republics in the interior of South Africa. This Mr.

Theal has sought to do in a solid work of 350 pages, accompanied by several maps. In general his history is a very good one, although life among the Boers has evidently blunted his perceptions of right and wrong, as when he condones their seizure of women and children, and refers to the "apprenticing" of the latter as a mere matter of business, whatever the Anti-Slavery Society may think of such practices. All the same, the work is a very readable one.

CANADA AND THE STATES. By Sir E. W. WATKIN, Bart., M.P.
(Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co.)

A bulky but somewhat disappointing volume, the mass of the matter contained in its 500 pages referring to a past which possesses very little interest for Englishmen of to-day—recollections of a period from 1851 to the completion of the Pacific railroad, which all who are interested in the fortunes of Canada have little patience to sit down to read, when a host of books on its present and future are appealing to the reader on every side. The account of a trip along the new railway is the best thing in the book. It contains a very good railway map of the United States and Canada.

ENGLAND'S ROYAL HOME. By Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK. (London :
Home Words Publishing Office.)

THE FIRST YEAR OF A SILKEN REIGN. By A. W. TUER and CHARLES FAGAN. (London : Messrs. Field & Tuer.)

These are a couple of jubilee books; the first dealing with the home life of the Queen during her long and eventful reign, and the other describing London as it was the first year she swayed the sceptre of this country. The Rev. Charles Bullock has long been known as a careful and painstaking author, and his handsome, copiously illustrated work well merits having passed through several editions. Mr. Tuer's art souvenir, with its curious plates of the period, is "got up" with even more than the usual artistic skill of the Leadenhall Press.

RECORDS OF SERVICE AND CAMPAIGNING IN MANY LANDS. By
Surgeon-General MUNRO, C.B. (London : Messrs. Hurst &
Blackett.)

The author, who, in the dedication to H.R.H. the Princess Louise, announces that he has "had the honour to serve in both battalions of the Princess Louise Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders under their old well-known numbers, 91st and 98rd, as assistant-

surgeon and surgeon in peace and war," furnishes, in a couple of volumes a very interesting record of service at the Cape during the Kaffir war, in Canada, Bermuda, the Crimea, India, and a variety of other countries. The reminiscences are of the usual character, but there are not many officers who have had such an eventful record as Surgeon-General Munro, or possess the pen-talent for narrating it in so charming a manner.

A MERE ACCIDENT. By GEORGE MOORE. (London: Messrs. Vizetelly & Co.)

Mr. George Moore—the English Zola—who declared a year ago that he was never going to publish any more novels in English, because his *Drama in Muslin* had been boycotted by Mudie, and intended for the future to issue them in French, has apparently changed his mind, unless his new work is "a mere accident" in more senses than one. During the rest he has allowed himself his capacity for story-telling has strongly developed itself, and there will be many who will consider this the best novel he has written. We shall be surprised if it does not prove more popular than even *A Mummer's Wife*.

COWBOYS AND COLONELS. By WILLIAM CONN. (London: Messrs. Griffith, Farran & Co.)

Now that London society is making darlings of American cowboys and colonels, a rush may be expected for Mr. Conn's narrative of a journey to the prairie lands and hill-tops wild, where those gentry most do congregate. The story is a lively one, garnished with such blood-curdling illustrations as a horse-stealer suspended from a dead tree over a precipice, with a cloud of crows circling round the rope; and there are plenty of scenes on a par with these soothing pictures of cowboy-life. Still, who would care for cowboys and colonels if the record of their existence was not made up of stirring adventure? and of the latter plenty will be found in this capital volume.

EVENTS IN AN IRISH COUNTRY HOUSE. By ETOILE. (London: Mr. John Heywood.)

This is a very interesting story, describing in the most natural manner Irish life. The object of the author is evidently to expose the true political condition of Ireland, and he puts forward many valuable suggestions for remedying it. The work is well written, and is a useful contribution to the literature of the Irish question.

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG. By A. KOCH. (London: Messrs. Whittaker & Co.)

Dr. Koch, the court chaplain to Prince Alexander at Sofia, has published a very interesting volume of reminiscences, which form not only a valuable history of Bulgaria from the Treaty of Berlin to the present time, but throw a vivid light on men and manners in the plucky little principality. Russian methods of intrigue are exposed in a ruthless manner that must cause pain to several prominent English politicians, who, after reading Dr. Koch's book, must find their conviction shaken that we have nothing to fear in India from the approximation of our unscrupulous Northern enemy.

NOTE.

THE BATTLE OF BEACHY HEAD, JUNE NUMBER, PAGE 168.

The author of the above paper writes to say that since the publication of his article he has succeeded in finding a list with the names of the Dutch squadron (given on p. 174) correctly spelt. We accordingly append it.

Utrecht.	Stad en Lande.	Vriesland.
Alcmaar.	Maagd van Enkhinzen.	Elswout.
Tholen.	Dort Holland.	Reigersbergh.
Westvriesland.	Maagd van Dordrecht.	Gekroonde Burg.
Prinses Maria (flag).	Hollandia (flag).	Noordholland.
Oastricum.	Veluwe.	Veere.
Agathea.	Prov. v. Utrecht.	Cartien.
	De Maze.	

He adds that this list of the Dutch squadron, taken from the *Brit. Mus. Add. MS.*, 81,958, with the spelling corrected, bears comparison with the abstract total given by the Dutch naval historian Jonge, as follows :—

22 ships, 4 fire-ships, 1,862 guns, 6,828 men.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All MSS. intended for insertion must be directed to the Editors, Army and Navy Magazine, 13, Waterloo Place, London, S.W., and must contain name and address of the writer. Name and address on *letters* is insufficient.

It is requested that ruled paper be used, the pages numbered, fastened together, and a small margin left.

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Reviews of Books and Notes on salient matters connected with the Army and Navy will be continued each month.

THE ARMY AND NAVY MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER 1887.

Six Months of Ocean Tramp.

STRAITS SETTLEMENTS—CHINA—JAPAN—RUSSIA.

By A. PILL, M.D.

(Continued from page 330.)

SHANGHAI.

THE government of Shanghai is peculiar, if not unique; the highest power of appeal is the Court of the Consuls of different countries, the senior being Chairman, through whom all communications to the Tootai or Chinese Governor pass. Being a treaty port, a certain amount of land was granted to the English, Americans, and French as settlements. Of late years the two former have amalgamated in all matters of police, government, lighting, &c. &c., and this is the more easily done as the English and American settlements are side by side, only separated by the Soochow Creek; the division between the English and the French on the other side is by a smaller creek, both being crossed by frequent bridges.

There is a Municipal Council, elective, having powers in some ways similar to our Local Boards of Health at home, though some of the matters which come under their ken are dissimilar. Under their control is a Volunteer Force, which is called out for a month's training annually, and for the inspection of which the General Commanding H.M. Forces at Hong-Kong and the Straits Settlements sends up an officer. The force consists of 298 in all, a troop of light horse, a battery of artillery, and four companies of infantry, with a band composed of Manillamen, under a European

leader, whose performances would astonish many a Volunteer band at home. They play in the gardens on the Bund two or three times a week in favourable weather.

The population of Shanghai living in the English and American concession, not inclusive of Chinese, amounted, in 1885, to 8,673, of whom 1,458 were British; next in number were the Japanese, then Portuguese, Americans, Spanish, German, French, Danish, Austrians, in fact nearly all European nations, Brazilians, Turks, Chilians, Persians, Koreans, Indians and Malays. There is an increase of 400 in the number of British in the last four years. The native (Chinese) population in the concession numbers 125,665, and has increased by 17,858 in the same period; of this native population 6,187 live in boats.

Shanghai is lighted most successfully by both electricity and gas; the expense of the former is, of course, considerable; there were some doubts as to whether it would be continued beyond the end of the present contract.

The Municipal Council obtains a revenue from licenses to tea-houses of from one to six dollars a month, also to opium-shops and pawn-shops; the latter not doing so good a business as formerly—"Uncles" not being so prosperous as elsewhere, or, more likely, the people are more thrifty.

Then, again, carriages are taxed, but from the decrease in their numbers it is evident they are not so popular as the jinrickshas, the licences for which have, on the other hand, increased; the license does not, however, hold good in the French settlement. My man had taken me to lunch at the Hotel des Colonies in the French settlement, and, after tiffin, we walked to visit some opium-smoking-houses. I was astonished to see my man, who had followed me with his "ricksha" from the hotel, come into the opium-shop, accompanied by a gendarme, who told me he was liable to a fine of two dollars for being in French settlement. I soon managed to pacify my French friend, who took me to some other and higher-class opium-shops, and, learning my profession, was made quite happy before we parted, by my giving him a prescription. The wheelbarrows, which I have described elsewhere, also are licensed and numbered; and the drivers as well as the ricksha-men wear a Chinese, as well as a European numeral, on the back of their outer garment. Cargo-boats and foreign and native liquor sellers also pay a licence, and it would gratify Sir Wilfrid Lawson & Co. to learn that there was a decrease in the latter source of revenue to the tune of 100 taels in the last year.

The police in Shanghai is of three nationalities—Europeans,

Indians, and native Chinese. A great many of the former class, who had been induced to go out in consideration of the apparently liberal amount of pay offered, were resigning in consequence of the sterling value of the dollar having dropped from 8s. 8d. to 3s. 3d., or about 10 per cent.; and as these men had to transmit part of it to relatives in England, the loss on the Exchange was of material importance. The next class—the Sikhs—a very fine body of men, of commanding height and noble appearance, are recruited from the Lahore district, and when trained, and they have learned a little English and Chinese, are a great acquisition to the force. The native Chinese are improving in their duties, but at present are hardly as reliable as could be wished. The amount of crime in the settlement, considering the population, is very small—assault, fighting and larceny seem to be the most frequent. The punishments accorded were blows, the “cangue” and imprisonment. I visited one of the prisons near the French settlement, and saw two men in an enclosure somewhat like a giraffe-house at the “Zoo,” with high wooden pailings, wearing round their necks a broad square board, through a hole in which the head passed, so that they were unable to feed themselves. I saw this punishment also in one of the Chinese prisons in Hankow, and was informed that the wearer was unable to get his hand to his head, and was at the mercy of his friends for feeding.

Some of the Europeans who reside a little outside the concession pay an extra police-rate, and are looked after by the Municipal Police at their request; one of their grievances being the number of buffaloes on the roads, which are a source of danger and annoyance to the inhabitants.

The health of Shanghai compares very well with that of similar climates and mixed populations; the average death-rate for 16 years from 1870 to 1885 is 25·6 per cent.; the lowest annual death-rates were in 1875 and 1876, viz. 18·6 and 19·2 per cent. Cholera seems to be the chief cause of death, and any person with eyes, nose, and ears visiting any Chinese town or portion of a settlement, would not wonder at the presence of cholera or smallpox, or any other disease generated by filthy surroundings. Of the deaths from cholera in the European population in 1885 only eight belonged to the resident population; the remainder were from the shipping. The precautions taken by the Medical Officer of Health are all that could be desired; but preaching in sanitary matters is no more necessarily followed by *practising* than in other human affairs.

FROM SHANGHAI TO YOKOHAMA.

An early start from Shanghai for our four-day steam to Yokohama brought us some cold weather, produced by an easterly wind dead ahead, necessitating warmer clothing. The next day the wind was less strong, and the temperature was warmer, so we made a fairly good run of 260 miles.

The following day we passed a volcanic island; we could see plainly with a glass the lava running down the sides of the mountain, and smoke proceeding from its apex. We also passed several other islands reported to be of a similar character, near Van Dieman's Straits. The wind still dead ahead, blowing very stiff; this moderated next day when we sighted land, passing several Japanese ships, which insisted on most assiduously saluting us by dipping their flags as they passed, keeping our quartermasters well employed in returning their polite salutations. It becoming hazy as we reached the port, our captain judiciously availed himself of the services of a Japanese pilot in European clothing, who proffered them, and we were soon anchored in the roads at Yokohama. We were directly boarded by the Agent's boat, and also by steam-launches from two or three firms of engineers seeking business, and soon afterwards went ashore to the Agent's; and then, at somebody's suggestion, found ourselves at the Japan Hotel, the most elegant and charming little hostelry it ever was my lot to visit: the gentlemanly courtesy of our host, the excellence of the arrangements, would almost warrant a journey to Yokohama to inspect them. On entrance we found ourselves in a large room, partly bar, partly reading-room, both tastefully decorated ("no joke intended," as Artemus Ward says,) with an American billiard-table in one corner. The pictures, the arrangement of the curtains, exhibited a *tout ensemble* of excellent taste such as is rarely seen in houses of public entertainment. Opening out of this room, through light curtains, and almost a garden of ferns and flowers, we entered a second billiard-room, with sofas and every luxury a traveller could wish for in his "hours of ease"; another room equally elegantly equipped succeeded this. We soon made acquaintance with some other visitors to the hotel, and we agreed to dine with them. We were ushered up a circular staircase leading from the bar-room to the floor above; here we were shown into a most home-like dining-room, out of which opened a prettily-furnished drawing-room. The books lying about, and all the surroundings, gave the appearance of a private gentleman's "home." We were admirably waited on

by two Jap waiters, who here, as in China, answer to the generic name of "Boy," and a lady visitor from London with her husband enacted most unaffectedly the parts of host and hostess. Why is it that English people far away from home, as in the East or the Colonies, are so much more easily approached, and lose that stand-offishness so characteristically English that they assume on the continent of Europe and at home? It is not that their hearts are not equally good and kind, but there runs through the English mind a certain feeling of difficulty in making the first advance to acquaintance. A pleasanter dinner party I never "assisted" at; our host did not appear, as he was otherwise occupied, but on another occasion he joined our dinner party, and treated us as one gentleman treats another at his table, never for one moment allowing any hint of his being the landlord to slip out. My recollection of the evening was that we had some very good music, thanks to the presence of two P. and O. officers, and that several of the party found out that American billiards was a very fascinating game, which prevented our reaching our ship till rather early in the morning.

The next day was devoted to making acquaintance with the town of Yokohama, visiting curio-shops, silk-shops, public buildings. The Japanese are not by any means a tall race, but, small as they are, they are well knit, and have great powers of endurance. They greatly affect the manners and clothing of European nations, chiefly English; their policemen are dressed very much like our midshipmen, with long swords at their sides; the absence of hair from their cheeks, I presume, adds to their juvenile appearance. They are most courteous to each other, bowing nearly double two or three times on meeting an acquaintance in the street. We were shown over the Custom House, a lofty and imposing building, surmounted by an observatory, which was not completely finished, and were astonished to note that the name of each department was painted over the door, both in Japanese and English; and during my stay a circular was sent round requesting the approval of those who were willing to substitute the Roman character in writing and printing for the Japanese. The more modern streets near the Custom House and consulates are fine, broad, and open, but the older ones are narrow, though sweetly clean compared with Chinese. Jinrikshas here, in their home, were numerous and well appointed; a photograph I purchased of the hatoba or landing-place, with a number of these vehicles ready for hire, makes a pretty view, and a pleasing memento of my visit.

We heard there was a wrestling match going on one afternoon;

so we directed our ricscha boys to take us there. Being too early for the entertainment, we strolled through the fair-like shops which were built in the neighbourhood, where I bought, through my ricscha man, some of the stockings and sandals in common use amongst the natives. On returning to our wrestling match we found we were expected to stand, though there were plenty of raised seats; but soon we saw our ricscha man making his way through the crowd to us with a message from the police that it was advisable to look after our pockets, when we took the opportunity of asking for seats, which we obtained—of course by paying for them. I am wrong in saying we got seats; we got spaces to squat on after climbing up a ladder into a large sized hen-coop. First a string of some nine or ten stout, well, though heavily formed men, came out of one corner, dressed in gorgeous robes, and made a circle under the central pavilion; then something was said in Japanese, which we did not understand; they then retired; then an opposition party from the opposite corner of the ground went through the same ceremony. Next one or two wrestlers came out from either corner, and squatted down on opposite sides of the ring; then a boy in a specially clean *kimono* (Japanese usual outer garment), with a fan in his hand, stood up, and made a doubtless "neat" speech, when two of the performers entered the ring, naked except a loin-cloth. The first thing they did was to stamp each foot down strongly, slowly, and widely apart, then slap the thigh of the leg stamped down; then they each retired to their corner of the dais, and drank, or rather rinsed their mouths out with, water from a shell; then taking pieces of "Skibbe" paper from the corner of the dais, where they were suspended, blew their noses, spat on the paper, and threw it down on the ground; they then returned to the centre, half squatted, resting on their toes, and made passes at each other with their hands. Then a return to the corner, where the interesting (?) performance with water and paper was repeated. Eventually they did get hold of one another, not by the hips, as in Cornish wrestling, but by the shoulder. After a fall they both retired, after the boy had made his announcement, preceded by the clapping together of two sticks, and the waving of his fan. We saw this process repeated some five-and-twenty or thirty times, when we thought we had had enough. The performers were, to my mind, too fat to be well trained; all had circular marks of escharotics applied neatly and regularly on either side of the spine, in the region of the neck. Their physique was more that of a brewer's drayman than an athlete, at any rate, to a European eye.

From the number of male spectators I should imagine the entertainment was popular, though there were few Japanese ladies present. The three little midshipman-like policemen were perched up in a high box, from which perch it would have required a ladder to get them down, added to which the wrestlers could apparently have swallowed one or two of these little midshipmites without suffering very severely from indigestion; but happily their services were not required, and their presence was, therefore, both honorary and ornamental. A great many of the Europeans live on a bluff, a high point of land to seaward. We lunched here one day in a charming little villa occupied by two clerks in our agent's office; it lay in the cleft of two hills trending down to the sea. There was a very pretty garden, a pond of gold fish, a tennis lawn, and everything to render expatriation as pleasant as possible. On our way back to town we passed a British Naval Hospital, on a splendid site, and I regretted I did not go over it. I spent one or two nights on shore at the Japan Hotel, as there was somewhat of a sea on at night, and those who went ashore had some difficulty in returning to the ship. One night, in fact, the sampan men would not face the sea, and our shipmates were forced to remain on shore till daylight. The sampans in Japan are far less comfortable and more exposed to the weather than the Chinese; they are, however, more crank and boat-like. As steam-launches were frequently visiting the ship, I, whenever opportunity occurred, availed myself of them.

I was a little astonished here, as in other ports, to find a visit paid to the ship by a local doctor—at Yokohama he was an American—to ask for employment from the ship in case of illness, and the face of annoyance these gentlemen put on when they learned the ship carried a doctor was “a caution.” I was amused at the different ways in which these visiting doctors received the announcement that the ship carried a surgeon. Some “chummed” directly on being introduced, and invited me to their houses, and took pleasure in showing me the lions of the place; one or two gave me the cold shoulder entirely; and one gentleman went so far as to say “he was glad to make my acquaintance, but he would have preferred it under other circumstances, as I had *done him out* of twenty dollars.” I must exempt the parts of Singapore, Penang, and Hankow from this not very creditable proceeding on the part of the profession, as I think that when the medical profession condescends to visit ships to ask for orders, as do the ship-chandlers and engineers—and as butchers and grocers do at home—it is quite time to call it a trade in lieu of a profession.

The only excuse I heard for the proceeding was, "it is the custom of the country."

The evening before we were going to sail, our landlord expressed his regret at my not having seen Tokio (Yeddo), the capital, and suggested that I should start early next morning, accompanied by one of his servants as a guide, to get a peep at the most densely populated city in the world. I accordingly started by an early train—yes! a train in Japan—from a wonderfully neat railway station on the outskirts of the town of Yokohama. The details of the station as to booking, &c. were more after the German than the English model. In the waiting-room were the local papers for the benefit of the passengers. After taking our tickets we were admitted through a turnstile to the platform, where we found airy, roomy carriages, the seats running lengthways, with an open platform at either end, by which communication was possible with other carriages. The railway swept round the bay coastwise, and after passing shipping and sea-coast scenery, we reached more country; fields well-cropped and watered, and some planted with trees espalier fashion, but the tops quite level, on which the blossom formed an elegant white *parterre*. We stopped at the station this side of Yeddo, and hiring rickshas started through what seemed an interminable street to the great city. It seemed as if we were passing through an avenue of shops; however, a turn to one side brought us into a well-treed roadway, and after another turn we came to a full stop, and got out of the rickshas to visit a temple; this was a wonderfully fine building in the Japanese style; the amount of gilding and ornamentation must have made its construction very costly. The number of worshippers did not seem very great; most of those in the building appeared like myself—spectators. The grounds surrounding the temple were very large, and in some park-like avenues were some handsomely carved monuments, upright and nearly all alike—though the inscriptions I presume varied. How many of these temples there were I did not learn, but I saw, I am sure, a dozen, when I expressed myself satisfied, as our American cousins would say, with the "sample."

Leaving the temples we got into the fortified portion of the town, past the barrack and exercising grounds, saw some cavalry soldiers at exercise, vaulting on to, across, and over a horse, more like the performance in a circus than the usual military evolutions; past more barracks, past a troop of cavalry I was ricksha'd along, passing on the way an ambulance carrying a sick person to the hospital. I was then landed by my guide at the door of a museum. I entered expecting to find curios, instead of which I found it

was a Japanese edition of the Baker Street bazaar, china stalls, stationery, dolls, refreshment, and old carved wood stalls. I made some few purchases, and on paying for each I received a present or "kumshaw," which, I was informed, was the usual mode of dealing in Japan.

As regards "kumshaw." Backsheesh, kumshaw, tipping, are synonymous terms; different names are used in different climes, but they all mean the same thing—a present in money or kind given by some person to the *employé* of another in exchange for favours received or supposed to be received. In the China trade the principle is carried out to an enormous extent. At no port at which we stopped did our officers fail to receive kumshaw from shippers and consignees of goods. Our chief officer was an ardent seeker of it, and if it was not duly presented to him he asked for it. I know he obtained some five or six chests of tea, two or three cases of ginger, boxes of cigars, wine, dresses, scarves, jewellery, and last, not least, money; in fact he must have nearly doubled his wages in this manner. The other officers, if they found a box of cigars in their berth accepted them and asked no questions, but Mr. Kumshaw made quite a business of it. The steward also made a good thing of it, by dealing in articles which he bought cheap at one port and sold at a higher rate in another. He required some considerable addition to his pay, as his expenses on shore, where he did "the swell," were, by his own showing, not inconsiderable.

On again through miles of narrow streets of bamboo-built inflammable-looking houses, till we got to an ascending portion of the town where was a public garden. Near this was a Daiboots or divinity, presumably made of hollow metal, a large, ugly-looking, squatting creature, whose eyes squinted; the *tout-ensemble* was not a very lovable deity. Near to Daiboots was an enormous large bell, whose actual proportions I did not learn; but instead of the usual clapper, several men laboriously swung a long log of wood against the side of it; this I saw and heard when noon arrived and I was conducted to a restaurant in the grounds to obtain "tiffin" for myself and guide. This I satisfactorily got in European fashion, and some German beer. It is not wise to ask for "Bass" in Japan, as they make Japanese beer, and so closely imitate "Bass's" labels that it would require some one well versed in the trade to detect the difference. I was also shown at Nagasaki patent medicines the labels of which were equally well imitated. After tiffin I visited a much larger and more ornate temple, where there were a good many worshippers, and where the priests, uncanny-

looking, close-cropped men, were receiving any amount of small coin. Close by was another park, and race-course, surrounded by shops; here we had to leave our rickshas and adopt "Shank's pony" as a mode of progression.

After an hour or so of this I was tired of sight-seeing, eyes, legs, and body all equally weary. I inquired for our conveyance, and after three-quarters of an hour's drive reached the Tokio station. I made my guide pay the ricksha-men, and found half a dollar satisfied each of them. How many miles they had brought me I could not guess, but it was not under twenty, I feel certain. Finding we had still some time before the train started for Yokohama, my guide took me to the street leading direct from the station, where I found shops and houses larger and more European than in the other streets.

Reaching Yokohama after a very pleasant run in the train, I went back to the "Japan Hotel,"* where the landlord informed me my ship was not to sail till next day. Subsequently I saw the steward, who was returning on board, and I requested him to bring my bag ashore, as I was invited to meet the American doctor of one of the Pacific mail-boats at dinner. He was an old-looking grey-haired man, with the usual American-shaped beard, wonderfully well-informed, possessing a great fund of anecdote, told with all the dry wit so characteristic of his countrymen. I was specially interested in his account of the mode in which he embalmed the bodies of the Chinese passengers who die on the passage from San Francisco to China. I am afraid a description of the process, though highly interesting from a professional point of view, might not, in its details, be acceptable to every reader. Later on in the evening we made an excursion into the country to see a famous Japanese dance, but were unable to get it performed, though we offered a considerable sum to the performers. The dozen rickshas, with lanterns carried in the hands of the coolies, following one another in succession through the streets at night, made a pretty sight.

On returning to the hotel I found a letter from the captain of one of the British men-of-war lying in the roads inviting me to breakfast in the morning, and one of our party kindly offered me the use of his steam-launch to go out. I availed myself of it, but was a little nonplussed to find the Japanese engineer and steersman both were ignorant of English; but by the aid of signs, pigeon-English, and one or two Japanese words I had picked up, I

* I regret to learn that since this was written the hotel has been burnt down, and James, the landlord, has settled at Singapore.

managed to indicate the ship I wanted. To compare a man-of-war with a first-class cargo and passenger ship would be invidious. The number of the crew of the former is many more than in the latter; the dress, the discipline of the former make up for the greater amount of room in the latter. I found a cordial reception and a very nice breakfast with the captain of H.M.S. ———, and a long talk about home—a pleasant change. I was conducted all over the ship, saw all hands mustered, and finally was sent away in style in the captain's gig to my own ship.

After a farewell visit to the shore we started on the afternoon of Good Friday for Hiogo, or Kobé, as the place is also called. We had a good many friends on board to wish us "Good-bye," who came some little distance out with us and returned in the pilot's launch. I found we had also several passengers connected with the agents—a lady and gentleman, their little boy, and a Chinese nurse, and a young clerk, who were going to Kobé, and from thence to the interior, and preferred travelling by our ship to availing themselves of the local boat which started at the same time as we did, and which, spite of all its efforts to pass us, and its greater local knowledge of tides and currents, &c., utterly failed to do so, though he tried to run us down as we were entering the port, which we reached at 11.30 P.M. on the Saturday night. The next morning we steamed in nearer the shore in charge of a pilot.

I went to Church on shore and found it was the first Sunday on which the new Bishop of Japan (Bickersteith) had preached; it was also the first opportunity I had had of going to Church since I started from home. After service I met the captain and some of the officers, and we all dined at a restaurant kept by our Compradore. Soon after which, as it was pouring with rain, we returned on board, and spent the afternoon quietly, till it was time to go ashore to dine at the hotel with our late passengers whom we had brought from Yokohama. This we did in the general room of the hotel, kept by a Japanese, who, with his foreman, wore European garb and spoke English. Here we saw all the English visitors—some twenty or thirty—from Shanghai, Hong Kong, &c., taking their summer holiday trips. *Cælum non animam mutant qui trans mare currunt.* It is curious to know that, however our fellow-subjects adapt themselves to the habits of the country where their lot has fallen, they still retain those which they have inherited at home—such as the necessity of an annual holiday. Late in the evening, before going on board, we were piloted by our young passenger to the native portion of the town, Fusisama, where was a temple, very

inferior in decoration to those at Tokio, surrounding which were shooting-galleries, drinking-houses, and houses of ill fame without number—young ladies, painted and adorned, sitting in the windows, arrayed, waiting for engagements. I learned that morality, as we know it "at home," is not understood in Japan.

Early the next morning there were plenty of pedlars on board selling canes, walking-sticks, cabinets, and all kind of Japanese-ware which was very tempting to all of us.

Soon afterwards the pilot who was to take us through the Inland Sea came on board, and invited some of us up to his house in the evening. Next followed the doctor in his boat, the *Lancet*, manned by two Japs, in English sailor costume. He turned out a very nice gentlemanly fellow, who took (and so did his wife) no end of trouble in making our short stay pleasant; accompanying us to shops, and making our bargains for us, giving us lunch and making arrangements for a trip to a waterfall, of which, unfortunately, we could not avail ourselves, as time did not permit, and we were about the town curio-hunting. One most unique curio we did find, however. The captain wanted shaving, and, going to a shop recommended for that purpose, we were received by a Japanese lady, who explained that her husband was blind, but that she operated for him. I watched the performance, and noted the delicacy and tact she evinced in the execution of what struck me was a novel *métier* for a woman, and I almost regretted that I had used my razor myself at an earlier hour in the day, as the Captain expressed himself so charmed with the operation. After dining on board, we again went ashore, and I availed myself of the comprador's assistance to buy a Japanese dress (*kimono*) with its accompanying sash or girdle (*obi*). I got these for a very small sum, and was astonished to find that he beat his countryman down to a far greater extent than we English should have done; he spoke English well, and wore European dress, though his wife, to whom we were introduced, did neither. I then found my way to our pilot's home. He was a Swede, married to an Englishwoman. He took me to a room built off his house literally full of curios; and I could recommend anyone who collects antiquities to go and see them, or write to Pilot Schmidt, at Kobé, about them. He was most generous in parting with them too. They consisted of very old china, no end of images of gods, swords, sword-hilts, and the ornaments affixed to them—of these he had several cabinets full. The collection, I should estimate, was worth several hundred pounds. I confess I should have enjoyed a whole day to examine it thoroughly, whereas I had only an hour, and then we were expecting to have to start immediately.

His greatest treasure was a gold medal and an order sent to him by the King of Sweden for piloting the Crown Prince through the Inland Sea. He gave me a porcelain cup and saucer; also a relic a hundred years old, a little brown jar, with an ivory cover, contained in a silken bag, in which jar the old Japanese "swells," when on a journey, used to carry their tea; also two little ornaments from sword-hilts, and a "Daiboots," which is hollow, with a top that lifts up, which my friends irreverently proposed I should use as a tobacco-jar. The little ornaments will make pretty scarf-pins at any rate, whatever may be the fate of "Daiboots." After loading ourselves with these treasures we made our way on board about 11.30, where we had not been many minutes before we started for Nagasaki *via* the Inland Sea.

On arriving on deck at my usual hour (5.30) next morning a most lovely scene met my view, which was greatly enhanced as the sun rose and began to shed its rays on the hills and green verdure which lay on either side. The steamer was passing through innumerable islands and islets wooded down to the sea; lovely little bays with silver strand whiter than Ellen's Isle; small villages dotted about everywhere, and the sea studded with ships and boats innumerable, all of the junk type, but more shipshape than the Chinese; some carrying produce in such quantity as almost to eclipse the boat, and make you imagine a movable hay or straw stack was advancing towards or retreating from you till the glass revealed there was a boat beneath it. This was the view varied and modified throughout the day, sometimes meeting a local steamer, till about 7 P.M., when we passed the large town of Simonoski; where we had to "slow," as the sea was narrower in that part. Next morning, at an early hour, we got into the open sea again, and noticed several large, lofty rocky islets, one or two of which were made into complete arches by the action of the sea, giving them a very church-window-like appearance. After coasting round some verdure-covered bluffs we found ourselves in the land-locked harbour of Nagasaki at 7 A.M., in company with no less than *four* Russian men-of-war, a tiny British gun-boat, and a large fleet of European merchant vessels. Sampana were soon alongside, and the agent's boat, and then a so-called doctor, who, I subsequently learned, had no diplomas, or, if he had, could not show them to the Consuls when required; he was a German, with a wooden leg, and an anything but pleasing expression when introduced to me. He very speedily took his departure, and whenever I met him looked daggers or "scalpels" at me.

We found here some of our English friends with whom we had

made acquaintance at the Japan Hotel, Yokohama, who had come over in the *Pembrokeshire*, the captain of which steamer was also an old Yokohama friend of ours. Naturally we "chummed," and had some pleasant dinner and luncheon parties, shopping expeditions together, and one pic-nic, which I fortunately missed, as the party, who went some miles into the country to see a waterfall, did not see it, and only succeeded in getting wet through. Nagasaki, though not having such a handsome bund and sea face as Kôbê, is very prettily situated; it might almost be on a broadish river, as on the opposite bank are the dry docks, in which for the greater part of our stay the *Pembrokeshire* was lying. There are two clubs, two or three European shops, three times that number of European public-houses, a large hospital in the native town (the head-doctor of which was a German, assisted by Japanese educated in Germany), and numerous pretty villas built by Europeans on the side of the hills and by the water-side. Nagasaki is famous for its coal, and we took in a full cargo of that (and planks), &c., for Shanghai, as well as a supply for our own use, and for a sister ship belonging to the same firm. We were invited by one of the *employés* at our agents to dine with him, and meet some native Japanese at dinner. We arrived after our fellow guests, and so missed seeing their *entrée*; but on their leaving in the evening, the profuse salaams they made, kneeling down and almost touching the floor with their heads when saying "Good night" to the lady of the house, were a "sight for sair een." At dinner they carefully watched our proceedings in the manner of eating, always waiting till one of us Europeans had begun, and then using knife and fork, which doubtless were as awkward to them as chopsticks would have been to us. They were not backward in taking their wine. They wore native dress, and carried on conversation with our host and hostess, who were thoroughly conversant with their language. One afternoon we made an expedition to a tortoise-shell factory, where were made combs, sides for photographic albums, boats (sampan) in tortoise-shell, full-rigged ships, cigar-cases, and every article conceivable; the delicacy and accuracy of the workmanship exceeded my ideas of "the possible." Directly on our arrival in the show-room two boys brought us in tea and sweets, and were anxious to press a second supply on us before we left. I need not say that some of our party made numerous purchases, and duly received their "kumshaw."

Three days saw us off again for Shanghai, taking a very nice Danish pilot, who wanted a passage thither, and who, like the one from Hong-Kong, piloted us inwards; however, when we

arrived at Woosung, we found one of the Glen Line ships "stuck" on the bar, rendering it impossible for us to get up, so we had the pleasure of another dull day at Woosung. A fatal accident occurred on the first attempt to get this ship off the bar. The tug-boat that was assisting to get her off somehow capsized and sank; the native fireman was drowned, and the captain had a narrow escape, being sometime in the water before rescued. As he was a very popular man at Shanghai the accident made some stir, and I think it was nearly a fortnight before the tug was raised. We succeeded in passing up the next day in the afternoon, and found we were berthed at a wharf lower down the river, and consequently farther from the town.

The next day, unfortunately anything but a fine one, was the fixture for the Shanghai Races, to which we naturally went, and were provided by a friend I had known years ago in Devonshire with tickets for the grand stand, admitting us to a most luxurious "tiffin," which seemed highly appreciated on the wet day. The Chinese ponies which are the chief actors in the race, are about twelve or thirteen hands high, and are kept by their owners almost entirely for racing purposes; they seemed very spirited, lively little animals, chiefly ridden by their owners, or some amateur friends, whose success was heartily cheered by the ladies in the pavilion. The course was very heavy, a necessary consequence of the rain; but the *times* made, in spite of this drawback, were wonderfully good. There was a great amount of betting, but, as I am profoundly ignorant on the subject, I cannot enlighten anyone as to the odds, &c. The grand stand was so built that in rainy or inclement weather the ladies could be comfortably sheltered. I was also shown over a house overlooking the racecourse, which was chiefly frequented by the demi-monde and their friends, where roulette and other gambling games were permitted or winked at. The whole of the outside of the course, which was almost circular, was surrounded by a five or six feet deep ring of Chinese, some English sailors, &c., carefully overlooked by Sikh police. As evening approached, rain began to fall very steadily, and we were glad "to make tracks" in our rickshas—to the ship. A walk round Shanghai in the evening, when the shops are lighted up, is a pretty sight—I need hardly say no early closing movement has as yet been adopted by the Chinese—some shops having twenty or thirty lanterns, the sides of which are of variegated patterns, hanging up in close proximity to one another, having a picturesque appearance; then the numerous rickshas hurrying along, each coolie carrying a hand lantern of an ovoid shape, with a basket-shaped

handle, the candle being in the lower and dependent part of the lantern; then the white electric lights at prominent points: all reminding one of the illumination nights at Spa, or the more ancient Cremorne.

There have been, at various times, complaints in the London press that our mercantile navy is manned in a great measure by foreigners, to the exclusion of British seamen; but in this matter, as in most other subjects, there are two sides to the question. Till I went to sea I felt vastly inclined to adopt the views as I read them in the papers; but I now quite share the opinion of the many captains who prefer Swedes, Danes, or almost any nationality in preference to Englishmen. The foreigner is hard-working, sober, steady, and satisfied; the Englishmen, with, of course, many exceptions, are given to drinking on every possible opportunity in port, and always on the growl at sea. At Shanghai, for example, all our crew got leave the first night of our arrival, and with hardly an exception came back drunk. Certainly in the lower-class drinking shops I am informed they sell the vilest of bad spirit, if that is any extenuation. A case occurred whilst we were in that port, of an intoxicated sailor falling down between his ship and the wharf, and being drowned. There is no reason why the Englishman should not be as steady as his foreign shipmates, if he will only keep from the cursed drink. The sailor does not touch liquor from the time he leaves home till he reaches his first port, and then, led on by some racketty spirit in the crew, he goes "on the burst." Though I write strongly against drunkenness, I am no rabid teetotaler, and cannot understand how being intemperate in words with regard to other people's follies and weaknesses, will do any good to society by rendering its members wiser or more strong-minded.

The most steady hands on board our ship were the Indian firemen, who came from Shellat on the banks of the Hoogly, near Calcutta; they were wonderfully clean, doing their ablutions on deck or in the alley-ways, in all weathers, after each watch below; always ready at eight bells to take their turn of duty; a good proportion of them were very assiduous in their religious duties, praying on deck every evening at sunset with their faces towards Mecca, whose bearing they anxiously sought after, and were specially grateful for any kindness shown to them. One especially, whose finger had been badly smashed in the engine-room, and whose case required some extra attention to render it a useful and workable finger, invariably, on passing me to or from his work, would, after clapping to me, hold up the finger to show that it was all right, with a most grateful smile. These men are shipped at Singapore,

on the outward voyage, and some, if delicate, or if they want to go home, are changed on the homeward passage at that port.

As a strong contrast to these, on returning home by Antwerp, both at the shipping office, and on board the steamer to Harwich, I saw discharged European firemen drunk, dirty and disorderly, and using the most foul language. Our chief engineer who was with me on board the steamer, pressed my arm and said, "You now see why I prefer native firemen." It was a very cogent argument.

THE YANG-TSE-KIANG RIVER.

After a morning spent at the Shanghai Hospital, a farewell visit to the club, and assisting but only as an outsider, and as it were in the outer court of the temple, at a very fashionable wedding which was taking place at the Shanghai Cathedral, where I was told I saw all the beauty and fashion of Shanghai at one *coup d'œil*. I found my way on board to tiffin. I found that our start might be somewhat delayed by the fact that one of our sailors had been caught *flagrante delicto* in the act of stealing money from the second engineer's pocket during the night; this had necessitated the appearance of the Captain and witnesses before the Consular Magistrate, and the thief was sentenced to ten days' imprisonment. However, the river pilot and the sea pilot were both on board, and were soon followed by the captain, and off we started for our trip up the river (Yang-tse-Kiang), greatly to the chagrin of some of our party, who had calculated on a "good time" on the last day of the Shanghai races.

We steamed at a moderate pace down to Woosung, passing the still submerged steam-tug *Rocket*, with its funnel only visible above the water; and after passing the bar and reaching Woosung, we dropped the Shanghai pilot, and turned the steamer's head for her 600-mile voyage up the river. After leaving Woosung, the river appears at this point to be about a mile or a mile and a half broad, the banks flat and uninteresting, the waters muddy-looking, and after about twenty miles of this same scenery we anchored for the night, as at this point there was some difficult navigation for vessels of large draught. Our river pilot, who was one of the most careful and anxious of pilots, never for a moment left the bridge whilst the ship was in motion, and, though he had been on the river seventeen years, had never met with an accident. As soon as daylight permitted on the following day, we proceeded up the river, and soon lost the monotonous appearance of the banks we noticed previously. Here we found the river hilly on the south side, very flat on the north, and we soon began to realise

that we were passing through scenery which differed greatly from European. At one time we viewed a pagoda on the top of a lofty hill; further on three hills near together resembled a lighthouse in the distance, though a turn in the river, and our nearer approach soon dispelled the pleasant illusion. In the afternoon we came to what were doubtless formidable fortifications, and some evidently British built gun-boats, and later on, in a narrow part of the river, which was divided by what appeared to be a well-wooded island, we were boarded by a Custom House boat, rowed by four Chinese in semi-naval European uniform, when a Swedish-born Custom House officer came to examine our papers. This proceeding did not last many minutes, when we passed the town of Chinkiang. Here were lying two or three large English steamers, and there were hulks flying the flags of two or three merchant firms at Shanghai. Later on, at 10 P.M., we passed Nankin, of course in the dark, but on our return voyage down the river we got a good view of its great size.

Kiukiang, which was the next town of any size that we passed, contained some substantially built European houses on the bund; and lying here to take in cargo was the English steamer *Ningchow*, belonging to the China Traders' Company. Winsail was a large village, some distance farther on, where the scenery began to be most panoramic, fine high mountains covered with verdure, and cultivated in places in layers or steps, even up to the very highest point. The patchwork appearance of the cultivated spots, the luxuriant growth of cereals, and large grey uncovered masses of rock interspersed, had a very fine effect. Then a pretty little islet in the midst of the river, with a picturesque little house on it, would meet the view; at another turn a flat alluvial deposit pushed itself into the river, covered with numerous—I had almost written innumerable—houses, or, more accurately, mud-shanties. The houses in the larger towns were built of stone or sun-baked brick.

The English, or Scottish lakes, though somewhat resembling them in scenery, would sink very low in comparison with the different bends of the river, still more with the inland sea of Japan, where the colours are specially bright and pre-Raphaelite, the greenery of the verdure and the yellowness of the cereals quite excelling any of the colourings that are criticised severely in the Royal Academy and other picture galleries. There is a fine bluff at a point called Cock's Head, and here, for the first time, we saw corn actually cut; the 11th of May seeming very early to European ideas, but I was informed that they had more

than one crop annually. A village was seen in the evening, and we could, through a glass, watch the dealings at a crockery fair, which was proceeding on shore; the ware seemed to be a red, rough sort of terra-cotta-coloured material. Later we passed Wangohu, a military town. A great deal of interest should be felt amongst Englishmen in this river, as it was on its banks, and close to its stream, and amongst the windings of the canals, which ramify through the country on either side of it, that General Gordon (then Chinese Gordon) exhibited his wonderful talent for ruling and directing uncivilized men. We anchored for the night near a lightship, and on starting early in the morning found the river dull, flat, and uninteresting, with the exception of Tiger Hill on the south. This view was rendered more miserable by rain, which fell so heavily that the banks were hardly visible.

A curious feature which strikes the voyager, is the innumerable quantity of junks of all sizes and descriptions, from the simple "sampan," through the different sizes of family boat, to the large cargo-boat and man-of-war junk; then, again, the singularity of seeing boats apparently sailing through fields, cannot fail to impress one with the idea that the willow-pattern plate of our childhood is not the eccentricity or monstrosity which we always considered it. So far, this wonderful river seems to the traveller one continuous panorama, but this is more marked in the descent of the river *with* the tide, when the pace at which the ship travels is nearly doubled, and objects are severally passed with greater rapidity. At Yanking, a large city, we saw a magnificent pagoda; the town was strongly fortified, and there was a well-built joss-house. A Chinese gunboat was stationed here. We anchored again for the night at 8 o'clock, and sorely tired the pilot must have been; the continued watching for fourteen hours for three consecutive days must be exceedingly tiring to the eyes and system generally, but the remuneration is tempting. An early start at 5 A.M. brought into view some bold hills on the south bank. The Orphan Rook, one of the landmarks of the river, was passed during the day; the north bank consisted only of mud and villages built of mud, one of which was apparently deserted, and showed no evidence of life. Even some dozen sampans on the bank looked "high and dry." Farther on there were still hills on the south side, and mud on the north; the hills here looked like red sandstone. Again anchored at night, and in the early morning, in pouring rain, arrived at Hankow.

(To be continued.)

The Early History of the Bengal Presidency.

By Col. S. RIVETT-CARNAC, late 11th (P. A. O.) Hussars.

No. III.

IN a former article the infancy of the Honourable East India Company has been lightly touched upon, and the origin of two out of the three great Presidencies has been briefly described, and attention is now invited to the Company's factory in Bengal, which, although the last to be established, was destined before the lapse of many years, in consequence of its favourable position for trade with the rich countries adjoining it, to eclipse both Bombay and Madras, and to become the seat of government for all India, with its capital at Calcutta.

As far back as 1620, an attempt had been made by the Company's agents to fix a factory at Patna. Bengal at that period was ruled by a Native Governor, under the title of Soobah, immediately responsible to the Mogul court, the then Soobah being Sooltan Shoojah, the second son of the Emperor Shah Jehan.

It was not until 1624 that a Firman was granted by the Mogul Emperor permitting trade with Bengal; even then the shipping was restricted to the Port of Piplee; this trade was partly established in 1642, but the factory was made dependent on Madras. From this period to the year 1651, the date of the grant of the famous Firman to Mr. Boughton, the affairs of Bengal, as described by Bruce, were confined entirely to trade matters which were carried on with but small success, as at the time now alluded to, the trade of the Company in Bengal was, owing to restrictions placed upon it from Delhi, so insignificant, and attended by so much difficulty and such small profit, that it was under serious consideration whether the factory should not be abandoned.

Mr. Boughton, the surgeon of the Company's ship *Hopewell*, successfully cured the daughter of Shah Jehan from injuries received from fire, and obtained from the grateful Emperor a Firman to trade on advantageous terms. Mr. Boughton visited the Soobah

of Bengal and was again successful in the medical treatment of a Zenana favourite ; as a reward for his success he received assistance from Sooltan Shoojah in re-organizing the Company's affairs in Bengal, and in 1651-52* the Firman was confirmed, giving the Company the privilege of trading free of duty in that province, on payment of the nominal sum of Rs.3,000 a year ; a factory was established on a sound footing at Hoogly, and an agent appointed to Patna, the factory and the agents being subordinate to that of Madras.†

Factories were also some years later established at Bellasore and Cossimbazar.

Affairs progressed quietly until 1660, when the agent (as mentioned in a former paper) seized a vessel belonging to the Mogul, which was subsequently returned with an apology, by order of the Resident at Surat.

Permission to fortify Hoogly, frequently solicited, was persistently refused by the Mogul Emperor, and the armed force of the agency limited to an ensign and thirty men (Europeans) to do honour to the principal agent.‡ This small body of men may be regarded as the nucleus of the Bengal army. There is no evidence that this force was at the moment increased, but it must have been so, quietly, and unostentatiously in course of time, as in 1663-4 the Soobah is found asking for the assistance of English gunners in a war against the King of Arracan. These gunners must have been those belonging to the armed cruizers of the Company, as many years later the "gunner and his crew" § are referred to as the only artillery in Bengal.

In 1669, Bengal was still subordinate to Madras, but was allowed a chief agent and six members of council, similar to those at the latter agency. Trade was then so flourishing that a pilot service for the intricate navigation of the river Hoogly was established.||

The French made their appearance for the first time, in Bengal, in 1672. The Company's agent, and the investments for the season, were much disturbed by this event, and by an outbreak of

* Various dates are given for the establishment of the Hoogly factory. Stewart says 1640 ; Mill and Bruce say 1651-52. Professor Wilson agrees with the latter, so that date has been accepted for this paper.

† The details of the Firman are recorded by Bruce, but he makes no mention of Mr. Boughton's disinterested conduct, whose magnanimous action in preferring the welfare of his employers to his own aggrandizement is alluded to by Orme, Abbé Raynal, Broome, Stewart, and others.

‡ Orme's *Military Transactions in Hindostan*.

§ Broome's *History of the Bengal Army*.

|| Bruce.

hostilities between the Dutch and the Nabob of Dacca. In 1674, it is recorded that the agent at Fort St. George complained of the inattention of the Bengal agent to his orders.

In 1675 the Company placed the three Agencies, Surat, Madras, and Hoogly on an equal footing, and similar gradation was granted to its servants.

Irregularities having been discovered in the affairs of the Agency, Mr. Masters (afterwards himself dismissed the Service for gross irregularities) was sent from Madras to remodel the Bengal factory. This occurred in 1676. The next item of importance in the Bengal annals of the Company, is the fact of the Danes procuring commercial privileges from the Mogul. Nothing of interest as regards the subject of these papers occurred for five years.

The importance of the Bengal agency, which, among its other factories, now included Malda and Dacca, rapidly increased, and in 1681 the stock allotted for its trade alone amounted to £230,000. Its agent was dignified by the title of Governor, and it was declared independent of Madras. Mr. Hedges was appointed to the Government and sent out from England, taking with him from Madras, which place he visited *en route*, "a corporal of proved fidelity and twenty soldiers" as body guard, and to strengthen him against "interlopers and free-traders,"* a term synonymous with that of pirates, the outcome of Charles the Second's breach of faith with the Company, by which individuals were permitted to compete with that association.

The Mogul Emperor now began to oppress the flourishing Company, possibly seeing in its success signs of coming power, and ordered 3½ per cent. to be levied on all the goods as customs; this event, the forerunner of serious complications, occurred in 1682.

The small force at Hoogly, the agency having been advanced to the dignity of a Presidency, was again augmented in 1683, when the successor of Mr. Hedges, a Mr. Gyfford, brought from Madras a whole company of troops, with arms and accoutrements for a second company to be formed from the seamen of the ships serving in Bengal waters.†

The same year saw a further change, for Mr. Gyfford was appointed agent at Fort St. George with the title of President over both the settlements of Madras and Bengal. Thus Bengal became again subordinate to Madras.

Freebooters and interlopers were becoming so troublesome, that, in 1684 the directors at home reiterated their orders to the Govern-

* Bruce's *Annals*.

† *Ibid.*

ment of Bengal, to secure some place of safety (for which the sum of Rs.30,000 was authorized to be expended) like those existing at Bombay and Madras, but permission to raise fortifications was still refused by the Great Mogul; a war ship of 72-guns was consequently despatched from England to cruize the Bay of Bengal.*

It will be remembered that the Firman secured by Boughton in 1651-52, granted the Company free trade in Bengal, for the payment of the nominal sum of Rs.8,000 annually; a breach of this treaty was destined to bring about a crisis in the affairs of the now prosperous merchants, and involve them in a struggle with the power of the Mogul Empire. Native governments, and especially those subordinate to higher authority, are ever open to corruption, and there can be little doubt but that each succeeding Soubah of Bengal had to be "squared" by the Company's agent or governor established at Hoogly.

Nuzzars, or complimentary presents, are always exchanged on all important occasions; these are supposed to be of equal value, but it need hardly be remarked that the party wishing to obtain a favour always gets the worst of the exchange, and by these means the custom by easy degrees descends to a practice of bribery on a large scale. The nuzzar, moreover, must always be proportionate to the dignity, real or imagined, of the individual sought, and thus becomes a fruitful source of dispute. Whatever may have been the real reason for his action, whether his dignity had been insulted or other cause of enmity given, it is recorded that, in 1685, the Soobah of Bengal imposed an unjust duty on the Company's goods in contravention of the conditions of the Firman of 1651; and on the plea of the Company's agents being in league with an impostor, who at that time laid claim to the throne of Delhi, threw the Patna agent into prison.†

The idea that an association of merchants who, unlike Cortes, Pizarro, and others in the conquest of Mexico and Peru, had landed as traders and not as conquerors, were absolutely without fortifications, and whose troops did not amount to more than a couple of companies of infantry, should seek to overturn the ruling Emperor of Delhi, was sufficiently preposterous; yet on this baseless supposition they were oppressed, their trade for a time paralyzed, and their ships had to leave India without cargoes. The Company at home, alarmed at these proceedings, which might at any time be renewed at the will of the native ruler, having censured their Bengal agents for the timidity they had shown in dealing

* Broome.

† Stewart's *History of Bengal*.

with the Nabob, applied to Aurungzebe for permission to occupy certain uninhabited islands in the Hoogly, or at the mouths of the Ganges, and taking the initiative, they ordered the fortification of a position at Ingellee, which was immediately carried out without permission being accorded.

This energetic action, necessary as it was, is proof that the Directors of the Company were beginning to be conscious of their growing strength; and if further evidence of this is necessary, it is found in an intimation from the Directors in London to their agents in India, which was as follows, that "a plan had been formed for re-asserting the Company's rights of trade in Bengal, and for preventing in the future the oppression of their agents, either by the Nawab or the Dutch, in the exercise of those rights which they had acquired by *Phirmaunds*" (*Firmana*).*

In this order is discovered the first signs of the Company's ambitious design of becoming an *independent Power* in India, a design frustrated by Aurungzebe at the time, and not destined to be carried out until many years later, for, as will be seen further on, the Government of Bombay is found addressing the Maratha Ruler as late as 1784, and describing the Company as merchants only, without any view of conquest, and whose sole business was trade.†

This bold decision to risk the wrath of Aurungzebe, and involve the Company in open war with the Mogul Empire, soon bore fruit; a fleet of ten ships was fitted out in England and placed under the command of Captain Nicholson, of the Company's service, under certain conditions, which in these days appear sufficiently curious. Nicholson was by Royal sanction granted the rank of Vice-Admiral, but on his arrival in India he was to be subordinate to the chief agent or governor, who was to assume command as commander-in-chief *and* admiral.‡

On board these ships were six companies, which, with men added from among the seamen of the fleet, it was intended to augment to ten companies of 100 men, or 1,000 in all. The six companies were duly furnished with subaltern officers, those for the four extra companies were to be provided in India, but the command of the companies was to devolve on the members of the Governor's Council, as captains! Application was made to the King (James II.—Charles II. having died in 1685) to transfer a company of King's troops to the service of the East India Company, which was accordingly done from the Marquis of Westminster's Regiment, the

* *Bruce's Annals.*

† *Bombay State Papers.* Professor W. G. Forrest.

‡ *Bruce's Annals.*

company being placed under the command of Captain Clifton, who, together with all the other captains of companies, was to have a seat in the Governor's Council.

Commissions were granted by the King to all the naval commanders, who were, however, to rank as junior to the commanders of the King's ships with which they might come in contact. The point of immediate attack was to be Chittagong, where the disembarkation was to take place, and for the armament of which 200 pieces of cannon were supplied. A treaty was to be entered into with the King of Arracan, and the Government of Bombay was desired to open negotiations with Rajah Sambhaji (the then Maratha ruler, and son of Shivaji), on the West Coast, to assist in annoying the Mogul Emperor, whilst the agent at Fort St. George was directed to assist the King of Golconda, then at war with the Dutch. This order could scarcely be obeyed, as Madras had furnished every available man, about 400, leaving a slender garrison of about twenty Europeans and a few Portuguese for the defence of Fort St. George,* orders were likewise issued for the fleet to punish the King of Siam for his unfriendly behaviour towards agents who had failed to establish trade with his country, and it was to be used against the Portuguese, for the purpose of seizing Salsette, which the English Court still insisted had been ceded, with Bombay, to Charles II., but never given up; thus the Company boldly entered into war all along the coasts of India.

Sir John Child, the then Governor of Bombay, was appointed Governor General of all the Company's settlements in India, and invested with powers to visit Madras, and, if necessary, Bengal, and carry on war or make peace according to circumstances.

Nicholson, with a portion of his fleet, arrived in the river Hoogly in October 1686. The Soobah, then better known as the Nawab of Bengal, alarmed at the preparations of the English and their bold attitude, offered terms. Whilst these were under negotiation, an accident caused the first collision between the troops of the Nawab and the English. It originated in a bazaar quarrel, which by degrees assumed large proportions and ended in a fight, in which all the troops on both sides were engaged, leaving the English, in spite of inferiority of numbers, completely victorious, the enemy losing 60 killed, and many wounded, besides a battery of 11 guns. Nicolson also bombarded Hoogly from his ships, and destroyed some 500 houses.

The Foujdar, or native official of Hoogly, requested a cessation

* Broome's *History of the Bengal Army*.

of arms; this was granted on the condition of the payment of sixty-six lacs of rupees, about £660,000.*

The Nawab had, however, by this time collected a large force, and ordered the seizure of all the Company's goods and agents in the outlying factories, which consisted of Bellasore, Dacca, Malda, Kossimbazaar and Patna. Seeing his danger, the agent seized upon the village of Chuttanuttee (the site of the present Calcutta), where he intrenched himself. This determined front induced the Nawab to again offer terms, one of the most important of which was the grant of a tract of land, with permission to build a fort.

Having thus lulled the suspicions of the agent-governor, the Nawab busied himself in collecting a more powerful force with which to exterminate the British. Being made aware of his danger, the agent, early in 1687, abandoned Chuttanuttee and occupied Ingellee, which was already fortified, and his fleet, taking the initiative, seized many of the Mogul's vessels, destroyed his fort at Tanah on the Hoogly, and, attacking Belasore, captured and burnt forty ships belonging to native merchants.

In the meanwhile hostilities had been declared at Bombay, and carried on with great energy by Sir John Child, by which the Mogul's shipping suffered severely, and his revenues were considerably curtailed.

The native Governor of Surat had, however, in the temporary absence of Sir John Child, at Bombay, imprisoned the English agent, Mr. Harris, and seized all the Company's goods, offering a reward for Sir John Child, alive or dead. Bombay was at the

* Bruce & Broome give a detailed list of claims as follows:—

	Ra.
For what Bulchund forced from Mr. Vincent at Cassumbuzar - -	14,000
„ Sief Cawn plundered out of our factory at Pattana by 1,000 Foot and 500 Horse, and putting Mr. Meverill in irons - -	80,000
For detaining y ^e agent with y ^e silk at Cassumbuzar - - -	400,000
For protecting Haggerston from justice - - -	45,000
For what forced out Dacca factory, account Picars - - -	44,000
„ „ from our Merchants at Hughly - - -	13,000
For demolishing and plundering Malda factory - - -	150,000
For customs paid at the Mint at Hughly contrary to our Phirmaund - -	150,000
To demorage of shipping y ^e last three years - - -	2,000,000
For what extorted from us in presents, &c. - - -	200,000
For debts remaineing and owing us in the country - - -	800,000
For besieging of Hughly factory, y ^e death of y ^e Agent and 4 men - -	300,000
For burning y ^e old factory and y ^e goods in it, in y ^e latter skirmish - -	300,000
For charge of 1,000 men and 20 ships for y ^e war - - -	2,000,000
For y ^e charges of our factorys and buildings if we leave y ^e country - -	130,000
	<hr/> 6,625,000

same time attacked by the Mogul fleet, under the Seddee,* or Admiral, and, although always repulsed by the European garrison, managed to gain possession of the outlying lands, known as Mazagon, Mahim, and Sion.

Ingellee, frequently attacked, offered a stout resistance, so much so that the siege was abandoned.

The English successes by sea, especially off the coast of Malabar, and the inability of the Nawab's troops to crush the gallant band in Bengal, induced Aurungzebe to order his subordinates to offer terms; a treaty was concluded in August 1687, and early in 1688 the Company's agents re-occupied Chuttanutee, where they were again subjected to the hostility of the disappointed and incensed Nawab.

By all that has gone before, it will be seen that the English, although able to hold their own, had gained no practical advantage. Their losses had, indeed, been heavy, as the climate of Ingellee was pestilential. The news of Nicholson's want of success in firmly establishing the Company's power in Bengal, and overawing the Emperor's deputy, determined the directors to further strengthen their agent at Hoogly and Chuttanutee; a reinforcement consisting of two ships and 160 men was accordingly despatched under Captain Heath, with orders to carry out the original instructions of the Company, and, should he find himself incapable of so doing, he was, in communication with the Agent-Governor, to retire to Madras.

In October 1688, Heath arrived in Bengal; hostilities were again commenced, which, proving useless in re-establishing trade, he, with the Company's servants, embarked with all its wealth in November of the same year; and having taken and pillaged Belasore, where he captured a battery of thirty guns, touched at Chettagong, whence an alliance against the Emperor was again offered to the King of Arracan, and again was rejected. After this failure the fleet sailed for Madras, which place was reached in March 1689. Thus was the Company's trade in Bengal for a time absolutely abandoned.

Aurungzebe, furious at the pillage of Belasore, and other losses he had sustained, ordered, with all the assurance of a despot, the

* The Seddee was the hereditary title of the Mogul's Admirals. These chiefs were of African origin, and gained their important office by undertaking the safe conduct of the Mahometan pilgrims to Mecca. The principal seat of their power was Jingeerah, on the coast near Bombay. The African stokers employed by the great steamship companies trading with India are to this day known as Seddees or Seddee boys.

utter extermination of the English in India. He gained some successes on land, notably in the Company's territories of Bombay; but finding his revenues suffer severely from the absence of trade, and seeing the utter impossibility of his Mahometan subjects being able to continue their pilgrimages to Holy Mecca whilst the English were all powerful at sea, he at length agreed to negotiate with the delegates sent by Sir John Child shortly before that energetic Governor-General's death in February 1690, when peace was arranged on moderate terms, considering the despot with whom they had to deal, although accompanied by a firman couched in language most humiliating to the English. This firman was dated February 1690, and among other things demanded a fine of Rs.150,000 for mischief done, and the dismissal "of Mr. Child, who did the disgrace."* Permission was granted to re-occupy Chuttanutee on the old terms of free trade, for the payment of Rs.3,000 a year, but permission to fortify was again refused. Mr. Charnock (the founder of Calcutta) arrived in the Hoogly with thirty soldiers, which number was by the end of the year increased to 100, and took possession of Chuttanutee; thus, after a war lasting for four years, the Company, in 1690, found themselves in the *status quo ante* of 1686.

Thus was frustrated for a time the Company's ambitious design of becoming an independent power in India.

Having seen the Company firmly established in Bengal, attention is again invited to the Island of Bombay, and the proceedings of the Company's servants on the West Coast of India.

Since the year 1672, Bombay, for many years, was of but small service to the English, and had acquired an evil reputation for unhealthiness, so much so as to give rise to the proverb, "That at Bombay a man's life did not exceed two monsoons."† The unwholesomeness of the air was attributed to the bad quality of the water, the low marshy ground, and to the offensive smell of the manure used at the roots of its innumerable cocoa-nut trees.

As sanitary precautions prevailed, the inhabitants increased, and the extraordinary value of the harbour, then the finest, if not the only one—except Goa, in possession of the Portuguese—deserving the name in India, soon became acknowledged, and was utilized by the merchant vessels frequenting the Malabar coast as a place of refreshment, and as a winter station and rendezvous for the armed squadrons sent from England. The Company made it the mart of all their trade with Malabar, Surat, and the Persian and Arabian

* Bruce's *Annals*.

† Abbé Raynal.

Gulfs. Its importance was of slow growth ; but to-day, after 200 years of varying success, it with justice proudly claims to be the richest city, although not yet the capital, of India.*

In 1672, and for many years after, the Company's possessions on the West Coast of India consisted of Bombay alone, with a few factories, notably Surat, scattered along the coast. The neighbouring Island of Salsette, with its forts of Bandora and Thanna, and Bassein on the main land, were occupied by the Portuguese. Although frequently called upon to defend themselves, peaceful trade was the sole object of the British, and territorial extension was neither aimed at nor desired ; the only force maintained as yet consisted of but a few European troops, seamen from the fleets, some Portuguese, and a body of peons charged with the care of the valuable merchandise.

But the Company's Governor at Bombay, whilst having no pretensions to strength on shore, was powerful at sea.

Although the Treaty of Westminster, dated February 1678, concluded the war with Holland, Bombay was in this year threatened with invasion by the Dutch. Recruits were sent from home, and orders reiterated to strengthen the fortifications, which now mounted 100 guns, and were defended by two companies of 200 men each, 3 companies of Militia, and about 100 men employed in the Marine service.

Negotiations were also opened with Shivaji, who, whilst promising protection to the English, evaded their just demands for losses sustained by Maratha incursions, especially on the factories of Rajahpore and Hubely.

The position of affairs at Madras was far from satisfactory, as St. Thomé was in French possession, and was threatened by the Dutch ; whichever side retained it, it would always remain a menace to the English, for the French force was estimated at 1,800 men, the Dutch at 4,000, whilst the garrison of Fort St. George consisted of 250 Europeans only, and a few peons ; consequently Fort St. George was further strengthened, and the officers of the garrison encouraged by additional allowances according to rank.

An important event occurred in 1674 in the coronation of Shivaji, which establishes the date of the Maratha sovereignty ; Mr. Oxinden attended the coronation on the part of the Company, and obtained trade privileges from the Maratha king, in spite of which, and former promises of protection, Surat was again

* The population of Bombay is about 774,000. It is, next to London, the most populous city in the British Empire.

threatened, and a small English factory at Dungum, was attacked and plundered by Maratha Horse.

Whilst these events were happening a dangerous mutiny occurred among the troops at Bombay, under Captain Shaxton, who appears to have encouraged the mutineers. It is evident that the troops had cause for complaint, as their demand for a month's pay (which they declared had been promised them in lieu of discharge at the end of three years' service, which had expired) was granted by the President, Mr. Aungier, who, however, brought the ringleaders to trial by court-martial, which sentenced three of them to death, a sentence carried out in one case only, by the execution of a Corporal Fake, who was shot on the 21st October 1674. Shaxton was also found guilty and sent to England to await the decision of the Court of Directors and of the King on his case. This is the first instance of the servants of the Company exercising their power of martial law.

After this event Mr. Aungier considered it advisable to dismiss the Portuguese portion of the garrison and replace them with recruits at that moment arriving from England. He conferred the vacant command, with a seat in Council, on Captain Langford. The regulations of this year provided that one per cent. of the Company's revenue might be spent on the fortifications.

Mr. Aungier considered it necessary to point out to the Court of Directors, that their European rivals in India, the French, Dutch, Portuguese and Danes, although nominally at peace with England, were their bitter enemies in all trade questions, which might at any moment have to be decided by an appeal to arms, and therefore demanded additional garrisons for all the principal factories, as being a matter of the first and most urgent necessity. Mr. Aungier also suggested that the two companies at Bombay might well be commanded by lieutenants, thus saving the pay of two captains, and recommended that the companies should be called the Governor's and Deputy-Governor's Company respectively.*

The regulations framed by the Court of Directors in 1675 were of great importance to their servants, civil and military. Seniority was established as the rule of succession to all offices of trust. The chief authority was vested in the civil service, the duties of the military being subservient to the promotion of trade, after attending to the defence of the settlement. At the same time the civil servants were to acquire a knowledge of military discipline, and, if found better suited for the military than the civil service, they were to be granted commissions. These regulations were applicable to

* Bruce's *Annals*.

all the presidencies. Captain Langford was to be allowed to retain his seat in the Council, but this was not to be considered as a precedent on the occurrence of future vacancies.

Forty additional recruits were received at Bombay, and twenty were sent out for Madras, whose garrison in future, it was determined, should be composed of Europeans only; their pay was fixed at twenty-one shillings a month, including rations and necessaries. The former order for the civil servants to be trained to the use of arms was rescinded, and the removal of any servant from a civil to a military post was prohibited.

About this period the garrisons received German recruits, and as they had behaved with "sobriety and regularity"* it was intended to make a larger use of this nationality, and it was further resolved to raise a troop of horse, and place it under the command of Captain Keigwin (formerly Governor of St. Helena). The Militia of the Island now amounted to 600 men, and it is, perhaps, worth mentioning that in this year orders were received to establish a mint at Bombay, at which "Rupee, pice, and budgrooks" were to be coined.

Although the garrisons of the Company were daily growing in strength of numbers, and more important still, in the power of discipline and system, the directors had always been consistent in enjoining their servants to avoid the errors of the Dutch and Portuguese, and to conduct their enterprise with humanity and fair dealing, and so gain, if possible, the respect and love of the people.† These philanthropic intentions were not attended by the success they perhaps deserved, and these papers have, it is hoped, tended to show how the Company had been oppressed wherever they had settled; it is, therefore, not surprising to find that in 1677 the directors, although they still recommended temporizing expedients, empowered Mr. Aungier to employ force where necessary to enforce the observation of treaties and grants.

Bruce in his *Annals* takes a harsh view of these discretionary powers, and considers that they were granted by the directors to enable them, in the event of questions arising between the King and the Company, regarding possible hostilities, to throw the blame on their servants. This opinion seems unjust, for when the great distance between England and India is considered, distance rendered far greater by the slow sailing of the ships of the day, it taking eighteen months to two years to receive an answer on questions of importance, the discretionary powers appear to

* Bruce.

† Abbé Raynal.

have been absolutely necessary, and to show proper trust in able and deserving servants, who being on the spot, and having a force, although a very limited one, at hand, would be better able to judge of the necessities of the moment, than their masters at home.

The troops at this period were enlisted for a term of seven years, and an order is extant, permitting soldiers of approved character, and whose terms had expired, to be promoted to small posts of civil trust. This was a wise method for keeping tried servants in their service, as at the time the Company had extended their trade to Tonquin and Amoy in China, and were contemplating the establishment of a factory at Canton.*

Mr. Aungier died in 1677, universally regretted, and was succeeded by Mr. Rolt, who at once applied for 150 recruits from England, as he could place no reliance on the Portuguese Topasses or the militia, reporting at the same time the completion of the Fort, except the eastern bastion, which, however was under construction.

The year 1678 opened with orders for unreasonable measures of economy, which shortly after led to unhappy results. Not only were the rank and allowances of the President and Council at Surat, and the Deputy Governor of Bombay, to be reduced, but considerable reduction was ordered in the Military Establishment, which was in future to consist of 2 lieutenants, 2 ensigns, 4 sergeants, 4 corporals, and 180 privates; the troop of horse was to be disbanded, and Captain Keigwin dismissed, and the militia was to be discharged; 2 European and 4 Native gunners only were to be allowed for the batteries; all the armed ships, except one frigate, were to be sold, and no further improvements were to be made to the fortifications. The extra allowance granted to thirty men detached as a guard on the Surat factory, was no longer to be allowed; this is the first recorded mention of "batta," which in after years was a frequent cause of discontent and mutiny among the troops of the Company.

These injunctions conclude, as Beveridge well says, ludicrously and insultingly, by recommending the Governor to maintain strict discipline, so as to have the garrison always ready for a vigorous defence. These orders do not appear to have been extended to Madras.

The wholesale reductions caused, not unnaturally, immense discontent, civil and military, the former having the greater cause

* This system has been again tried in the present day, in England for the British, and in India for Native, troops discharged the service with good characters. The scheme has not yet received the measure of success it deserves.

for complaint, as the Presidency which had rendered such good service to the Company, was degraded to an agency, and the salary of its highest servant reduced to £300 a year, that of a Member of Council being proportionally diminished, the junior member receiving £40 only; on this pittance, it cannot be a matter for surprise if the Company's servants are found indulging in private trade, greatly to the disadvantage of their masters.

The following year still greater cause of discontent was given to the garrison of Bombay. The Directors at home, possibly alarmed at their dangerous reductions, gave orders that two auxiliary companies should be raised, composed of the principal inhabitants, each to be commanded by a captain; by this means superior rank was granted to the auxiliary or volunteer companies, to that enjoyed by the regular troops, whose companies were commanded by lieutenants. The garrison of Fort St. George was next diminished, by reducing the strength of the companies from 100 to 60 men.

With reduced military establishment Bombay was, in 1679, threatened with imminent danger. Shivaji seized on the island of Kenery, situated at the mouth of Bombay Harbour, and the Siddee, the Mogul's Admiral, occupied the island of Henery. Under these circumstances, the Bombay Agent at once applied for a reinforcement of at least 200 men, with proper officers. This demand was partly complied with the following year, the services of Captain Keigwin being again engaged; he was given the rank of Captain-Lieutenant, with pay at six shillings a day, but with no extra allowances, and proceeded to Bombay with seventy men and eighteen small cannon; the garrison was further strengthened by the arrival of twenty-eight recruits, and by the return of the thirty men detached to Surat. The year was also memorable for the death of Shivaji, which occurred on the 5th of April 1680, and the succession of Sambhaji, his son.

The year 1681 saw Surat again raised to a Presidency, and Mr., afterwards Sir John, Child appointed President.

On the 30th August 1682 the English were ignominiously expelled from Bantam (where they had traded with varying success for eighty years) by the Dutch. Notwithstanding this alarming episode, and the continued threatening attitude of the Marathas (who still held the Island of Kenery) and the Mogul Admiral, the garrison of Bombay consisted of 100 Europeans only, with but one armed ship for the protection of the trade and settlement, and this at a time when Bombay was declared by the Directors to be an independent English settlement, and the seat of power and trade of the English in India. Thirty recruits were this year sent to Madras.

In 1688, the King and Court of Directors determined to avenge the insult put upon them by the Dutch in the seizure of Bantam. A fleet was consequently fitted out under the command of Sir John Wetwang, as Admiral, and Sir Thomas Grantham, as Vice-Admiral. The Abbé Raynal says that there were 8,000 troops on board, and that the Dutch, alarmed at this evidence of the determination of the English, entered into a compact with Charles II., who, for the sum of about £100,000 undertook to forbid the sailing of the united squadrons of the King and Company, and thus sacrificed the honour and trade of his nation.

The Abbé may have exaggerated in his statement, but be that as it may, an agreement was entered into between the Dutch and English in Europe, by which Bantam was to be restored under certain conditions.

A portion of the Fleet, under Sir Thomas Grantham, actually sailed, and was subsequently employed in suppressing the interlopers in the Bay of Bengal, and by its presence strengthened the hands of the Company on the coasts of India.

It had originally been intended that the troops embarked for Bantam should, after the restoration of that place, proceed to Bombay, and a portion of them be formed into a third company of infantry; this intention does not appear to have been carried out, but forty recruits were sent to Bombay, and it was ordered that two companies of Rajpoots, each of 100 men, should be embodied, to be commanded by officers of their own, and to use their own arms. This is the first mention of the enrolment of regular companies of Natives selected from a warlike race. The fortifications of Fort St. George were likewise strengthened and extended.

Whilst the above-mentioned increase of military establishment at Bombay was being carried out, and whilst discontent was still rife among both the soldiers and civilians, an event occurred, which, under the circumstances, should not have been quite unexpected. Captain Keigwin lately appointed to command the garrison, possibly encouraged by the Company's former leniency to Sir Edward Winter, seized the Government of Bombay, annulled the authority of the Company, and claimed it in the King's name. He imprisoned the Deputy-Governor and other members of the Government, appointed his own officers in their place, and, assisted by the troops, mentioned by Bruce as consisting of 150 Europeans, 2,000 Topasses, and the militia or volunteer companies, he seized on the Company's frigate *Hunter*, the ship *Return*, and treasure to the amount of Rs. 60,000.

Captain Keigwin excused himself in letters to the King for the

course he had taken, by complaining of the weakness of the Company's Government, and declaring that the revolt was necessary for the safety of the Island, as, unless strong measures were adopted, it would certainly fall an easy prey to either Sambhaji or the Siddee. Negotiations were opened between Keigwin and President Child, who arrived at Bombay for the purpose, but without effect.

The Company now suffered for former weakness, and found themselves deprived, not only of Bombay, but of Bantam, which, towards the end of the year (1688) was abandoned by the Agents, and the trade of its dependencies Jambee, Tonquin, Siam and Canton consequently lost.

In the meanwhile the news of Keigwin's mutiny had reached the startled Directors at home. Their disappointment and anger were the greater, as at this time they were contemplating the removal of the seat of Government from Surat to Bombay. A petition was presented to the King, praying for a Commission under the Great Seal for the restoration of the Island; this was immediately granted, and the Company empowered to receive Bombay from the mutineers, and to offer a free pardon to all except the ringleaders. The fleet under Sir Thomas Grantham was ordered to assemble at Surat and embark such troops as could be mustered. President Child was appointed Captain-General and Admiral of the Company's forces by sea and land. Keigwin's immediate surrender was to be demanded, and, in case of refusal, he and all his adherents were to be proclaimed traitors, and a reward offered for the apprehension of the ringleaders. His Majesty's ship *Phoenix*, commanded by Captain Tyrrel, was sent as a reinforcement to Sir Thomas Grantham, against Keigwin and the interlopers. It was also determined that on the restoration of Bombay the European force should be augmented to three companies of infantry.

During the time occupied by these arrangements, Captain Keigwin had been active, and his Government, as is often the case with that of usurpers, appears to have been a strong one. He negotiated a commercial treaty with Sambhaji, and actually succeeded in inducing him to pay the compensation for losses sustained by the Company, so often applied for with no success from his father Shivaji; he also raised the strength of the garrison to over 500 men.

On the 19th November 1684, Keigwin delivered over the island to Sir Thomas Grantham, as the King's representative, and by him it was at once restored to the Company, represented by Dr. St. John, as King's Judge, and Mr. Zinzan, the temporary governor. Keigwin was subsequently pardoned, his successful negotiations

with Sambhajji, and the fact of the treasure he had seized being intact, having probably influenced this merciful, though weak, decision.

The Court's orders for Madras at this season were, that the fort was to be improved, the garrison strengthened, and a troop of cavalry raised from among such of the European residents as kept horses. The extra expenses for fortifications were to be defrayed by an anchorage tax of one dollar and a barrel of gunpowder on all vessels, and by a tax on the inhabitants. A wall was to be built round the town of Madras, and the land round about, including St. Thomé, was to be purchased.

In February 1685, Charles II. died, and was succeeded by his brother, the Duke of York, as James II. Charles, ever impetuous, doubtless extracted large sums from the Company for the preservation of their trade; but it must be admitted, from a study of the records of the period, that the Company was uniformly protected by that monarch. Some writers, especially Abbé Raynal, say that he secretly encouraged the interlopers. He certainly permitted the Duke of York and others to oust the Company from its African possessions, and his action regarding Bantam is doubtful; but, in spite of these drawbacks, the Company owed the possession of Bombay to him, although His Majesty was probably unaware of the value of the concession, or he would hardly have sold it for the annual payment of £10 in gold.

The Company entertained great hopes of support from James II., who, as Duke of York, had been a holder of Indian Stock; nor were the Directors disappointed in the expectation, for more effectual means were at once adopted for the prosecution of interlopers.

The code of martial law, as used in the Royal Army, was in future to be applied to the Company's forces, and President Child, now created a baronet, was granted a body-guard of thirty men under command of a captain; 200 recruits were embarked for Bombay, and orders were given for the entertainment of Europeans in India willing to enter the Company's military service. The seat of Government was finally transferred from Surat to Bombay, and Sir John Wyborne was appointed deputy-governor, on a salary of £250 a year.* All these events occurred in 1685.

Sir John Child, now Governor and General,† and resident at

* He was dismissed the service two years later for disputing the authority of the Governor-General, Sir John Child.—Bruce's *Annals*.

† Attention is invited to the fact that the original title of the Company's principal officer in India was that of Governor and General, that is, Governor of the Settlements, and General of the Forces, not Governor-General as in the present day; so the title has its origin in the dual duties, civil and military, performed by the Company's chief functionary.

Bombay, was, in 1687, granted an increased body-guard of fifty Grenadiers : 120 recruits were sent from England, and orders were given to make Bombay as strong as possible. It was, moreover, contemplated to acquire the Island of Salsette from Portugal, an idea not carried out until many years after (1774), when it was wrested from the Marathas, who had ousted the Portuguese. Madras was declared an independent power,* the fortifications were again strengthened, and 300 men, drafted from the Royal troops in Ireland, were sent as a reinforcement; and it was ordered that for the future the King's Union Flag should always be hoisted on the walls.†

The war in Bengal at this period, and events connected with it at Bombay and Madras, have already been described in the short account given of Bengal affairs at the commencement of this article.

In February 1689, the Prince of Orange and his consort ascended the English throne as William and Mary, James II. having been deposed, and were proclaimed at Bombay the following year. The accession of a Dutch prince to the English throne was alarming to the Directors of the Company, who could never forget the many calamities they had suffered from Dutch aggression.

In February 1690, as before mentioned, Sir John Child died. In him the Company lost a valued servant. His character is variously described. Bruce extols him for energy and a provident concern for the interests of his masters; Beveridge censures him for duplicity, and for playing unsuccessfully a double game with the Mogul, and his officers, themselves masters in deceit; and in the opinion of Abbé Raynal, nothing can be worse than his character. The Abbé describes him as an "avaricious, turbulent, and savage man," and as one "who was as cowardly in time of danger as he had been daring in his piracies." The chances are that he was bold and utterly unscrupulous in carrying out the tortuous policy of the Court of Directors, then presided over by his brother, President Josiah Child; at any rate, the many details of his work at Bombay and Surat, as given by Bruce in his *Annals*, ascertain the fact of his value as a public servant.

Towards the end of 1689, or early in 1690, Sambhaji, the Maratha King, was captured and put to death by Aurungzebe; he was succeeded by the Ram-Rajah, second son of Shivaji.

* The term Independent Power does not imply that Madras was not still subject to the Governor-General at Bombay; it means that Madras was declared a power on the Coromandel coast, independent of the native rulers, and prepared to defend itself and enforce treaties and grants.

† Bruce.

The proclamation of the accession of William and Mary was made at Bombay on the 22nd June 1690, and Bruce says the fact is the more memorable from its having taken place on the very day that the Mogul army, in command of the Siddee, evacuated the Island of Bombay, under the provision of the Treaty already mentioned as having been entered into between the English and Aurungzebe, and the Company's forces again took possession of Mahim. Sir John Child had been succeeded by Mr. Harris, but with shorn power and title, he being appointed governor, not governor-general; 150 recruits were sent to him, with orders to render Bombay impregnable; this order was the more necessary as, in alliance with the Dutch, William III. had declared war against France. Instructions were issued to Bombay, Madras, and St. Helena, to seize all French ships, and the garrison of Fort St. George was to attack the French at Pondicherry. The Company had, moreover, to face domestic troubles, for the interlopers, encouraged by the Mogul's attack on Bombay, and the evacuation of Bengal, received the support of Parliament to the formation of a new Company, as a rival to the existing association.

In these early days the position and responsibilities of the Company's servants in India could have been no sinecure, for, with England at war with France, the year 1691 sees the garrison of Madras reduced by one company of infantry, although increased in artillery and a small augmentation of the troop of horse. The fortifications of Bombay were also described as being in a ruinous condition, a fact to which the Governor ascribed the late attack of the Siddee, and the humiliating Firman of Aurungzebe. The garrison he reported as reduced by sickness to 36 Europeans only; and although he had a sufficient force of Topasses, they were not to be depended on. A favourable estimation had been formed of the native (Rajpoot) troops lately raised; but recruits were urgently needed, and permission required for necessary expenses of repairing fortifications and building a defending wall round the town. Mr. Harris also informed the Directors that, suspecting the Portuguese Jesuits resident on the Island of having assisted the Siddee in his late attack, they had been seized and their lands confiscated.

Information was received from Madras, of an indecisive naval action off the coast between the allied English and Dutch fleets and that of the French, which was supposed to have sailed for Bengal. This is the first mention of actual hostilities between the French and English in India.

The attitude of the Mogul at this period appears to have been more conciliatory, as he agreed to pay a sum of Rs.80,000 for

damage inflicted at Surat in the late war, and granted the Firman for the reconstruction of the Company's trade in Bengal, although it was couched in humiliating terms.

It is interesting to note that in this year the Company was firmly established at Bencoleen, in Sumatra, and had built Fort York, which was garrisoned by negroes imported from Madagascar.

The following year Captain (afterwards Sir John) Goldesborough was appointed Commissary and Superior over all the Company's affairs in India. He arrived at Madras in November 1692. The infantry of the garrison, now reduced to two companies, commanded by lieutenants, was in future to be commanded by the Governor and the First Member of his Council as captains; they were to receive no pay in time of peace. Land was purchased at Tegnapatam, and Fort St. David erected,* an event which aroused the jealousy of the Dutch. The agent in Bengal was still unprovided with a fortified position, but was allowed a force of 100 European soldiers, whilst orders were issued to Bombay to enlist Armenians, Negroes, and Arabs. It is worthy of notice that in this year great encouragement was given to Armenian merchants, both at Bombay and Madras.

In 1698 a French man-of-war captured the British ship *Elizabeth*, fifty miles from Bombay. The extraordinary want of discipline among the Company's servants at Bombay is exemplified by the fact that Mr. Vaux, the then Deputy-Governor, purchased the prize from the French, and used it for the purpose of carrying on private trade; for this act he was suspended. The Company's good name also suffered from the depredations and outrages committed by pirates, who swarmed at sea. These freebooters sailed under English colours, which made it impossible for the natives whom they plundered, and often massacred, to distinguish the vessels of their captors from those of the Company, on whom they threw the blame of their losses.

A new charter (not a confirmation of existing charters) was granted to the Company by William and Mary, differing little from that granted by Elizabeth, but with certain trade restrictions that need no notice here. An attempt was made to absorb the interlopers by purchase of their vessels and supposed rights; the hands of these illegitimate traders having been immensely strengthened by a decision of the House of Commons, which declared that "it was the right of all Englishmen to trade to the East Indies, or any part of the world, unless prohibited by Act of Parliament."†

* A few miles south of Pondicherry.

† Bruce.

Sir John Goldesborough was appointed Governor and General of all the Company's Indian possessions and trade. Thus Madras superseded Bombay as the head-quarters of Indian Government. Sir John Gayer was appointed Lieutenant-General and Governor of Bombay, and chief of all factories in Northern India; he was to succeed Sir John Goldesborough in the event of that officer's death. 150 recruits were sent to Bombay with orders from the Court that, in future, the native troops were to be enlisted from the same caste. Trade was again opened with China.

The most eventful occurrence of the war with the French that took place in India during this year, was the conquest of Pondicherry by the Dutch.

The following year opened with the death of Sir John Goldesborough, whose action in Bengal will be noticed under the account of the proceedings in that Presidency. In the meanwhile the power of the Mogul Empire in Southern India was on the wane, owing to the great age of the Emperor Aurungzebe. His General, Zulfiker Khan, however, formed a scheme by which the English were to be deprived of their possessions of Forts St. George and St. David, and determined to effect their capture by stratagem. The first attempt was made on Fort St. David, which, it was arranged, should be given into his hands by a Doctor Blackwell, who had been bribed to undertake this ignoble act, by valuable presents and promises of future employment under the Mogul. Dr. Blackwell's treachery was fortunately discovered in time; he was seized and taken to Madras, there to await the decision of the Court at home.

As regards Bombay, Sir John Gayer arrived to assume his government about the time of the death of Mr. Harris, who was succeeded as President at Surat, by Mr. Annesley.

The French were now conducting the war with activity at sea, and had captured five English ships off Galway. They also equipped a fleet of nine ships, said to carry 1,200 troops, and 800 seamen, with Bengal for its supposed destination. Forts St. George and St. David were at once ordered to be strengthened; Cafres or Blacks from the Mozambique were entertained to augment the garrison, and considerable reinforcements of English and Swiss troops were despatched from home; at the same time orders were reiterated to enlist, if possible, Armenians, as it was found that each English recruit cost the Company £80. The Volunteer Horse of Madras was kept in readiness to scour the coast and bring intelligence of the arrival of the French fleet; the assistance even of the Mogul's General was asked for.

Bombay in this year (1695) having received ten recruits only, and the strength of the small garrison having been again reduced by disease, a lieutenant and 70 men were despatched from home. Sir John Gayer was active in looking after the Bombay defences; the out forts were reduced to five, that is to say, Mahim, Sion, Mazagon, Worlee and Suree, but it was proposed to complete the sea defences by constructing batteries on Malabar Hill,* in those days covered with jungle, but now the abode of fashionable Bombay, and the site of one of the residences of His Excellency the Governor. Whilst these improvements were being carried out, it is curious to find the garrison again reduced; a portion of the auxiliary troops were dismissed, and the native levies reduced to seven subadars and 400 men.

But Sir John Gayer had other anxieties. A piratical ship, under English colours, having captured a Pilgrim vessel belonging to the Mogul, the Governor of Surat seized the President and other servants of the Company, numbering 63 persons, imprisoned and placed them in irons. To effect their release Sir John Gayer proposed to take upon himself the responsibility of the safe conduct of the Pilgrims to Mecca.

The year of 1695 is also memorable in the annals of the Company for the establishment of the Scotch East India Company, in the month of June, under the auspices of the King and the Parliament of Scotland.†

About this time, and when the Company was at low ebb, a general clamour arose in England against the monopoly of Indian trade, which, it was contended, should be thrown open to the whole nation, and not be left at the mercy of a mere company of merchants. The Company defended itself, and maintained that it was not possible to carry on a profitable trade with the East, without exclusive privileges; but their enemies added this to their other arguments, that the charter under which the Company carried on their business was insufficient, as it had been granted by successive monarchs, who had no right to grant or to renew it. Both sides had their partizans, but the national voice was against the Company, which was, however, supported

* In February 1886, when the writer left Bombay, the defences of Malabar Hill consisted of two 18-ton guns, mounted in battery at Government House, Malabar Point, and two others in battery at Mahalunsee. These were mounted during, or soon after, the despatch of the Malta Expedition, in 1878. A battery mounting small obsolete guns existed before that date on Malabar Point, but it was of late construction.

† The Scotch Company ceased to exist in 1697.

by Court favour. Corruption,* intrigues, and libels were the common tools of each party, the Company offering large sums for the renewal of their charter; their adversaries paying freely for its revocation. The dispute, that had been carried on with great violence, was finally settled by Parliament, which declared in favour of open trade; but the old Company had permission to continue its operations until the expiration of its charter.

The year 1696 witnessed the release of President Annesley and the English factors at Surat. Trade was, however, but partially re-established. The garrison of Bombay was so reduced by continued sickness, that, out of the three companies of infantry, four file only could be mustered to form a guard of honour to receive a Dutch Commissary on his way to Surat.† In this year an indecisive action was fought between seven Dutch and five French ships off Vingorla, on the west coast south of Bombay, by which it will be seen that the French were holding their own at sea. No fewer than eight piratical vessels were known to be cruising off the West Coast of India. The successes and enormous plunder secured by these deep-dyed scoundrels, gave rise to serious disaffection among the Company's troops and seamen, many of whom deserted to join the black flag. But worse was to follow. The crews of the Company's frigate *Mocha*, and of a smaller vessel named the *Josiah*, mutinied, murdered their officers, seized the ships and became pirates. The trade of Bombay, Madras, and Bengal was equally depressed by the united action of these marauders, and the loss to the country commerce was estimated at half a million sterling. The following year the Company lost their ship *Hannibal* by the mutiny of the crew, who turned pirates. Matters had now come to such a pass, that the King's cruisers were ordered to engage all pirates at sea, and the Company offered a reward of £50 for any man captured and brought to justice, and £100 for Captain Amery, a notorious leader.

With trade at a standstill, and garrisons reduced to dangerous weakness, the Government of Bombay, now again supreme in India, Sir John Gayer having succeeded, on the death of Sir John

* The sum expended on bribes or "gratifications" at this period amounted to £284,258, acknowledged by Sir Thomas Cooke before a Parliamentary Committee. It was stated in evidence that £10,000 and £50,000 had been offered to, and had been refused by King William III., and it was explained that the former and smaller sum was "customary," it having been given for many years to the reigning monarch, especially to Charles II. The Duke of Leeds, President of the Council, narrowly escaped imprisonment for receiving 5,500 guineas.—Bruce's *Annals*.

† Bruce.

Goldesborough, as Governor and General, was greatly embarrassed by an application of the Shah of Persia for assistance against the Arabs, with whom he was at war. To this appeal "an evasive answer" was given, a term of frequent occurrence in the future annals of the Company.

Not only were the affairs of the Company depressed, but the peninsula of India generally was in a distracted state. Sultan Akbar, son of Aurungzebe, had invaded Northern India with the assistance of Persia; Zulfiker Khan was waging a relentless war with the Ram Rajah and the Marathas; a Mogul army was invading the Carnatic, and another force had seized and destroyed the fortifications of St. Thomé, thereby alarming and seriously endangering Madras itself; and in Bengal, Rajah Subah Sing had made himself master of Rajmahal, in spite of the resistance offered by the Mogul's Governor.

The French successes by sea still continued, for in 1697 they captured two of the Company's ships, which, among other valuables, were carrying eighty recruits for Bombay. To supply this loss, a full company under a lieutenant was embarked. Fort St. David was in this year strengthened by a redoubt, and Mr. Pitt was appointed Governor of Madras independent of Bombay for one year, to enable him, by summary action, to re-arrange affairs at Fort St. George, which, owing to the distance of the supreme Government at Bombay, and dissensions among its servants, had become dangerously unsettled. Orders from home wisely enjoined strict neutrality in the Civil War between Aurungzebe and his sons, which, already begun, was expected to spread.

The peace of Europe was happily restored this year by the Treaty of Ryswick (signed 20th September 1697); this, of course, concluded the war in the Indian seas. French authority says* that 4,200 English merchant vessels, valued at twenty-nine and a half million sterling, fell into the hands of the war-vessels and privateers of France, and that the greater part of these vessels were returning from India laden with rich cargoes; but the good Abbé fails to enumerate the French losses at the same period, by English and Dutch reprisals. Accepting his statements *cum grano salis*, there can be no doubt that the loss of the Company at sea was considerable, and tended much to cripple its resources.

Peace with France gave leisure for the better suppression of piracies, which were daily increasing in audacity. Captain Kidd, of evil notoriety, may, in 1698, be said to have ruled the Indian seas; he introduced considerable organization among the free-

* Abbé Raynal

booters, thereby rendering them much more formidable, and told off their vessels into squadrons; the Company's old frigate, *Mocha*, being chosen as consort to his own ship. Besides inflicting enormous damage on the country trade, Kidd, among other prizes, seized two of the Company's and three ships belonging to the Dutch, all richly laden. He established fortified positions in several islands, especially in Madagascar, where he refreshed his crews and stored his ill-gotten gains.

The English, Dutch and French entered into an alliance against the marauders, charge of the Indian seas being entrusted to the English, while France was responsible for the Persian Gulf, and Holland for the Red Sea.

It was in the month of September of this year that the new Company, generally known as the English Company in contradistinction to the old or London Company, obtained its charter. It proved a serious rival to the existing association of merchants. There were now two companies sanctioned by Parliament (besides the Scotch Company sanctioned by the Parliament of Scotland, then a separate kingdom) in the place of one company chartered by royal authority.

The new Company was granted privileges in some respects greater than those enjoyed by the old Company; for instance, its principal officers were permitted to assume the title of King's Consuls, which gave them precedence over the officials of the old Company.

The principal factors of the new association arrived in India in 1699. They were Sir Nicolas Waite, appointed to the Malabar coast;* Mr. Pitt (a notorious interloper), appointed to the Coromandel; and Sir Edward Lyttelton, appointed to Bengal. The two former immediately claimed superiority over Sir John Gayer at Bombay, and Governor Pitt at Madras. Both these gentlemen and Mr. Colt, lately appointed President of the Old Company at Surat, in place of Mr. Annesley dismissed the service, naturally refused to recognize the so-called superior rank of the new comers. This opposition produced animosity if not actual hostilities, a state of affairs at once taken advantage of by their commercial rivals, the French and Dutch, and very seriously embarrassed the old Company which now found itself responsible in the eyes of the natives (who would not or could not understand that the two associations were trading in separate interests), for the acts of their rivals as well as those of

* Not to be confounded with Governor Pitt of Madras, who, according to Dr. Nolan, in his *History of the British Empire in India and the East*, was his cousin, and grandfather of the illustrious statesman. Governor Pitt was also the possessor of the celebrated Pitt diamond.

the interlopers sailing under English colours, and the depredations of Kidd and his brother pirates.

It now becomes necessary to revert to affairs in Bengal.

It will be remembered that after the insulting and humiliating Firman of Aurungzebe, Mr. Charnook resumed the Presidentship at Chhannutee in 1690-91. Things appear to have progressed peacefully, and no event of importance from a military point of view occurred until the visit of the Governor and General Sir John Goldesborough, who arrived on a tour of inspection from Madras in 1694. He at once reduced the military establishment to the smallest proportions, and allowed a force of two sergeants, two corporals, and twenty men only. The pay of the rank and file was fixed at Rs.4 (say eight shillings) a month, with clothing and rations, which Sir John considered to be "a salary more ample than the troops in any other establishment received."* When it is considered that this was the pay of Europeans, and was, presumably from the above quotation, higher than that of the men serving in Bombay or Madras, some idea may be formed of the extraordinary cheapness of the necessaries of life in those early days.

In spite of these wholesale reductions, defensive arrangements generally were strictly enjoined. An anticipated French attack about this period, and trouble with interlopers and pirates, was not the only cause the Bengal President had for alarm, for a rebellion, the consequences of which it was impossible to foresee, had broken out in the Mogul's Bengal Provinces. The President again applied to the Nawab for permission to fortify his factory; and the latter, alarmed at the state of affairs, and probably anxious to enlist the sympathies of the English in the event of further difficulties, gave the President permission to "defend himself."†

This concession, somewhat vague in itself, was immediately taken advantage of, and masonry walls, with bastions and flanking defences were erected. Thus originated the defences of Calcutta.‡ At the same time the President ordered the enlistment of native soldiers for the protection of the Company's goods at outlying factories. These men were probably merely peons, or badly armed police, but the fact is mentioned as it is the first recorded mention of native troops in Bengal.

In 1699 Sir Edward Lyttelton, the President and Consul of

* Broome's *History of the Bengal Army*.

† Bruce.

‡ The actual site of the present Calcutta was not acquired by the Company until the following year, when the villages of Govindpore and Kalseghata (of which Calcutta is a corruption), were purchased from the Nawab for Rs.16,000.

the New Company, arrived in India and established his factory at Hoogly. He brought with him a company of troops as body-guard. He appears to have been at first conciliatory in his attitude towards the President of the old Company, but animosity from trade rivalry soon took the place of friendly relations.

The fortifications of Calcutta had now assumed some strength, and were named Fort William in honour of William III.

Aurungzebe was at this time very feeble, and disturbances were looked upon as certain for the possession of Delhi in the event of his demise. He, however, survived seven years, but the possibility of his early death gave the Company an excuse for again strengthening the Calcutta defences, where barracks were ordered to be erected for the accommodation of reinforcements expected from England. Orders were also reiterated to look to the defences of all outlying establishments.

Space does not admit of any account being here given of the transactions of the new century (1700), so eventful in the annals of the East India Company. They will form the subject of a separate paper. Suffice it to say that the close of the seventeenth century discovers the hostility between the rival companies to have been so great, that their mutual destruction was only prevented by the distracted state of the Mogul Power, on whose ashes the united companies were destined to raise a mighty empire.

A Frontier Adventure.

By PARKER GILLMORE ("UBIQUE").

SOME years ago I lived in what was then the "*Ultima Thule*" of civilization in Upper Canada. The scene of what I am about to describe, lies about 140 miles, by water route, north of Toronto, and for glories of vegetation, lovely lakes and enchanting rivers, would be hard to surpass by what can be viewed in any other part of the world.

On the south-west shore of Lake Couchachin at the north end of Lake Simcoe, is situated the picturesque and prosperous village of Orillia, attractive to all beholders' eyes, from its numerous pretty, tasteful white cottages surrounded by gardens and orchards, bearing flowers and fruits that never failed to bring to the distant sojourner memories of the land of his birth.

The society of Orillia in those days, although sparse, was select, for many of the officers who had served under the Iron Duke in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, or under Sir Robert Sale in Afghanistan, had chosen it as a suitable locality in which to spend with ease and comfort the remainder of the days allotted to them on earth.

Lake Couchachin bears upon its bosom numerous islands, picturesque in outline, and without a single exception fringed with trees or brush down to the water's edge. In front of Orillia are situated the two largest of these; between them is a passage nearly half a mile wide, and through this strait is the direct route to the Chippewa village of Rama. Indian missionary stations are, as a rule, not much to crack about, for it is difficult to inculcate into the red man the practice of cleanliness and order.

Like Constantinople, Rama was far more attractive from a distance than it was when you were within its precincts; this may be accounted for by its position being picturesque, and the indentations of the Lake there being numerous and irregular.

To the northward of Rama, about three miles, I resided with a fellow-countryman; he knew Scotland as well as I did myself, was quite as keen a fisherman, but was indifferent to field sports when the gun took precedence. This I account for from his being a

bad walker, for when I made distant trips, even for the sole purpose of capturing black bass or maskalonge, he invariably found some excuse for not accompanying me.

Thus it was that all my earliest voyages, all my first journeys of discovery, were made alone; and although the pleasure of finding a new lake or river was excessive, still the want of a comrade to discuss their merits and beauties over a social pipe was often felt.

As the greater part, and always the most successful, of my fishing was performed when afloat, many were the long tramps I had across *portages*, and through pathless woods, encumbered, not only with my fishing-tackle and gun, but also with my hunting birch-bark canoe.

Although the weight of a birch-bark canoe is not great, still if the weather was warm and close, which it not infrequently was in early autumn, a mile or two with such a load required both patience and perseverance in traversing the long distances. *Packing* it from lake to lake, or from stream to stream, might be tedious and exhaustive work, but this could have been put up with without a murmur if it had not been that while you were in the shelter of the woods you were constantly assailed by innumerable mosquitoes; and as it required both your hands to support your birch-bark boat, and steer it in the necessary direction in which you wished to go, so as to prevent its frail sides from coming in contact with tree or brush, you were quite at the mercy of your blood-thirsty foes.

Excessive exercise produces perspiration, and when such occurs, the pores of the skin become open; and well did your tormentors know this, for a moment after they had alighted upon you, their formidable proboscis would be inserted without difficulty, and the irritation to the skin resulting is easier to imagine than describe.

It was a beautiful morning in the middle of September, when I left my friend's residence. A beautiful morning, I may well say, for in no other part of the world have I witnessed such grand and glorious autumns. To make thoroughly enjoyable the exercise of walking, the temperature is perfect, the woods are dry under foot, and the branches have scarcely yet begun to drop their foliage, and what foliage it is! So grand in colouring, that it would require more than the palette of an artiste to equal it in variety and brilliancy. For the maples (hard and soft) assume hues that are as gorgeous as they are manifold, the former possessing every tint from palest pink to deepest red; the latter, from the slightest tinge of canary colour to the darkest orange.

Nor are other trees and shrubs less favoured. The shumach tosses aloft its tassel-shaped blossom, rivalling, in the intensity of

its purple, our well-known home plant, love-lies-bleeding; while its leaf, by nature's prodigal hand, has been painted vermilion of the most vivid dye.

The basswood, the willow, and the poplar have also put on their autumn garb, and the soft, transparent green of their foliage, has given place to varied shades of straw and salmon colour. The above-mentioned trees are the inhabitants of the low-lying grounds; those that are to be found upon the ridge sides, such as the pine, cedar, and tamarack, retain their dark and sombre tints, which, as well can be imagined, form a fitting and effective frame to their more brilliant coloured brethren of the lowlands.

Through these lovely scenes I tread my way, made doubly enchanting by frequent glimpses of the beautifully plumaged wood-grouse, strutting before me as if conscious of the attractiveness of its feathering; while often the Canadian grouse, no less beautiful in garb, on rapid wing flushed before my intrusion, and wheeled its flight to less disturbed vicinities.

Nor are these woods tenantless of warblers, whose notes are as sweet and plaintive as those of the mavis or robin.

First comes the blue bird, dear to every American's heart, for the melody of its voice is not surpassed by the beauty of its form and azure plumage. About the size of a martin, and not unlike it in mode of flight, this little darling appears to spend its life in warbling carols of the sweetest cadence. The oriole and American robin seem to have little more to do than the blue bird, while the spotted coat of the former, and the effulgent breast of the latter, emphatically contradict the accepted idea that melody is never to be found in the notes of a brilliantly-plumaged bird. Overhead other voices are to be heard, possibly less melodious than those previously mentioned, yet none the less attractive to the lover of nature.

If you chance to be a novice in these woods, a steady tap, tap, tap, almost as audible as that produced by a hammer striking a nail, will constantly fall upon the ear; the noise is so loud and defined, that the listener can well suppose that it is produced by a human being, and if he should be nervous, he might unquestionably feel alarmed, till he discovered that it was not one of his own race that produced his discomfiture. This tap, tap, tapping is not at the garden gate, but on the dead limb of some aged tree, the result of the incessant hammering of the giant red-headed wood-pecker, seeking for the larvæ of numerous insects, which form the principal part of its diet.

This family are a happy-go-lucky, inquisitive, and talkative lot,

ever hard at work in pursuit of their prey, or scolding and wrangling with their fellows.

I am inclined to believe that they are domineering and tyrannical, for when a younger bird appears to have discovered a good hunting-ground, on which game is abundant, the old or larger ones drive off the successful discoverer, and appropriate the game as "*spolia opima*."

These predatory invasions are strenuously opposed, but when the odds are too heavy in favour of the aggressor, the victim will seek assistance from some adjoining chum, when both will return and attack the freebooter, drive him off, and probably terminate the alliance by a battle royal, to decide the question who is to remain in possession.

But the edge of Lake St. John has now been reached. Carefully my frail canoe is placed upon the water's surface, where neither stone nor branch can scratch its delicate sides. In it I as carefully place my fishing tackle and gun, then gather a big armful of cedar fronds to place under my knees when paddling, all which being done, deftly I shove my light craft from the shore with the end of my paddle, and with deep-dipped blade, push for deeper waters.

This lake was ever a favourite haunt of mine, for its surface was seldom otherwise than placid, and if the sun were touching the horizon, either to the east or west, the shadows cast by the surrounding timber were as clearly delineated upon its surface, as if they had been painted upon canvas. Not only was the outline perfect, but there was the colouring as clear, as brilliant, as diversified as it existed upon the margining shores.

On the day of which I speak the water was unruffled, not even a ripple broke upon the beach; the only momentary disturbance of its surface being occasioned by the rise or splash of *maskalonge*, or black bass, the eddyings made where a loon had dived, or the tiny wavelets caused by the feet of some wary duck that had taken alarm at my intrusion.

Before the sun had reached its zenith, many a gallant fish, after long and futile efforts, had succumbed to my skill, and lay before me in all the magnificence of ever-changing hues.

Poets sing of the dolphin's hues when in death. Time after time I had admired them, but of a truth they do not excel those of the black bass when *in extremis*. In every way this is a noble and splendid fish, for it is a free feeder, and, when hooked, game as any of the salmon family—struggling and fighting till it yields up its life. But the sun being warm, and I satisfied, with strong arm

I directed my course to a bluff which overhangs the water and gave a wide view of the surrounding country.

The waterless wastes of the Kalihari desert, without the bushmen, the highlands of the Zambesi without the Bechuana or Matabele natives, would not be half as attractive as they are with them; thus the presence of the red-man of North America, in places far beyond the settlements, does not detract from the repose and fascination to be found in an American forest. Mind, I do not speak of the half-civilized natives, their aping of the white man is a fearful trial to endure; moreover, I have invariably discovered that the savage, by contact with our race, rapidly loses his own virtues, and soon acquires our most repulsive national vices.

It may seem strange to the reader that I should hunt and consequently kill wild animals, fish, and therefore take the lives of the lovely inhabitants of the lakes and rivers, but I do so, knowing that they were provided by an all-wise Creator for man's support; but when sufficient food has been obtained, I stay my hand and cease to slaughter. Would that all men did the same.

Moreover, there is a fascination in hunting that few can stand the test of without becoming one of its votaries. Further, its pursuit increases one's strength, powers of endurance, and ability to withstand hardship. It is in the greatest solitudes you seek large game, and generally alone you do it, while on every side you are surrounded by the productions of nature's hands, pure and untainted by man's designs. Only those can excel in it who devote all their thought and attention to what they are employed in, and are willing to endure fatigue, often thirst, hunger, and exposure, before they can hope for success, while the mind is ever exercised with constant fluctuations between hope and fear that your efforts will or will not be rewarded.

Near this bluff I had a bear trap set, which once rewarded me with a capture, at the same time nearly cost me my life in securing it. The story is as follows.

I had been fishing one morning on the lake, and my success had been greater than usual. However, when the sun approached its altitude, the breeze died away, and the heat became insufferable. Then I resolved to land, rest for a few hours, and afterwards resume my amusement. I had with me as companion a most intelligent little terrier, whose sole aim in life appeared to be to serve his master, ever performing his duties with zeal and skill. He certainly was a rare little animal to possess, as such characteristics are only matured by making a dog your constant companion, and ever treating him with unvarying kindness and consideration.

Having lunched, I sat down to the enjoyment of my pipe, under a wide-spreading cedar tree; there I fell asleep. I could not have been very long under the influence of Somnus, when I became aware that Prince, my terrier, was growling, and otherwise expressing much excitement. Those who lead a wild life know how your senses become sharpened by it, so in a moment I was awake, and alive to all that surrounded me. However, I saw nothing, heard nothing, and thus thought the alarm was a false one. But my terrier did not think so, for he continued to manifest his displeasure, and by every available means draw my attention to something not far distant. The heat had made me drowsy, and the exercise tired, so disturbed I would not be.

When the day had got an hour further advanced, I got up, and as I intended fishing beyond where my morning's work had been confined, resolved to leave what I had caught, to be called for on my way home.

From one of the boughs of the cedar above alluded to I suspended them; a most suitable place for a temporary larder it was, as it afforded abundant protection from the sun, still was open to every breath of air that moved in the vicinity. But prying eyes were watching me, their owner having doubtless arrived at the conclusion—"What a fool this man is, if he thinks he is placing those nice fresh fish out of my reach! wait till his back is turned, when I will make a lunch of them."

Adjoining the bluff a fine, deep river enters the lake. Either side it is margined with rushes and large lily leaves; an occasional willow or poplar here and there growing sufficiently near the water to tap its steady flowing surface with their drooping tendrils. It did not task an angler of much experience to know at first sight that it was just such a place as pike would select for a haunt, nor would the tyro be wrong in this conclusion. I have had the fortune to have fished many similar places, but never yet one that so swarmed with this voracious fish, in fact they might almost have been said to jostle one another; and then they were such monsters, and moreover possessed of such insatiable appetites, that the trouble was not to hook them, but to play them and get them into your canoe. Pike are not a very dainty table fish when captured in our home waters, doubtless because they have access to sewage and other filth, but those taken from this Canadian lake did not subsist on garbage, so were as firm and nearly as well flavoured as trout. Thus, with the aid of strong tackle, I soon secured as many as I desired, so turned my face homewards.

Shortly after I land at the bluff, and proceeded to my *cache*,

when, to my surprise, I found that robbers had been there before me, and had appropriated quite the giant's share of my morning's work. But that was not all, what the invaders had not eaten, they had scattered and mauled to such an extent that they had become quite unfit for human food. There was no doubt who were the despoilers, for the ground around was deeply indented with the tell-tale track of bears. One of these animals I could see was a monster, while the other footprints were quite small, thus causing me to conclude that there had been a family party—a mamma and two young hopefuls engaged in the larceny.

As the sun was still a considerable height in the heavens, I determined to build a *bower house*, and place the remains of the fish at its upper end, so as to familiarise the beasts with its presence, and further enable them to complete their repast without alarming their suspicious natures. Having completed these arrangements, I bid the spot adieu for a season, fully resolved that I would return at an early period with a bear-trap.

A bower house, it may be necessary to inform the readers, is simply a tunnel of boughs of about ten or twelve feet long, at the end of which the bait is hung from a limb of a tree, sufficiently high to cause Bruin some exertion to reach it, while directly underneath your trap is set in the ground, and covered over with dead leaves or the withered spines of the fir tree, to complete its concealment. The trap must not be fastened to the ground, but to a thick pole of timber, which the captive can drag, otherwise it would gnaw off its foot to regain liberty. Bears do not look very knowing animals, but we must not always judge from appearances, for they have been frequently known to take the pole in their mouths and thus carry it, so as to prevent its retarding their passage through the thick brushwood.

The North American Indians say that a bear will not seize a man who is lying by a fire until it has extinguished the latter, and the way the beast accomplishes this purpose is certainly novel, to say the least of it. Having thoroughly saturated its coat with water at the nearest available place, it returns to the hunter's or traveller's camp, and extinguishes the glowing embers by violently shaking itself over them. I cannot say that I believe this story about Bruin, but it is a remarkable coincidence that the native hunters of Siberia assert the same thing.

Now these people live so far apart, that they can have no intercourse with each other, so there may be—remember, I say *may* be—some truth in the yarn.

About a week after I had been deprived of my fish, I returned to

the bower house, intent on mischief to the interesting family, for I had with me a powerful trap, my gun, and my invaluable companion, Prince.

As I anticipated, when I reached the scene of action I found the bait gone and the structure considerably damaged. In fact, the surroundings looked very much as if there had been an effort to do as much mischief to my edifice as possible. It was not without a chuckle I repaired the damage, thinking all the time that my turn would come to play the winning game.

With great satisfaction I hung up some most alluring fish, then scratched away soil sufficient to sink the trap, over which I sprinkled numbers of caps full of water, to remove the slightest taint from my touch, and then covered the whole over with an inch deep of withered spines from the adjacent pine trees. Everything was done carefully, and therefore well done. So Prince—who knew all about traps—and I myself surveyed my handiwork with much complacency. Even now, as I write this, I can imagine I see the comical, intelligent look of that little wee dog, as, with one ear up and the other down, he was ever wont to survey any snare or pitfall I was constructing for beguiling the unwary denizens of the forest. In fact, this terrier's knowledge in these matters was a great saving of trouble and anxiety to me, for he always took precious good care not to get into these snares. Moreover, his intelligence several times saved me a good skin, for of his own accord he would visit traps which were within a mile or so of my residence, when, if he found a *mink*, or *martin* secured, he would at once return to tell me so. At first he did this by plucking my trousers till my attention was attracted, when he would move off in the direction desired, frequently looking round to see if I were coming. Latterly there was no necessity for the first part of the performance, his expression being amply sufficient to tell me his wants.

After setting the trap, we crossed the lake to see what could be obtained for supper, as I had determined to camp out for the night, in order to facilitate my return on the morrow.

I was in luck's way, for in a short time I procured some wood grouse, and several splendid black bass, the finest of America's freshwater fishes. So with the tea, bread, pepper, and salt, which I had brought with me, I very soon had in preparation an excellent and substantial supper.

By sun-up next morning the kettle was singing and the frying-pan sputtering over the camp-fire, and breakfast was about to be commenced, when an Indian of the Chippewa tribe from the neigh-

bouring village of Rama joined me. He was an old acquaintance, and when sober one of the best of good fellows, but when drunk—which I fear was very often—a most thorough bore.

Poor Joe had evidently just terminated a debauch, for he was very dirty, poorly clad, and without his gun. On calling his attention to these facts, without hesitation he informed me that he had pawned his rifle for rum, and now was going a round of traps, with the hope that he would secure some pelts to redeem this invaluable weapon. With him he had no arms, if I except his tomahawk and a powerful pole of rock elm, serving alike as a walking-stick and weapon of defence.

All having satisfied our hunger, I disclosed to the Indian my plans, when it was resolved that he would join me at the bluff in the course of an hour.

After Joe had disappeared into the forest I embarked, and between fishing and make-belief employments passed the intermediate time. On landing at the bluff, however, there was no sign of Joe. Impatiently, I waited for an hour, but as the expected man did not put in an appearance I started for my trap. Whew! there had been a row at the bower-house and no mistake, for an entire side had been torn away and scattered all over the vicinity. Such signs as these were easily understood; the trap had sprung and secured a foot, and that foot, from the wholesale wreckage that had taken place, probably was the property of the old woman herself.

Tracking her for some distance was easy enough, for the log attached to the trap had crushed down, and in many places even broken, the diminutive bushes over which it had been dragged.

As every minute might bring me into the presence of the foe, whose temper was certain to be anything but sweet, I had to be cautious, and therefore slow. The distance the game was in front of me I could not estimate with certainty, although I supposed it not far, therefore the greater necessity that I should not be rash. I might, of course, have let the Prince take up the trail, but I knew he was sometimes over-eager, and then, there were three foes to be avoided, either of whom would have been large enough to have terminated his earthly career by a blow, a snap, or a hug. Thus the terrier, a little unwillingly, I must say, trotted at my heels.

At length I thought I heard the breaking of brushwood in front; shortly after followed the loud *whirr* made by the flushing of a family of wood grouse; what both the sounds combined told, I knew, so the excitement became intense. Several times I had cocked my gun, as often strained my eyes to excess with the hope that the chase was close to a termination; but I was doomed to a most

unexpected disappointment, for the trail suddenly disappeared. This was no tracking ground for a novice in ventry to try his skill upon, for dead leaves and fir spines lay thick all over the soil, so, after casting about in search of some indication that noted the direction taken by the quarry, I was fairly brought to a standstill for want of knowledge what to do further.

For a time I thought the bears had ascended some of the adjoining trees, and were possibly, from an elevated position in them, taking note of my actions; but if such was the case, which trees could they be? for on the bark of none could I discover their claw-marks, which are not difficult to detect by an observant eye. Again, the question arose, could the old lady take up the log with her? Certainly it did not appear possible, for it was both heavy and cumbersome.

There was nothing for it, at length I saw, but to let my dog go, and this he evidently knew as well as I did, for as soon as permission was granted him off he went, not hurrying, but sufficiently in advance to enable me to follow.

The direction the terrier took was almost the reverse of that I had expected, but as a cedar swamp lay that way, it was not improbable that the Bruins would seek it in their trouble; moreover, my terrier's nose was ever wonderfully sensitive, and, with such large game before him, was not likely to play him false on such an important occasion.

In a few minutes I was convinced that we were right, for Prince's apology for a tail kept wagging incessantly and most demonstratively. I did not now require my eyes so much, for I should have ample warning when in the enemy's presence; thus we were getting over the ground at a good rate of speed, when we entered a clearing caused by fire that had run over the ground at no late date, for no second growth had yet sprung up to cover it, when close in front of me I perceived the trio, the youngsters leading and the parent in rear, carrying the log in her mouth, just in such a way as all have seen a Newfoundland or retriever carry his master's stick.

The quarry were quite as soon aware of my presence as I was of theirs, for the young ones at once fled and deserted their dam, while the old lady dropped her load, and expressed by look and manner that she was resolved to defend her children's retreat, and if necessary sell her life in doing so.

Poor thing! the odds were all in my favour with that hideous trap fast to her hind leg, cutting and tearing the flesh at every exertion she made; still her strength and size was such that it

behoved me, her assailant, to be careful what I was about ; for if a false step or a mis-fire threw me in her power in her present state of mind, I could scarcely expect to escape without being fearfully mauled.

Although the bear has not the activity of the larger members of the cat family, still, when wounded it is quite as dangerous an antagonist if ever you get within its reach, for its power of destruction is almost beyond belief.

A whistle brought Prince instantly to my heels, for now the encounter was to be between the principals. I had little fear for result, for my gun was a good one, and heretofore I had generally held it straight. The distance that severed us could not have been over twenty paces, and as the foe was gradually lessening it, I fired, hoping to strike her in the chest. At the instant I pressed the trigger she must have lowered her head, for the bullet had made a most unsightly wound along the jaw and cheek. But neither pain nor shock to her system operated for a moment in checking her resolve, for with a rush she dashed forward at me. I fired the left barrel into her carcase, the region of the heart being what I aimed at, but the result was not what I anticipated, so with an empty gun in my hands I was compelled to beat a retreat.

When I think of the matter it seems almost miraculous how I escaped the bear's grip at that moment. I am aware that I raised my gun as a last resource to protect my face. However, lucky for me, it was avoided somehow. To Prince, having laid hold of the enemy's flank at the moment of attack, or the log attached to the trap coming in violent collision with some protruding stump or stone, I may attribute my escape.

But I was not yet out of trouble, for a second rush was made upon me, which I was endeavouring to fend off, by holding my gun with both hands in front of my face, when a flash passed my eye, and, to my surprise, the enemy gradually sank down, within almost touching distance. The whole affair appeared a miracle, for there was no report, and to nothing, that I was aware of, could I attribute my enemy's death ; but I soon discovered what I had been too much engaged to observe before, viz. Joe, the Indian, by my side. It was the glint of the blade of his tomahawk I had noted, as it descended upon the bear's skull, and administered to my enemy his *coup de grace*.

My rescuer was almost as much upset as I was, for, as he expressed it, he feared he had not time to get up before the animal had a hold on me, when the odds were that I would be fearfully "munched up."

To have been witness to this fight must have been very exciting, though scarcely as much so as to the participants. Joe had witnessed the whole encounter from the commencement, and asserted that my escape from the first dash of the quarry was owing to the log attached to the trap having caught on a stake, which upon inspection of the surroundings proved to be the case.

Remember, kind reader, this episode occurred at least thirty years before the invention of Tolley's "Ubique" gun, which shoots shot and ball equally well. Had I been armed with the modern weapon, this adventure would scarcely deserve narrating.

The Indian not having kept his appointment was accounted for by an otter having carried off one of his traps, the recovery of which had taken an hour, thus he did not reach the bluff till some time after I left it. The confusion at the bower house told him the cause of my expedition, so he hurried on my track, and, as the reader will see, just reached me in the nick of time.

From the date of the escape I have narrated my dusky rescuer and myself became great friends and constant companions upon all hunting expeditions, the first of which was to secure alive if possible the young bears whose dam we had slain. The task was not difficult, for the cubs were too young to be left to the responsible task of taking care of themselves. For days, and I fear during that time often without food, the poor little beasts wandered alone about their demesne, seeking for their slain mother. At last Prince came upon their trail and treed them. A skilfully handled axe soon laid their retreat low, when with a little difficulty, much snarling, and many scratches, they were secured and transported to the shanty. It was surprising how soon they became tame and thoroughly reconciled to their new home, where they proved to be most interesting pets; their besetting fault being jealousy of any attention shown the numerous other pets I then possessed. A young otter, almost full grown, they particularly detested; and no wonder, for his teeth were sharp as needles, and he never had the slightest hesitation in giving them practical demonstration that such was the case.

These battles generally resulted, I must say, from the bear cubs being the offenders. They were particularly fond of fish, and so was the otter. Now the latter was permitted to go about loose, and as a well-stocked lake was at the door of the shanty, many a fine white fish or mascalonge was brought home. After the trouble of making these captures, the fisherman doubtless expected to enjoy the result in peace, and as his appetite required; but this was what the bears would not permit, and as they got older and

stronger, it became no easy matter to resist them; so the otter ultimately ceased to bring home his prey, and finally deserted me altogether.

Frequently, more particularly towards sundown, I used to see my old pet fishing in the adjoining bay, but no allurements would bring him back. It is quite possible he conceived he had a grievance against me, because I divided my affections among too many. To do his memory justice he was always a kindly beast, and willing to give up whatever he had when his master required it.

I had at that time also a pair of young beavers; they were delightful beasts, but very mischievous, for they would gnaw the legs of tables and chairs with equal industry, and had a *penchant* at night, if shut up in a room, for gathering every available cushion or rug, and place them against the crevice under the door as if with the intention of shutting out the draught. Their demonstrations of affection were also frequently too fulsome, and thus required repressing; in this course it was difficult to find a medium, for if done gently they would pay no attention to me, if sharply, they would sulk for several hours, when they would deny themselves their most favourite food. The young bears seemed to treat them as quite unworthy of any consideration, but possibly this might have been assumed, as a trick that was afterwards perpetrated by them on the beavers induces me to imagine.

To keep the young rodents out of the house as much as possible, I had a long box lined with tin made for their habitation—at the upper end there was a comfortable dormitory, the under end being partially immersed in water. This I had placed upon a slope, so that the box could be raised or lowered at will, by means of a rope attached to the limb of a tree. The gravity of the box would always take it as far into the water as desirable, thus it was ever necessary to see that the rope was securely tied to prevent the misfortune of the cage floating out to sea. Now it was just such an accident as this that happened; the rope was out, the box floated off, and the beavers inside were consequently drowned. I have no doubt that the bears *did* gnaw the rope through, in fact such was the opinion of everyone, but whether they did so out of a spirit of mischief, or to relieve themselves of the presence of rivals to their master's attention, I leave the reader to judge. During the lifetime of my drowned favourites, I observed many most interesting traits in their character. First was their excessive cleanliness both in habits and as to what they ate; secondly, their industry in whatever they undertook to do; thirdly, their skill in

cutting down timber, so as to make it invariably fall in such a position as to give them the least possible exertion to float the limbs to where they were wanted. Their usual food was the inner bark of the willow and poplar, yet they evinced a great love for bread and milk, and while drinking it kept constantly emitting a purring sound, no doubt intended to express their satisfaction. They never objected to Prince feeding out of the same dish with them, nor did he to joining them at such a repast; but if the bears appeared, universal indignation was expressed at their intrusion, in which Prince was sure to take a prominent part, and no wonder was it that these cleanly animals did so, for never was there such a pair of slobbering, dirty feeders, gifted with such voracious appetites as these children of the forest. As the bears increased in age, and consequently size and strength, they became somewhat difficult to manage, but, as one straw is said to break the camel's back, their last offence could not be overlooked. It had both a comical and serious aspect, very amusing, perhaps, to an on-looker, but excessively trying to the sufferer.

At great expense, my friend with whom I resided had procured a hive of bees in the spring of the year. It was supposed that they had done exceedingly well during the summer, and that by this time they had collected a large quantity of honey. Now, it being an assumed fact that my bears knew nothing about bees and honey, no one contemplated the possibility of these inquisitive, long-haired rogues interfering with the hive. However, from a spirit of devilment, or having smelt the precious sweet store within, they upset the beehive just as our venerable housekeeper was passing, who was forthwith assailed by the irate swarm, and stung most painfully.

Naturally enough, she screamed out, which brought my friend and self to the rescue, when we encountered a repetition of her misfortune. Probably, as I was first on the scene, I received the greatest amount of attention from the infuriated insects, the result of which was that I was laid up for a couple of days; but my friend lost both bees and honey. As for the young rascals the perpetrators of all this mischief, they appeared to have escaped untouched; but what can be expected of the scions of such a race, when the mature animals think nothing of descending a hollow tree in search of their favourite luxury, honey, rump foremost, in defiance of a thousand assailants.

Every Inch a Soldier.

By M. J. COLQUHOUN.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AT UMBALLA.

WHITBY and his wife, after resting during the heat of the day at Kurnaul, determined to proceed at once to Umballa. They succeeded in reaching that place by the high road without encountering further danger, for the country on both sides of it was seemingly quiet, and they were not molested either by villagers or rebel soldiers. At Umballa there was a large garrison of English troops, and also certain native regiments, which, although they had not revolted as yet, gave great cause for anxiety; still, on arriving at that station, the Whitbys found the ordinary routine of life apparently going on undisturbed.

As their cart made its way through the bazaars, the lowly huts of which were shaded by light-foliaged trees, they found the narrow streets crowded with people, bartering and selling in the open air, and the lively hurly-burly had quite a holiday look. There were villagers who had come in to pay the land-tax just fallen due; there were native gentlemen of rank riding about, richly dressed, who had arrived there to proclaim their loyalty to the British Government; there were the stiff, angular figures of the English soldiers; and, lastly, a few Goorkas and Punjaubees, our faithful auxiliaries, clad in picturesque uniforms. The Whitbys' clumsy conveyance had great difficulty in proceeding, for, in addition to the groups already mentioned, there were detachments of troops on the march, besides endless strings of carts, camels, and elephants, laden with grain. The sleepy station had already become a centre of stirring activity; for soldiers and provisions were being hastily collected from all quarters, as it was even then settled to make Umballa the base of operations, from whence to reconquer Delhi without delay. Their humble vehicle was waiting at the side of the road to allow some troops to march past, when suddenly Eleanor's eyes fell on the familiar face of Colonel Rawley, who was riding amongst some officers; he turned, and, meeting her gaze, rode rapidly to the side of the equipage.

"Eleanor," he said, deeply agitated, "I had just heard that you

and Whitby had arrived, but could hardly credit such good news, for at first a frightful report of your death—apparently well authenticated—had reached us. What do you know of Florence? I have heard that she has escaped from Delhi.”

“Yes,” said Whitby, “and we may hope that she has reached Meerut safely, as we found the roads comparatively quiet; Burke and others were with her.”

“God grant it,” answered the old man, “but I am terribly anxious until we hear something definite.”

“We have every reason to hope for the best,” said Whitby, feeling under the fatal necessity of assuming a composure he did not feel.

Colonel Rawley had aged visibly, for the last few terrible days had stamped the lines of years upon his countenance.

“I am so glad to see you and Whitby again,” continued the old soldier, “and happier than I could have believed possible in these heart-breaking times. D——e! D——e!” becoming violently profane, and adopting his normal manner, he continued, “I think the end of the world has come! I had taken ten days leave, and had gone to the hills, and now those brainless noodles of the staff say that I cannot rejoin my regiment at Meerut, because the whole country is up. I am an old man, but I will soon let them see if I cannot find my own regiment. I wasn’t aide-de-camp to the Duke in the Peninsula for nothing. D——e, Sir! wasn’t it the Ministry and the War Office who did the best they could to hamper His Grace then? Have you heard how they have been blundering at Meerut?”—then came another string of oaths. “There was a d—— fool—a company’s officer—called Hewitt, there; and although the mutineers were burning and murdering in the station, by Gad! the fellow put a strong guard round his own house and did nothing else. By Jove! If I had been there—and there’s Archdale Wilson—what the deuce was he thinking about? At Meerut, as you know, they have the three branches of the service in force, guns, cavalry, and infantry—and by Gad, Sir, they did nothing! nothing! Yes, and what’s more, let the Native cavalry ride off to Delhi and join the old King—scoundrel that he is! It is enough to make the Duke rise from his grave! The service has gone to the dogs, and the country is going to the devil. If we only had Charley Napier here! Didn’t he say that all this would happen? Didn’t he tell those blockheads that Delhi and the Native army were in a most ticklish state? And who believed him? None of them; and now, Sir, here am I without my men and Florrie—Florrie—” but here the old man quite broke down, and putting spurs to his horse rode rapidly away.

"Poor old fellow," said Whitby, pityingly, "he has been a fine soldier in his day, but I much fear that men of his years will not be able to stand a campaign in this heat. By Jove! there is Hodson. He is the man for these times! I served with him in the Punjaub, therefore I know he is every inch a soldier."

At this moment that officer, who was riding furiously along, suddenly drew rein at the side of the bullock-cart.

"Dick Whitby," he called out, "I am glad to see you. I did not know you had escaped. The crisis is awful, but," he continued, with a bright smile, "with God and our Saxon right arm, we will pull through, never fear."

The speaker was a handsome man, well made, lithe, and agile. He looked particularly well on horseback, and rode like a centaur. His light curly hair slightly receded from a high and most intellectual forehead. On first seeing this remarkable man of whom she had heard so much, and also much not to his credit, Eleanor Whitby scanned his face with interest. She saw that his blue eyes were animated by a peculiarly determined and sometimes even fierce look, which would change to one of mischievous merriment, for, like all clever people, he was keenly susceptible of the ridiculous in whatever shape it presented itself. His nose inclined to the aquiline, and the curved thin nostrils added a look of defiance in no way counteracted by the compressed lips, which seemed to denote many an inward struggle between duty and inclination.

"Troops are marching into the station from all quarters," Hodson continued, with animation. "The 75th have come down from Kussolie, and my regiment, the 1st Fusiliers, and the Commander-in-Chief—General Anson—is expected hourly. Every nerve is being strained to get ready to march upon Delhi; but, as usual, the departments have utterly broken down—there is no carriage for the troops, no food, and no doctors. Still, from the Commander-in-Chief down to the private, every man is eager to press on to Delhi, but the means to do so are not immediately forthcoming. To find food, collect carts, and get camels together will keep everybody in the Quartermaster-General's department in a state of ceaseless activity. We must retake Delhi and that at once, or our Indian Empire is lost! Introduce me to your wife before I leave, Whitby. I heard you had become a Benedict, the best state for any man," he added with a bright smile. He was a married man himself, and his devotion to his wife was phenomenal.

Poor Eleanor blushed crimson to the roots of her hair under the scrutiny of those keen blue eyes. She felt the humiliating con-

sciousness that she looked "a perfect fright," in her once white muslin dress, which had not been changed for days, and her disordered hair. Hodson seemed not to notice any of these things and soon after left.

"What a handsome man!" she cried, with feminine enthusiasm, "and how well he rides! He can't be a thief."

Whitby laughed bitterly. "I think that he is not. 'For envy they delivered him to the chief priests.' These words are the true key to many a persecution. The fact is, he is too noble to pass through the world without detractors. The ambitious and the brave are jealous of him because the brilliancy of his acts put them in the shade; for he is more like Bayard, or Amadis de Gaul, than a subaltern of this nineteenth century."

They were making their way to the house of mere acquaintance of Captain Whitby's.

"I only just know Murray," said Whitby. "He is a major in the 107th N. I., a very good fellow, and his wife is as kind as he is himself. They will receive us if they can; at all events we will look them up, and if the house is full of fugitives like ourselves, I shall apply to the military authorities for shelter."

They drove or rather crawled in their bullock-cart to the Murrays' house which was the usual detached bungalow standing in a garden, and were most hospitably welcomed by Mrs. Murray who soon furnished Eleanor with some articles of clothing from that store which had been collected by the ladies of Umballa for the use of the escapees—Eleanor, like most other people, having fled with only the clothes she was wearing. Their good-natured hostess conducted them to a large airy apartment, which was as cool as any habitation could be at that time of the year, being on the north side of the house. The exhausted travellers were refreshed by cold baths and fragrant tea, and then, utterly worn out by fatigue, added to days of extreme danger and suspense, they lay down, and were soon fast asleep.

That night the alarm sounded; for it was feared the native troops had mutinied. Everything became movement and excitement, carriages were got in readiness, and all the ladies of Umballa were ordered to seek shelter in the barracks of the 9th Lancers. The scare, however, was a false one; the native troops did not rise that night, nor (as time proved) did they rise at all in that cantonment, but were eventually disarmed. Still nearly every night the alarm rang out, and the English soldiers were kept under arms, while the ladies and children took refuge in the barracks, returning to the houses in the morning. Moreover, the sky was

nightly crimsoned by incendiary fires, which were only extinguished with difficulty, and the perpetrators of these outrages rarely, if ever, discovered.

Several changes took place directly after the arrival of General Anson, the Commander-in-Chief. Colonel Rawley was made a Brigadier of the Delhi Field Force, for which every effort was being made to collect troops, and "old Rawley" had asked for Whitby as his staff officer. His request was granted, and then Whitby became a Brigade-Major. Another promotion gave Richard Whitby almost as much pleasure as his own "luck" as he called it, which was that Hodson, but so lately disgraced by the musty old Court of Directors in far-away Leadenhall Street, was placed by General Anson on the Head-Quarter staff, and appointed Assistant Quartermaster-General. "His enemies will hate him more than ever," laughed Whitby, when he heard the news, "but he is the right man, and now we shall soon get to Delhi!"

One night in May, Eleanor, who had, as usual, gone to the barracks, had just fallen asleep in a private room, which a sergeant of the 9th Lancers had good-naturedly placed at Whitby's disposal, when the following adventure befell her. She was roused from her slumbers by the abrupt entrance of some one into the apartment. "This is a very good room," said a harsh unmusical voice, and Eleanor found the speaker was a middle-aged woman of very alarming presence, and with a Saracenic cast of features. Behind the invader stood a stout but younger-looking lady, and further still in dim perspective was to be seen luggage, and a multitude of servants. The stranger who had first entered turned and eyed Eleanor severely.

"Mrs. Whitby!" said the formidable lady, addressing Eleanor, who was now sitting up in bed, rubbing her eyes, to find out if she were not dreaming, "Mrs. Whitby! it is very extraordinary that you should have taken this room. I am the wife of the Commissioner of Samwalnugger, and this is my sister the wife of the Judge of Jumbopore. What business have you here?"

"Oh," said Eleanor, "there must be some mistake; this room was lent to Captain Whitby, and he brought me here."

"Most unaccountable of Captain Whitby to take this apartment!" said the lady, standing by Eleanor's bedside, and looking at her with a glance of majestic displeasure; "quarters always go by seniority of rank. My position entitles me to the best room in the barracks, and I certainly shall not give up my rights to the wife of a mere captain."

While she was talking, a regiment of black servants and coolies

entered in Indian file, one carrying a camp-bed, another the bedding, some brought chairs, others tables and every sort of household stuff, including a spit, a bunch of onions, and a live fowl securely tied by the legs, and this impedimenta was quickly deposited with much noise round Eleanor's bed. Accommodation in the barracks that night was evidently very limited, for now another female appeared upon the scene; as the last comer entered the room, the authoritative lady turned round.

"What!" she cried, "that creature sleep in the same room with us! Do they mix up common people and ladies together in this barrack? Preposterous!" and she looked with scorn at the woman—a Mrs. Rattle, a sergeant's wife—who, however, taking no notice of her indignant protest, quietly spread a mattress upon the floor, and laid herself down upon it.

The servants had, meanwhile, rapidly prepared two camp-beds for the ladies, and the two matrons, finding all remonstrance useless, and that there was no other room empty, owing to the number of fugitives who had poured into Umballa, screwed up their scanty locks, and enclosed their uncomely faces in large frilled nightcaps, grumbling all the time at every petty discomfort, as if they were travellers at an hotel.

"I must say," remarked the wife of the commissioner, "that my ayah is very stupid. She brought away nothing but my red satin dress. One does at least expect presence of mind in servants. It is no use her saying she was confused, *that* is the very thing I complain of."

"And I am vexed with myself," said the Judge's lady, "for I brought away my medicine-chest instead of my jewel-case. I snatched up the wrong box in my hurry, and so lost my diamonds, and only saved some physic."

"And to think of my beautiful house at Samwalnugger being burnt," said Mrs. Commissioner Bloggs.

Just then there was the sound of a step on the stone pavement of the verandah outside, and the clanging of a sword, and through the French window (which also served as a door) there strode the tall soldierly form of Richard Whitby. For a moment he stood dismayed in the middle of the room surveying the matronly ladies in their *deshabille*; then arose a discordant screeching, the ayahs shrieked in acute falsetto, and their mistresses "skirled" as if the whole harmony of the thing depended on their exertions, while Mrs. Rattle sat up on her mattress, and laughed uproariously.

Whitby hastily retreated, amid confused denunciations, and hysterical outcries, mingled with the vociferous laughter of the

sergeant's wife; while Eleanor put on some clothing, and followed her lord into the verandah.

"How awkward!" laughed Whitby, throwing away the end of the cigar he had been smoking, "but how was I to know that all the beldams of the garrisons had assembled in your room?"

Eleanor did not remain long with her husband, as he had military duties which called him away,; but when she returned to her sleeping apartment, she found the window fastened, and therefore had to knock for admittance. While the bars and bolts were being withdrawn, she could hear the sound of female voices apparently engaged in animated strife, and, as she entered the room, she was addressed by the majestic lady of the Commissioner of Samwalnugger.

"Shut up every place again!" said Mrs. Blogg in a tone of authority. "I insist that the doors and windows are not only fastened, but barricaded. Captain Whitby's intrusion on the wife of one the highest civil official in the district is most unwarrantable, and besides, Mrs. Whitby, I have been insulted by that creature"—pointing to Mrs. Rattle—"and I hold you responsible for everything she has said, for you should not have allowed her to enter the place."

"I am very sorry," faltered Eleanor.

Mrs. Blogg's terrific countenance gleamed wrathfully from beneath her frilled nightcap, and her big nose projected far beyond its snowy border, making an observer think that the rest of her body was a mere appendage to this formidable feature of her face. She continued, indignantly:

"The wife of a commissioner not respected even in her bed!"

There was a look of suppressed power, a mysterious reserve of wrath, about the lady, which froze Eleanor's very soul. Mrs. Whitby was courageous in real danger, but she had a well-bred Englishwoman's morbid horror of anything like a scene, and the amazing insolence of Mrs. Blogg prostrated her reasoning faculties.

The tyrannical lady then ordered Mrs. Rattle to bar the window.

"No! that I won't," returned the "common person," angrily. "You, Ma'am," she continued, addressing Eleanor, "ought to have more spirit than to be trampled on by her. At Samwalnugger Mrs. Blogg said false things of me; all along of spite, because the gentlemen talked to me, and did not notice her!"

Eleanor discovered from these recriminations that the quarrelsome strangers were refugees from the same place.

Mrs. Rattle continued: "I ain't going to be baked in an oven for anyone! I shall open all the doors and windows, and let in the

cool air this hot night"; and so saying, she began to put her words into deeds. "You never was very handsome," she said to the two irate sisters; "if Captain Whitby did see you, what does it matter?"

However, this feminine quarrel ended like many graver ones, in a most unexpected manner; the wife of the Commissioner of Samwalnugger burst into a fit of weeping, and whimpered, in the most womanly way, that she would "tell her husband."

Mrs. Whitby had felt extremely uncomfortable at Mrs. Blogg's rudeness, and at Mrs. Rattle's remarks, but in the turmoil and excitement of their present life, all conventional prejudice and belief had given way, so that it did not seem so very wonderful, after all, that Mrs. Commissioner Blogg and Mrs. Rattle should have disturbed her slumbers by a scolding match; but soon all was forgotten, for the time being, in darkness and sleep; but at the earliest streak of dawn the next morning Eleanor stole silently away from the explosive neighbourhood of Mrs. Blogg and Mrs. Rattle, and returned to Major Murray's house.

Soon afterwards a general order was issued that no member of the nobler sex was to enter the sacred precincts of those apartments, in the barracks of the 9th Lancers, devoted to the use of ladies. Whether this was due to this row, or some other cause, "history does not relate." However, Mrs. Blogg filled the ears of sympathizing Umballa with pathetic complaints of "the infamous conduct of Captain and Mrs. Whitby," and Society fancied she had been wronged. O justice! justice! why dost thou, in this lower world, so often hide thy countenance?

Of course kind friends repeated to Mrs. Whitby what Mrs. Blogg had said! but what was the petty malevolence of a silly old woman to her? "The waves and the billows had gone over" Eleanor. Where was her brother? where was Florence? where was Burke? where, even, were Louisa Page and Carew? And some unseen voice seemed to murmur, dead! The horizon of her life seemed bounded on all sides by nameless terrors, and she could hardly believe that she lived—the survivor of such horrors. She missed the daily companionship of gentle Florence, who had been more like a sister than a cousin, and she missed, too, the light-hearted gaiety of the irrepressible Burke. Horrible tales and rumours were in the air; on the 16th of May they heard that all the English women and children in the city of Delhi, had been massacred in the presence of the King of Delhi's sons.

One morning Eleanor would rise bright with hope: those she loved were safe, they must have reached Meerut, no news was good news; the next she was crushed with despair, they had not

heard, therefore something dreadful had happened, and the possible fate of her friends was never out of her mind for a single minute.

The Whitbys had been some days at Umballa, and Eleanor was standing at the door of the Murrays' house awaiting the return of her husband. She saw him approach, and was struck by the look of grave sorrow on his face. She felt sure at once that something terrible had happened, and dreaded the evil tidings which his disturbed bearing seemed to portend. A tall Sikh—a groom, lately in their service—followed Whitby at a short distance.

"Oh! Richard! I fear you bring bad news," she said.

"It is very bad news," he answered, sadly.

"Is it about Florence and Burke?"

"I have hardly the heart to speak about it," he replied, "and yet it must be told.

"Oh! do not say it is about Florence," cried his wife, white with fear.

"Alas! I greatly fear that poor Carew has been killed and Florence and Burke with him."

"But it may not be true, Dick," she urged, "you know there are so many false reports circulated."

"I wish to God we were sure of its falsity"; he answered, "this melancholy token tells its own tale, and cannot be disbelieved."

He showed his wife a small sheet of paper, evidently torn from a note-book, on which the following words were scrawled in pencil, "Good-bye! good-bye! dear friends.—Florrie."

"It is poor Florence's writing," he continued, "it is her last farewell to us, and this man—pointing to the groom—brought it." He then cross-questioned him as to the fate of their friends.

"I was with Miss Florence and Burke Sahib," said the servant, "when they escaped from Delhi over the city wall. There were some Sahibs and ladies with them, whose names are unknown to me. That same night we met Carew Sahib and Miss Page in the open fields; they were on foot, for thieves had robbed them of their horses, and threatened to murder them. They had only escaped with their lives. The Sahibs and the ladies wished to reach Meerut, they hid in the woods by day, and travelled in the night-time. When they had arrived at the townlet of Doobghur, the villagers of that place being Hindoos were friendly, and gave them food, but the Newaub of Doobghur hearing that English were hid in the place, stirred up the rabble, and led them to attack the house where the Sahibs and ladies were concealed. They had not expected this, for the Newaub had made Carew Sahib believe he was friendly to him, but he deceived him. When the mob

beset the place, the Sahibs and the ladies went on the flat roof of the house, they had but one sword and one gun to defend themselves with. The Sahibs fought bravely. Carew Sahib only ceased when his right arm was disabled. When Miss Florence saw that death was certain, she wrote a letter, and begged me to take it to you; I climbed over the roof, and afterwards got away in a boat. Burke Sahib was young and strong, he fought bravely, with his own hand he killed five rebels. Then the people feared the brave young Sahib, and they cried (by the Newaub's orders) 'Give up Carew Sahib, and you shall live.' But he would not desert his countryman, and, unless God has preserved them, they have all died together on the roof."

"But those villains never killed the ladies!" exclaimed Whitby.

"Some ladies were killed, Sahib, I am sure. I saw one body, stripped naked, lying in the sun; the face was all disfigured. Yet some say that Miss Page and Miss Rawley were not killed, but were sent to Delhi by the King's orders. I do not know this; I have told you what I have seen."

Dead—or prisoners in such hands! To have been assured that they no longer lived seemed to Whitby preferable to the possibility of their still being in the power of barbarous enemies. It is impossible to describe the feelings of this usually calm man, on hearing the fate of his friends. It brought to light passions that in happier, quieter times remain altogether inert in the heart.

"What shall we do?" sobbed Eleanor, "ought we to tell Florence's father?"

"Who would dare be the bearer of such dreadful news?" asked Whitby. "I think uncertainty as to her fate would be preferable to these awful tidings. If ever I find the scoundrel, by whose instigation they were attacked, I will shoot him like a dog." It was crimes such as this which maddened the minds even of the most just and generous of men.

The Whitbys agreed that they would keep the fate of Florence as much from the ears of the world as possible. It seemed to them almost a sacrilege that the probable fate of this sweet and pure young girl, should become the talk of camps, or the gossip of society.

In the first shock of this overwhelming calamity Eleanor thought she could never smile again. Life was too terrible, too mysterious, she almost doubted the justice of Heaven, in permitting such atrocities; but in the heart of her husband, there was but one desire, and that was—vengeance!

CHAPTER XXIX.

A DECISIVE BATTLE.

It was still the fatal month of May, when Whitby received the following laconic note in pencil from Hodson, "Come here at once. I have something of importance to communicate.—W. H." He rode off immediately, notwithstanding that the rays of the sun like molten lead were streaming upon him, for it was twelve o'clock, and the atmosphere resembled liquid fire. When he arrived at Hodson's quarters, he found him booted and spurred surrounded by a multitude of natives, to whom he was giving orders, while a white Persian cat followed him about, even escaping from the caresses of others to nestle near him. As the noted soldier threw himself down on an easy chair, the animal rubbed itself against him, whisking its long tail against its master's fair moustache, and courting further notice when he good-naturedly stroked its arched back.

"My dear fellow," said Hodson, "I have scarcely a minute to spare, and must be as brief as I can, for I am just starting for Kurnaul. I suppose you have heard that I am now at the head of the Intelligence Department?"

Whitby assented: "I heard it with great pleasure," he said.

"Well, in my official capacity, I have just had a most extraordinary application brought to me, which I am requested to forward to His Excellency. I cannot pretend to understand this affair, neither does my one-eyed friend, Moulvie Rujub Ali. Come here, Moulvie Sahib," he called pleasantly, and a little wizened old man wearing a large turban appeared, and salaamed courteously.

"He is to be trusted," whispered Hodson to Captain Whitby, "he is one of Sir Henry Lawrence's old friends, and through him I get the best news in the country."

"Sahib," said the old Moulvie to Whitby, "do you know the Newaub of Doobghur?"

Whitby's eyes flashed furiously. "The treacherous villain!" he said, "what of him?"

"He has sent an emissary, an old woman, to His Excellency; she comes from this Rohilla—a race always cursed and perfidious—to treat for the ransom of some English prisoners who are in his fort at Doobghur. He offers to protect them, if the English Government will restore to him the stolen treasure of one, Ali Kareem. Who is Ali Kareem? God only knows; yet his wealth is valued at a million of money. Is Doobghur mad that he should

ask for such a sum, when there is no longer any wealth in the English treasury ? ”

Hodson's piercing eyes were rivetted on Whitby's face. “ I sent for you, as the old woman, a reputed witch and prophetess, declares you can give up the treasure. I have cross-questioned her, and, though she is evidently mad, I am satisfied that a party of fugitives are in Doobghur's fort.”

Whitby explained that Ali Kareem's wealth had passed into Miss Page's hands, and that, if it could be restored, she must do it. “ The worst part of the affair is,” cried Whitby, “ that a young girl, a cousin of my wife's, Miss Rawley, Brigadier Rawley's daughter, and Burke of the 200th Regiment, to whom she is engaged, are in Doobghur's fort—at least, we think so, we hope so. They have nothing to do with Miss Page's treasure, and yet I fear that their lives will depend upon its being returned.”

“ I don't think Doobghur will kill his prisoners, as he hopes to get a heavy ransom for them, otherwise his Mahomedan fanaticism might prompt him to do it. I shall be passing near Doobghur on my way to Meerut, and I will let the villain know that if the fugitives are sent in he will be handsomely rewarded, and if not, that I will catch him and hang him ! ”

When Hodson had left, Whitby spoke to the emissary, who was, as he suspected, the Witch of Megara. She was seated in the verandah of the house, seemingly guarded by policemen.

“ Who are in the Fort ? ” he asked of her.

“ Miss Page, Miss Rawley, the Lawyer Sims, Burke and Carew Sahibs, and others from Delhi unknown to me. You had better promise the treasure, it may go ill with them if you do not.”

“ It is not my habit to make promises which I cannot keep.”

“ But the Government might promise it.”

“ The Government will reward the Newaub if he protects these English, and is loyal ; if not, it will be the worse for him.”

“ Is that your final answer, Sahib ? ”

“ What can I answer ; I am no dealer in lies,” said Whitby.

“ That is why I require your word. If you say the treasure will be restored, you will keep your engagement.”

“ When peace returns, the treasure may be recovered. What more can I answer ? Is Wake Sahib in the Fort ? for if anyone can pay the ransom required, he is the person who will do it.”

“ Wake Sahib ! ” she answered excitedly ; “ no ! he rode through the town of Doobghur in open day, and no one had the power to touch him, for does he not carry on his person a powerful

talisman, which men and spirits must obey. Get me the Magic Crystal he possesses, and Ali Kareem's treasure may go, for on whichever side in battle that charm is found, there victory follows."

Whitby smiled incredulously.

"God gives victory, and English courage and prudence have been successful hitherto, and will be so again," he said. "I have no fear of the triumph of our cause. I greatly dread, however, that evil may befall that poor girl, Miss Rawley."

"She is safe, she is protected by a shining one (guardian angel). Do you not see her? There!"

As in a vision Whitby saw the gold hair, and bright, childish face of Florence Rawley; he started as if in a dream, he felt sure it was a trick of his imagination, while the old necromancer sat unconcernedly gazing on the ground.

"Sabib," she said, "they will not let me return. I also am a prisoner, for they will have it I am a rebel," and the old hag laughed unpleasantly; "but it does not matter, I can leave in spite of their guard."

"She was found in the bazaar, inciting sepoys to mutiny," explained the policemen.

"A hanging matter in these times," thought Whitby, "I must do what I can for her"; therefore he told Moulvie Rujub Ali that the old woman had saved his wife in the rising of Delhi.

"Nevertheless, she is a ringleader among the disaffected," he answered, "but I will see that she is well treated."

Afterwards the witch escaped from custody by necromancy, her guard asserted, but doubtless by that silver key which opens all jails.

At that time, when Hodson's preternatural energy and knowledge of war were invaluable to the English cause, no deed of his was more daring, or fruitful in good results, than his celebrated ride with despatches to Meerut. He started on the 20th May from Kurnaul, he rode a distance of seventy-six miles in seven hours, through a country held by the rebels, having only one led horse, and a small escort of Sikh cavalry. After delivering his papers to the Brigadier of Meerut, General Wilson, he had a bath, some breakfast, and two hours' sleep, after which he rode back, having to fight his way for about thirty miles of the distance.

This gallant exploit was of great assistance to the English in the hostilities which followed, for, until Hodson's daring ride there had been no communication between the English at Umballa

and Meerut, and he carried the orders for the Meerut troops to join the Delhi Field Force. Ever considerate for others, Hodson on his return telegraphed at once to Whitly: "Have failed, the prisoners have left Doobghur."

The mutiny broke out on the 10th May, but it was not until the 8th June, nearly a month later, that the first battle to regain Delhi was fought. There had been a certain delay in collecting troops; moreover, the commander-in-chief, General Anson, had died of cholera, and had been succeeded by Sir H. Barnard. Another victim to the scourge of the climate was Brigadier Rawley, who died suddenly of congestion of the brain, brought on by exposure to the sun, joined to mental anxiety as to the fate of his daughter. When he found she had been removed from Doobghur, and nothing further was known of her and her companions, a settled despondency took possession of his mind, which added to the deadly heat was more than his hitherto vigorous constitution could bear.

On the 6th of June all the forces were assembled at a small village called Alipore, some ten miles from Delhi, and there they waited until the English troops from Meerut joined them. Alipore resembled the ordinary townlet of Northern India. It consisted of a small number of mean houses forming one main street—the bazaar. The place was surrounded by a clay wall, fallen into decay; it stood in the midst of broad wheat-fields, and on one side there was a dense grove of mangoe trees. Above these trees the most marked feature of the place appeared—the tall, graceful minarets of its mosque erected when the Moslem rule was all powerful. A river ran near at hand which gave the promise of water for ablutions and for drinking to the English army, who had suddenly appeared before this obscure village. A great number of British non-combatants, women, children, and sick, went with the army, in order to have the protection of the fighting men. It was thought they could reach Meerut and from thence be despatched to England; it was not then known that the whole country for three hundred miles below Meerut was in a flame of insurrection. Whitby was still Brigade-Major to the successor of poor Rawley, and his wife was with him at Alipore. Everyone expected there would shortly be a battle, as it had been ascertained that 2,000 rebels had come out of Delhi to oppose the return of the English troops into that city.

On the morning of the 7th of June, the troops from Meerut were seen approaching. First came the Horse Artillery, Scott and Tomb's Battery, then two 18-pounder guns, next the Carabineers, followed by some picturesque-looking Afghan troopers, the re-

tainers of the Chief Jan Fishan Khan, and then came the infantry, consisting of some Goorkas, a wing of the Rifles in their dark uniform, and lastly, some companies of the, to us, familiar red coats of the 200th Regiment. The force from Meerut looked travel-stained and way-worn, for they had marched seventy miles in burning heat, and had fought two battles, in which the rebels had been beaten, the first turning of the tide in favour of the English in that part of India. While the Meerut troops were marching in to Alipore amid vociferous cheering from the Umballa soldiers, Eleanor Whitby and her husband, who were among the spectators, were astonished to see Henry Wake. He was again in the dress of a private, and again in the ranks of the 200th Regiment.

After the men had fallen out, Wake made his way to the Whitbys and was soon looked in his sister's arms.

"You must have been surprised to see me to-day," he said. "After leaving you on the road to Delhi, I ascertained that Carew and Louisa had passed the ford of Baghput, and were seemingly making their way to Meerut, but I was too late to help them. As far as I could discover then, most of the English fugitives were murdered by the villagers of Doobghur. I succeeded in getting away myself only with great difficulty, and after many hairbreadth escapes found myself once again in the old familiar cantonments of Meerut. These are times when every man ought to fight. I re-enlisted in the old regiment, and was most cordially welcomed back by both officers and men. Fancy, old Maunders commands the 200th, and a very good C.O. he makes.

"You might serve as an officer and get the resignation of your commission withdrawn," said Whitby.

"No; I had better keep quiet, and am very well contented to be where I am. That affair of the treasure and the fakir might be inquired into! "But, Louisa is safe! do you know about them?"

"No, nothing certain. We have been so anxious," said Eleanor.

"Louisa managed to send a letter to Maunders. They are all concealed in Doobghur's house in Delhi; Carew wounded, but doing well. They are kindly treated, and as soon as peace is established, I have agreed to divide the treasure with Doobghur. Louisa knows how to get on with these people; she speaks their language perfectly, and she is so clever. We shall be in Delhi directly, and then it will be all right," said Wake.

"I believe they are safe, because Doobghur will be afraid to lose the price of their ransom," said Whitby.

"It is delightful to know you think so," said Eleanor.

"Our friend Maunders, whom we had looked upon as the laziest of mortals, is, after all, a perfect hero," continued Wake. "The Mutineers had taken up their position in the town of Ghazee-ooden-Nugger, which is a fairly large place full of narrow streets, defended by a wall, and is situated about a mile from the river Hindun. Our infantry were trying to take the town, and Tombs with his Horse Artillery, accompanied by the Carabineers, galloped across a ford in the river, and assailed the enemy's flank. Some of the Mutineers had taken refuge in a strong suburb, from whence it was necessary to dislodge them at the point of the bayonet; a difficult and dangerous task. Our regiment was ordered up, and our boys, being mostly recruits, when met by a murderous fire were inclined to waver; then Maunders, spurring his horse over a mud wall, made straight for a large body of rebels, where he was seen dealing blows right and left with his sword. Of course, after that, the men followed; they scaled the wall and drove every mutineer out of the place. It was very foolhardy of Maunders, but it was a magnificent action! He will get the Victoria Cross at least, and his gallant conduct will be mentioned in despatches. They call him the hero of 'Ghazee-ooden-Nugger!'"

At this moment a burly figure appeared at the door of the tent. It was no other than Major Maunders himself; he had obtained his majority not by the gazetting of Blackistone but by the death of Colonel Rawley.

"You here Mrs. Whitby!" he exclaimed; "how delighted I am to see you. What dreadful times! there's not a drop of iced water to be had. Fancy, actively serving one's country with the thermometer standing at 110° in the shade!"

The Major seated himself on a small camp-bed, almost the only piece of furniture the Whitbys possessed, while Eleanor was making use of a camel trunk in lieu of an arm-chair.

"By Gad!" continued the Major; "just fancy paying £2,500 for the privilege of being permitted to die of thirst!"

"Oh, Major Maunders!" said Eleanor, "I have just been hearing of your most gallant exploit at the battle of the Hindun. You are quite the hero of the camp!"

The poor Major turned pale and heaved a bitter sigh.

"My dear Madam, I implore you not to speak to me of that unfortunate episode. People will go on expecting me to perform deeds of heroism for my country's good, and, at my time of life, it is a dreadful thing to be mistaken for a knight of chivalry. But I will confess to you what I had not the courage to tell the regiment (who, by the bye, would not have believed me). I was riding

a horse of poor Burke's, who, you know, had a taste for horse-flesh. It was his Irish hunter, Ballymachree, and had not been trained to stand fire, besides being a hard-mouthed brute. So, when the musket-shots came peppering about us like hail, he took the bit between his teeth, and made straight for the enemy's lines—bolted, in fact! I would have given worlds to have been able to turn his head the other way! I declare I was never in such a blue funk in all my life as when Ballymachree rose to that high wall and nimbly cleared it, just touching it with his hind legs in true Irish style. Bless my soul! The enemy were nearly as scared at our sudden appearance amongst them as I was myself; but, however, after a minute or two they came on with their tulwars, and, of course, I had to hit out with my sword in self-defence, while the wild antics and plunging of my war-steed made it almost impossible to keep my seat. But before I had undergone the ignominy of falling off, the men of my company came up, and the rebels thought it best to retreat, and I was greatly relieved to see them scampering away at the double, I can tell you, and I immediately took the opportunity of dismounting, covered with laurels and confusion. Ah, my dear Mrs. Whitby, I am a hero in spite of myself, and, by Gad! I fear I shall have to live up to my new character, which will be very hard on a man who has served Her Majesty for twenty-five years in all parts of the world! By Gad! they will call on me now to lead every forlorn hope!"

His auditors could not help laughing at the unexpected predicament so drolly related. The stout Major soon after retired, to see after his men, and make arrangements for the battle of next day.

At early dawn all was confusion in the camp, it having been reported that the enemy's cavalry were advancing upon them. There had been grave doubts and differences the evening before as to the real position which the rebels had taken up to dispute the English advance on Delhi. The camp at Alipore was covered by a strong advance-guard of all arms, with a breastwork thrown up across the road, a couple of guns loaded with grape, and port-fires burning.

Soon a small cloud of dust was noticed ahead, on the road from Delhi. All were on the alert. On it came, nearer and nearer; it was evidently cavalry. It was within three hundred yards—a few yards more and the guns would have opened on them, when the foremost of the party turned off sharp to the right, followed by about a dozen sowars. It was an Englishman—it was Hodson! He had been out to examine for himself the position of the rebels,

and solve the doubts of the evening before, and on his report the attack for the following day was planned.

The alarm was momentary. Almost before the men could form, the mistake had been discovered, and they returned to their quarters.

Hodson pulled up at the door of Whitby's tent, and said excitedly: "Whitby! everything is ready for the coming struggle. The rebels have taken up a very formidable position at an enclosed building, called Budlee-ke-Serai, about five miles on this side of the city, with a broad and deep jheel protecting their right from the possibility of a flank attack. On their left there is low, marshy ground for miles, with the Nujufgurb Jheel Canal running parallel to the road, so that an attack in front is the only course open to us. The main road by which our advance must be made runs between the Serai and the jheel. They have not been slow to avail themselves of the natural advantages of their position and to improve them. About a hundred and fifty yards in front of the Serai there are two ruined summer-houses, one on each side; and here the rebels have established a couple of batteries and some light field-pieces, and in front of the Serai they have planted some heavy guns to sweep the whole of the open ground. They have also placed large *gumlahs*" (earthen jars) "painted white, at intervals, to enable them accurately to mark the distance and regulate the elevation of their guns. To such an extent have they turned to good account the time which our delay in advancing has given them. We will give the rebels a rude awakening at this time to-morrow." And so saying, he rode away as usual.

"Do you see that fellow?" said Maunders to Whitby. "I was one night on outlying picket at Meerut. At about 3 o'clock I heard my advanced sentries firing. I rode off to see what was the matter, and was told that a part of the enemy's cavalry had approached their post, but, when day broke, in galloped Hodson! He had brought despatches for Wilson. How I quizzed him for approaching an armed post at night without knowing the parole! I call all this scampering about very unbecoming an officer and a gentleman; and if this style of thing is to become the fashion in Her Majesty's Forces, by Gad! I'll send in my papers, though we are on active service. What a crazy, uncomfortable fellow he is, doing everybody's work and putting a finger in every pie. Why, Whitby, no one will talk of the hero of Ghazee-ooden-Nugger with any enthusiasm if Hodson charges the enemy single-handed every day of the week!"

The next day, the 8th of June, the battle of Budlee-ke-Serai

took place. The English force could only be calculated in round numbers, 170 cavalry and 1,900 infantry, with 14 guns in the two infantry brigades; and in that under Brigadier Hope Grant about 350 cavalry with 10 guns; while there remained behind, as a rear-guard and to protect the siege-train, a squadron of the 6th Carabineers, a company of the 2nd Bengal Fusiliers, 2 guns Scott's battery, and the Jheend Rajah's contingent.

It was barely light when the troops began to defile out of the camp, on the morning of the 8th June. Mrs. Whitby and some other ladies watched the attacking force as they marched out. There was a brightness in every man's face, a gay elasticity in their movements, for they realised that they were at length going to battle, to avenge so much wrong, so much cruelty. Cavalry and guns thundered past, followed by the infantry, with measured tread; then came the General, Sir H. Barnard, with his staff—the aristocracy of that minute—a gay cavalcade of red and gold uniforms and nodding white plumes. Whitby was riding in the General's *cortège*, and, while his wife's eyes lighted with pleasure at the sight of her loved one, he passed by and had not even noticed her. This grieved her gentle heart. He seemed so remote as he rode along in the midst of his companions-in-arms, and, in truth, the all-absorbing duties and anxieties of the day of battle had banished all else from his mind for the time being.

An hour passed, and Eleanor and her companions could plainly hear the long-continued roar of the guns; but no tidings reached them as to which side was gaining or losing. It was indeed a time of intense suspense and fear to those anxious women; but at length Mrs. Whitby perceived the figure of a man evidently making for their camp. As he drew near she saw that his face was blackened with powder, while his clothes were torn to shreds.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" he cried, excitedly waving his hat as he came up to her; "it is a great victory! The rebels are in full retreat! Richard is safe! He has sent me (as I am slightly wounded) to bring you to the front, and, please God, to-morrow we shall all be in Delhi. Hurrah!" Wake certainly was barely recognizable, so deplorable was his condition; but the tone of his voice, and his joyful news, secured his welcome, and established his identity. Orders to strike the Whitbys' tent were at once given, and while this was being done and the little property they had with them was being packed into a cart, he said, in answer to Eleanor's eager questions:

"When we got orders to march last evening we hardly knew where we were going, but we felt certain that something sharp was

contemplated, for the word was given that our sick and non-combatants were to be left behind; but they objected, so afterwards they were taken with us; had they stayed behind, and we had got beaten, they would probably have been cut to pieces. We started down the high road, which, as you know, is planted with trees on both sides, whose over-hanging branches form a shady avenue; but our progress was but slow at first, for the whole road was blocked with commissariat carts and ammunition waggons. The artillery who were in front fired several rounds at the enemy, who returned their fire. We were following the guns, when a cry was raised 'Form square! Form square! the cavalry are upon us.' (This was a mistake—it was our own cavalry which had been seen.) We got all huddled in a heap and made the best square we could, but there was no uniformity in it; no man could get at his 'Brown Bess,' while the front rank was kneeling on our toes. While we were in this muddle, a shell came in our midst, and killed thirteen of our men; Colonel Chester, the Adjutant-General, who was riding a white horse near me, was also killed by a fragment of this same shell. Then General Showers called out, 'Deploy! form line! We shall all be killed standing here.' We formed line, and rushed forward to the charge. The rebels had 24 guns in a crescent-shaped battery upon a raised mound. On we went, but before we could reach it a shell killed my right and left hand man, and the man behind me, and knocked me down. My pouch-belt was cut, and my Brown Bess twisted up to nothing, not that she was very much good at any time, for after firing eight or nine rounds she became fouled. We *had* to take that battery, so some of the crack shots went in front to pick off the men at the guns. Our regiment had been given spiking irons the night before, and everyone felt determined that those guns should be spiked. When I fell down the regiment was still pushing on, and when I had a little recovered my senses—for I was rather confused—I got up and staggered on after them, but I soon fell down again. Then our regimental doctor came, and, after examining me, said I was not much hurt, but that the spent shell which had killed my comrades had struck me. Then they placed me on the top of an ammunition waggon, and I was seated upon something very hard, by Jove! and the driver was told to proceed at the double. The ground was exceedingly bad, and very broken, and every minute the waggon tilted at right angles; one wheel went up while the other went down, and I was first pitched up into the air, and then down again upon the round shot. Directly the driver stopped, I slipped off. 'Won't you get up again?' he asked. 'No,' said I, 'I'd sooner walk.' So I went a little way on

foot, until I was taken up by an ambulance waggon. Then I saw Whitby galloping along like mad; he was taking orders to the front, and was looking as merry as a grig. He drew up for one minute, and told me that our regiment and the 75th charged and took the guns, while soon after the 9th Lancers attacked the battery in the rear. Pandy had enough of it, and ran off. He then asked, 'How is it you are not with your regiment?' 'Because I was wounded by a spent shell,' I answered. Then he said, 'Fall to the rear then, and come on in Eleanor's cart; bring her to the front at once—we can meet on the Ridge at the Flagstaff,' and off he went. The enemy are thoroughly beaten, and our men will keep them on the run all the way to the Ridge of Delhi."

The brother and sister set off joyfully together, but very soon they were called upon to witness the awful reality of war. As they went down the fine level road the whole of the ground was strewn with corpses, and English soldiers were throwing their dead in piles upon the backs of pad-elephants, to afterwards bury them in pits which had been dug for the purpose. As soon as they had reached the conquered batteries, at Budlee-ke-Serai, Eleanor perceived, among the innumerable dead lying there in heaps, many of their late regiment, the 88th N. I.—tall and handsome men from the province of Oude—and, with a shudder, she recognized the dead body of the youth who had protected her in her dire necessity—Partel Singh. She knew that he was not a traitor to them at heart, only he could not withstand the almost irresistible force of the contagious example of his countrymen.

Every step of the well-known road brought them near to Delhi.

"To-night," cried Wake, confidently, "I shall see Louisa."

"And Florence and Desmond also, I hope," said his sister.

"That is a most blessed treasure of Ali Kareem's, for it has saved their lives, I really believe."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE RIDGE OF DELHI.

ON the evening of the 11th of May, Brigadier Graves had been one of the last to turn his back upon the Flagstaff Tower, the scene of agonizing suspense and suffering; and now, accompanied by a victorious army, he was among the first to return to the cantonments of Delhi. The English had not regained the ridge without some severe fighting, for, although the rebels had fled, panic-stricken, from Budlee-ka-Serai, they had made a stand at the

Flagstaff Tower, and other places, only again to be defeated. The victors had captured twenty-six guns, thirteen of which were taken at Budlee-ka-Serai and the rest at the Ridge. Eleanor and her brother reached the rendezvous at the Flagstaff Tower, in which they saw, with a shudder, a ghastly memorial of the evening of the 11th of May, for the cart containing all that remained of the murdered officers of the 54th Regiment still stood there.

Whitby soon rejoined them, and, after a few words to his wife, turned to Wake, who was still seated in the bullock-cart, looking pale and wan. "You have had a nasty knock," he said, "and, as a hospital is being arranged in the White House, you had better report yourself to the doctor of your regiment at once, for, my dear fellow, there seems little talk or more fighting in you."

"It's all that detestable ammunition waggon," answered Wake. "I, who had pictured myself gallantly leading a charge like Prince Rupert, to find myself ignominiously knocked about like a shuttlecock upon round shot!"

Wake left, driving off in the bullock-cart, as they thought, to go into hospital, but he did not report himself to the doctor.

"I see," Whitby said, "that the mess-tent of the 200th is already erected there, on our left; the Hero of Ghazee-ooden-Nugger will extend his hospitality to you Eleanor, I am sure. I hear that those fellows came in from Meerut like princes, with their cooks, their plate and china. Major Maunders will belie his portly presence and rubicund visage, if he cannot produce some beer. I am so thirsty that I believe I would betray my country for a glass of pale ale!"

They went across to the mess-tent, where the camp-tables had suddenly risen, and cold meat, bread, butter, cheese, tea, and even more surprising luxuries had appeared with a celerity that would have seemed magical, if it were not that the Asiatic servant has an aptitude for, and a knowledge of camp-life quite unknown to the domestic of Western civilization. The officers of the regiment, consisting mostly of old friends, greeted Mrs. Whitby warmly; her Cousin, Captain Coots, the paymaster, was there, also Pevensy and many others whom she had known intimately on the troopship in their long voyage of six months, sailing to India.

"Here is champagne," said Maunders, bustling in. "Gentlemen, we must drink to 'the thin red line!' How both officers and men charged that battery, and to that we greatly owe the success of the day. Don't talk of strategy and tactics; there's a something in the heart of every fellow, and, by Gad! that it is which gains our battles. It has been a glorious victory! Jan

Fishan Khan, the Afghan, says another such a day will make him turn Christian ! ”

The champagne was opened, and glasses passed round. “ The Queen,” said Maunders, after which toast they drank to the regiment. War is a glorious game, and those who win can laugh, and they were all exhilarated with their successes, for in spite of the overpowering heat, the small Meerut force had in the short space of a week fought four pitched battles, and now found themselves close to the goal of all their aspirations—the revolted Imperial city. They hoped, with the light-heartedness of inexperience, to march triumphantly into Delhi the very next day. The victory of Budlee-ka-Serai, and the engagement on the Ridge, had struck such terror into the hearts of the people of Delhi, that most of them abandoned the sheltering walls of their stronghold ; but finding that the English did not follow up their successes, they soon returned. How grateful rest was to the invading force after such a week of marching and fighting.

Whitby, never a wealthy man, was wholly impoverished by the Mutiny. He had lost at least £1,000 worth of property by the burning of his bungalow and the loss of his horses and carriages ; public money seemed to be as scarce as private, and although he had received an advance of pay at Umballa, he had been obliged to expend it in the purchase of new chargers, and the bullock and cart which had conveyed his wife and his humble belongings to the Ridge. Therefore, a little odd crockery, a few cups and spoons, one bazar charpoy, and a few changes of linen, made up the sum of his worldly possessions. What added to the Whitbys’ destitution was the fact that so many other fugitives were in the same deplorable condition, which had caused the humblest necessities of life to command almost famine prices. Even that he had the luxury of a clean shirt was due to one of those obscure virtues which great crises bring forth. On the march to Alipore, as Whitby and his wife were sitting one evening in their tent, two privates of the 75th Regiment hastily entered with a bundle, which they placed under Whitby’s bed. “ Sir,” said one of the men, “ we heard you had lost everything, and as our regiment has come fresh from the hills we have plenty, and as we didn’t like you to go short, we have brought a few things which we hope you will honour us by accepting ” ; and before either acknowledgment or rejection could be offered by the astonished Whitby, his unknown benefactors ran away as if ashamed of themselves. The Whitbys, however, were fortunate in having three good servants, the Sikh groom and the under-butler were with them, and the Christian Ayah Maria.

While the officers of the 200th and their guests were lingering over their meal, the camp was rising in straight streets of tents. Suddenly they heard the clattering of horses' feet close to the mess-tent, and Hodson riding a spirited chestnut, accompanied by his usual body-guard of troopers, drew rein at the door.

"That fellow again!" ejaculated the old Major under his breath.

"Major Maunders," said Hodson, in the short authoritative way he had of talking, and which punctilious people were apt to resent,— "Major Maunders, you are doubtless not aware that some men of your regiment are straggling into Delhi itself. They must be either drunk or looking for drink, and you had better see to this. Then addressing Eleanor—"Mrs. Whitby," he said, "I came to give you the earliest notice, that all the ladies and children who came with the troops from Umballa, start for Meerut to-night at six, travelling upon pad-elephants. The road is perfectly quiet, and I expect we shall be keeping Pandy's hands so full here, that he will have no time to molest your escort."

Eleanor turned pale; she knew that she would have to part with her husband, still, to hear that the separation would take place so soon was very painful. "To-night?" she said, with blanched lips.

"A pad-elephant is not a very easy mode of travelling forty miles," said Whitby.

"Some few ladies have their own carriages," replied Hodson. "Mrs. Blogg and her sister have requisitioned and obtained the Rajah of Raee's carriage and four. Shall I try to obtain a seat for you with them, Mrs. Whitby?"

"For Heaven's sake don't," answered Eleanor. "I should be 'held responsible,' even if the enemy attacked us. I should much prefer the pad-elephant, although I know I shall fall off!"

"But," said Coots, "I have a shigram (travelling waggon) here, you had better go in that. My wife will be glad to have you back in Meerut."

"I shall be delighted to see Etta again," said Eleanor, whose mind was relieved to find in those terrible times that she would have the companionship of an old friend with whom she shared the association of years.

"The start will be made from the rear of the camp, from the race-course," continued Hodson; "be sure you are punctual, for you had better go with the first lot, so as to escape the dust. You will be quite safe in the barracks of Meerut by to-morrow morning."

Eleanor thought she would prefer insecurity with the society of her husband and brother to perfect safety without them, but she

knew that objection was useless, and that the fighting men at the Ridge were anxious to be rid of the responsibility of the large convoy of women, children, and wounded, which hampered their movements. Hodson then dashed off in his usual impetuous manner.

He was barely out of sight, the officers of the 200th had separated, and the Whitbys were walking back to their humble little tent, when all at once their ears were stunned by terrific shoutings mixed with uproarious laughter, among the tents.

"Catch him! there he goes! hi! oh! hurrah! round by the right, don't let him get away! stop him!" Suddenly a little old man appeared; he had a white beard, and, despite his years, was leaping nimbly over the numerous tent-ropes of the encampment, followed by an excited mob of young soldiers. The man who was being pursued, on seeing Whitby threw himself at his feet, and embracing his knees cried "Justice! justice Sahib! save me! save me!" and he began volubly to explain that he was not a rebel, but a loyal camp-follower.

"What does this mean, my men?" said Whitby to the noisy crew, who looked ill-pleased on seeing their prey escaping them.

"Please, Sir," said one of the 200th, "he is a d—— Pandy, and we was going to hang him!"

Whitby saw that these brutal lads were half intoxicated with liquor, and still more with the wild excitement of battle, and the desire for revenge. To reason with them was useless, but just then he saw a pariah dog running howling down the street of the camp; "All right," he said to the soldiers, "but do you see that dog? Catch him, and hang him first"; and away went the yelling mob helter-skelter after the luckless cur, whom, after a stern chase, they caught and triumphantly suspended to the nearest tree. "What a horrid trade is war," said Whitby to his wife. "Men call it glory and honour, but it is one of the most frightful and inexplicable realities of life. It ought to be done away with, but how? for brute force can only be checked by stronger physical power. 'When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace; but when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he divideth his spoils.'"

As Mrs. Whitby waited for the equipage which was to take her to Meerut, she witnessed another curious scene. Some native troops were mobbing Hodson, who was calmly seated upon his charger, looking more like a statue than a living being. The soldiers were strong-looking men, wearing blue turbans, and they rent the air with shouts of *Burra Lera! Wallah!* (great in battle)

while with tears streaming down their faces they seized Hodson's bridle, dress, hands and feet, and prostrated themselves before his horse.

Captain Pevensey, who was near, told Eleanor: "It is only the Guides come in from the Punjaub, and they are delighted to see their old officer again, that is all! The Guides have made a wonderful march, coming from the Punjaub, about 580 miles, in twenty days; they were just too late for Budlee-ke-Serai.

Whitby spent that day with the Brigadier, giving orders and making arrangements; he could not therefore return until nearly six o'clock to take leave of his wife, whom he found standing outside their tent, anxiously looking for him. "I am late," he said, "but really could not come before. Where is the shigran?"

"It has not come yet," answered Eleanor. "Good gracious! what was that?"

"Oh! nothing," said Whitby, with a satirical laugh; "nothing—only a shot." Then they heard voices in the near distance, and the words, soon fatally familiar to them, "Come on my brother! Make haste, my brother!" More shots quickly followed the pioneer visitor.

"We are attacked," said Whitby. "I must return to the Brigadier; go to the rear and join the convoy, they will be able to find a place for you somewhere."

They gave each other one long, heartfelt kiss, and then parted. Eleanor watched her husband as long as he was in sight; she felt almost too stunned and paralyzed to move. "Come, Madam," said the ayah, who stood near, with the small bundle which held all their worldly goods. The two women hurried down the main street of the camp, on every side of which, men were rushing to seize their arms, while drums beat and trumpets sounded. Eleanor and her maid stepped aside as some guns came thundering past, followed by a detachment of the Guides, with the ubiquitous Hodson, and his handful of troopers, now far too busy to notice Eleanor's scared face. The mistress and servant at last reached a place beyond the tents, a broad, flat plain, the old race-course, bordered by some fine trees growing along the banks of a canal, but there was no sign of carriages, elephants, nor escort. "We have missed them," said Mrs. Whitby, "and to tell you the truth I am not at all sorry. We must find our way back as quickly as we can." After wandering about for some time, for they repeatedly lost themselves in the darkness which had suddenly fallen, they could hear the roar of the onslaught going on in front of the Ridge. At last the large white mess-tent of the 200th loomed upon them:

out of the obscurity—a welcome landmark. “We are home again,” exclaimed the ayah joyfully. Eleanor laughed at the woman’s idea of a home, but she was delighted to perceive the tall figure of her husband, who approached as they neared the tent. “Nellie” he said, “you back again! how is this?”

“They must have started,” she answered, “for we could not find them.”

“You will have to wait for the next convoy then; however, my darling, I am more pleased than words can express to have you with me a little longer.”

“If they would only let me stop in camp,” said his wife.

“That must depend upon Barnard. You are only a camp-follower, Nell, and must either obey orders, or be tried by drum-head court-martial.”

“Then I will obey orders,” she laughed. “Besides, you know I have an innate respect for lawfully constituted authority.”

“We’ve just had a brush with the enemy, and have driven Pandy back. I daresay that the generous 200th would give you some supper if we went to them.”

The officers of the 200th raised a hearty cheer at Eleanor’s unexpected re-appearance in their mess-tent, and overwhelmed her and her husband with their hospitalities. The term “brother-officer” in many instances is more than a mere name, and it is indisputable that the fact of serving in the same corps begets life-long friendships, stronger even than the tie of kindred.

“The stragglers,” said Maunders, “of whom that busybody Hodson was complaining, have reduced themselves to Wake, who, instead of going to hospital, actually got into the city of Delhi, and Miles O’Connor, who had been drinking—as usual. Wake declares he saw Burke and Carew in Doobghur’s house in Delhi, also that the inhabitants and troops were flying, panic-stricken; so if we march in, the town is ours..”

The fact that Eleanor was still in camp was reported to Sir H. Barnard by Hodson, who also stated her wish to remain.

“Poor lady! poor lady!” said the kind old man. “She must stop for the present, until the next convoy of wounded starts for Umballa.”

Thus on sufferance Mrs. Whitby stayed with her husband, sharing with him the hospitality of the 200th.

The sun rose the next morning, the 10th June, in exquisite beauty and splendour, and filled the clear grey sky with orange and pink light.

“Whitby!” shouted a voice at the door of the tent, and Whitby

rushed out half dressed, with his sword in one hand, and a revolver in the other—the usual night companions of men in those times. The speaker was the ever-vigilant Hodson.

"The mutineers are coming up again; ride forward and warn Reed, and turn out his plucky little Goorkhas. Light and Tombs have gone to the front; if their guns don't make the rascals turn tail, what will?"

By this time Eleanor had appeared, looking as white as a sheet; the officers and men of the 200th were rushing out of their tents.

"You will take care of Richard," she said, with a woman's want of logic when her feelings are concerned, "and bring him safe back to me, Major Maunders?"

"That I will," laughed he, "or rather he will take care of me, for there is no man in the army I would sooner have at my back in a scrimmage than Whitby!"

For Whitby to call for his horse, to dress, and buckle on his sword, only occupied a few minutes. One hurried farewell kiss to his wife, and he was off.

Mrs. Whitby soon after went out on an elevated position known as the General's Mound, from whence she could see that the whole camp was in motion. The English troops were moving over the hilly country, until lost to sight among the green trees of a thick grove, which surrounded Metcalfe House. Then at length the far-away booming of guns commenced, which was the first intimation to many in the camp that something of importance was taking place.

The mound where Eleanor was at first the only watcher, soon became so crowded, that there was barely standing-room on it, for, all the officers not engaged in the fighting had hastened there, as it was a good look-out.

The English were that day perfectly certain of success. They looked upon a day of battle as a day of triumph, and so sure were they of victory that they hardly gave a thought to the sad certainty that some of those who had gone forth that morning would never return. Such was the public opinion of the minute, and this confidence cheered and exhilarated Eleanor's heart.

"The heavy firing has ceased; that is good for us, you may be sure," remarked Captain Coots to Eleanor. It was now twelve o'clock, the troops had started at sunrise. It was a more scorching day than ever, the cruel Eastern sun beat down on burning hot rocks and dried-up vegetation, and on the white, dusty roads. The sky in its intense cloudless blue was a pitiless expanse of glittering light.

"Come back to the tent, Madam," cried the ayah, who had followed her. "It is madness to stay here in this heat. It will give you a brain fever."

Eleanor followed her domestic down the steep narrow path unresistingly, feeling that it was unwise to expose herself needlessly. They were walking towards their tent, when Whitby's groom rushed towards them breathless, and almost speechless.

"The English are retreating!" he gasped out.

"And your master?" asked Eleanor, turning so sick and faint that she supported herself against the Ayah's stronger and steadier arm.

"The Sahib is wounded," answered the man. "I was in the rear of the fight, holding his second horse, and heard that he had fallen."

The troops were returning. First they saw a squadron of the Guides come galloping in, their horses covered with foam and dust. Very shortly some guns passed, the limbers crowded with men principally wounded; then a handful of British Infantry, still retaining a fair semblance of order, although the men were suffering from intense thirst, and complete exhaustion from exposure to the burning sun, and could hardly drag themselves along. Then a confused mass of parts of regiments, Hindostanees and Englishmen, mingled together without much attempt at order, and some litters containing wounded. The wounded were taken from the guns and laid in rows on the ground. Eleanor and her ayah, Maria, with pale and stricken faces, watched each body of travel and war-stained men as they defiled past, searching in vain amongst the throng of unknown faces for the one countenance which Eleanor loved above all on earth.

And now her heart beat quickly and then seemed to stop, as thundering by came the General and his staff, thinned to half the number of those who had started in such proud array that morning, but Whitby was no longer among them.

"He is in the rear—he would be the last man to leave—he must be somewhere else," faltered Eleanor.

"How dreadfully you are trembling, Madam," said the pitying ayah.

And then, joyfully recognized by Eleanor's eager eyes, the 200th came in.

Eleanor hastened forward to speak to Maunders. "I cannot see Richard," she said, "perhaps on account of the confusion. But you have brought him back—you said you would."

"I tried to save him," answered Maunders, in short, quick

accents, the tears standing in his eyes. "I heard he was wounded and went in search of him. Our troops had begun to retire; at length I saw Whitby lying on the ground, unhorsed and wounded." He did not dare to tell the agonized wife standing there, that he was cut to pieces!

"By this time the troops had gone back," he continued, "and the enemy were close at hand. I wished to bring some men back to carry him away; but Whitby would not allow it. I begged him to do so. At last he said 'Maunder, you have left your post, go and rejoin your regiment; your men are without a commandant, you are wanted there, you can be of no use here.' I left him very reluctantly, but there was no time for remonstrance, for the enemy swept up, and I only escaped out of their hands by being well mounted. As it was, a trooper attacked me, and only left me when I had rejoined my men. The Guides protected our rear; but we were so hotly pressed, that every now and then the rebels cut down a man from our ranks. They are five to one against us, you know."

"But he was only wounded," said Eleanor, who was utterly numbed with despair. "Could he not be saved even now?"

"He is badly wounded, and it is three miles off," said Maunder, who dared not add that those barbarians always killed the wounded.

Wake now came running up, "What is this about Richard?" he asked. "Is it true that he is left behind wounded? If they will allow it, and any men will join me, I will head a rescue."

"Yes," cried his sister, excitedly, "save him!"

"It is impossible, I fear," said Maunder. "It would never be allowed, and, besides, how could a handful of men cut their way through thousands? Every man is a great loss to us, and we have been terribly weakened by to-day's fighting. I fear Barnard will never permit it."

"If Colonel Rawley had lived he would never have allowed Richard to be sacrificed," said Eleanor, with that bitter looking to second causes, which add such poignancy to our misfortunes. "I do not ask that more lives should be risked. I will go alone and look for him! He may be yet alive."

"Eleanor," said Wake, "that is madness. Try to calm yourself."

"I cannot. You know how we loved each other. Oh, if you could only save him!"

"This is not civilized war," interrupted Maunder; "we must count our wounded among the dead. Poor Whitby! the welfare of

the troops was always his first and last thought; we could ill afford to lose an officer like him. I must go to my post; but I will come back again to you, Mrs. Whitby." Eleanor hardly heard his words.

"Do come to the tent, Madam," pleaded Maria.

"No; oh no!" answered her mistress, wildly. "I could not bear to see that place without him. It would be agony. I will not believe that he is dead; they cannot have killed him. I will watch here in case he comes; at least, let me see the spot where my eyes last rested on him."

They were in the midst of confusion and turmoil; litters passing with wounded men, bodies of soldiers marching; on every side hurried preparations for defending the Ridge in case of a further attack. The passing soldiers looked with pitying dismay at the dazed, grief-stricken Eleanor, who was scarcely conscious of their presence.

"Let us go up there," she said at last; "we shall be able to see the road, and there is a shady tree to sit under."

When they reached the spot, they found it dominated the city. Men still passed them, hurrying to their posts; guns were being loaded, and batteries were being made. The burning fiery sun beat down on them, while "the busy hum of men" rose from the city below. They could hear in the camp strong English voices, calling to each other, and the strokes of the pickaxes as they hurriedly threw up the earthwork of the defence. They could see troops moving; a squadron of Englishmen sent to hold an important post. Eleanor watched all these preparations with lack-lustre eyes, tearless and silent, in the waywardness of grief and despair; and again, when her attendant begged her to return to the camp, she replied, "I cannot! let me remain here in the open air. I have neither hope nor interest in anything, and I never shall have again."

Night fell; the night which falls so suddenly in the tropics, and the attack recommenced with a fierce and long cannonade, and a perfect storm of musket-shots. The shot and shell fell round her like hail, but Eleanor heeded them not; as in a trance she heard the sinister whizzing shriek of the shell as it travelled through the air, and the heavy thud with which it struck the ground. Then some tents caught fire and cast a lurid glare upon the scene; and then arose the sound of men marching, voices and outcries in the darkness, and high above all rang the war-cry of the assailants, "Allah! Allah!" and still she watched and waited.

"Dearest Eleanor!" said Wake's voice, "Hodson beseeches

you to come in ; you are under fire here. The tents of the 200th is one of the least exposed places ; let me take you there."

"The shot and shell will not kill me," she answered bitterly ; "I long for death. But he is not dead. Oh ! tell me that he will return ; he was only wounded."

"Vain hope, my poor sister, those cruel human tigers always kill the wounded."

"I saw a soldier's wife at Budlee-ka-Seraj," she continued in an unnaturally calm manner ; "she opened the curtains of a litter, and there she found her dead. I almost envy her now, if I only knew the worst, if I only had his body."

New sorrows speak, old sorrows are dumb.

"It cannot be true," she said to her brother. "My husband, who left me only this morning so strong and well, how shall I live without him ? I feel as if I should go mad when I think of Richard lying graveless among the unburied dead ; food for the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air. Perhaps he is suffering pain and thirst, or perhaps some marauder has given him a *coup de grace*."

While she spoke, a firmament of glittering brightness, like the eyes of Divine Mercy, looked down on the sorrow-stricken woman.

"I am very miserable now," she continued, "but still I have been blessed ; if it were all to happen over again, and yet end so fatally, I would still do as I have done. I have had my happiness, for I have been loved by him, and I have been his wife. Nothing can take from me the recollection of so much joy. I would sooner have the memory of my glorious dead, than any living love."

Wake was looking moodily from the Ridge, down upon the great walled city.

"If they would only storm the place," he sighed. "Delay may be fatal to *them*." He was thinking of the English hostages in Doobghur's hand.

(To be continued.)

Soldiers' Shoes.

By ANDREW T. SIBBALD.

MARSHAL SAXE used to say that the secret of success in campaigning lies in the legs. Lord Robert Montagu, in a speech at the Huntingdon election in 1859, ascribed a similar saying to Napoleon the Great, whom he represented as saying, " Battles are as often won by the leg as by the arm." Napoleon, indeed, was never inattentive to any small detail that affected the soldier, and was especially careful in the matter of shoes, writing to Marshal Berthier, June 28th, 1805, and bidding him " master all the details " for his projected invasion of England ; his soldiers shoes to receive special attention. The Wellington despatches prove how careful our own great general was in the same particular, repeatedly urging upon the Government of the day the absolute necessity of providing his army in Spain with proper supplies of boots, and stating his reluctance to encounter manifest risks by leading into the field foot-sore men. In the last great American War, the Federals often laughed at the ragged and shoeless followers of Stonewall Jackson and the other Confederate generals. But, if there was too little shoe in the one case, there was too much in the other.

"The shoes of the Federal Army," said the *Times*, October 29th, 1862, "supplied on contract by rich shoe manufacturers in England—none of whom very ardently desire the speedy conclusion of the war—are not better fitting than the shoes of soldiers are generally found to be in all parts of the world, and they produce in a few days callosities on toe and heel that impede the advance and aggravate the retreat, and sometimes render an army with shoes no match for an army without them."

One of these shoe merchants and contractors was a Mr. Wilson, who was raised to a general's rank in the Confederate army, and who assisted his Government in providing the army with an entirely new

corps—that of corn-doctors, or, as they termed themselves, pedicures and chiropodists, one of whom, with assistants, was attached to each division of the army, to reduce the callosities caused by the contractor's boots and shoes. "How happy," says the author of *The Virginians*, ii. 355, "he whose foot fits the shoe which fortune gives him." A happiness, indeed, to that foot-soldier who has to wear a boot of a "fixed size."

Suwarrow, the famous Russian general, slept, even in time of peace, fully armed, boots and all, prepared for any emergency. When he was lazy, and wished to enjoy a comfortable sleep, he usually took off one spur. We may conclude, however, that Suwarrow's boots were not made to a fixed size furnished by contract to all the generals. It has been urged that great improvements have been made of late years in our manufacture of boots for the army, and that every care is used in the inspection of the contractor's work, and in returning it to him if there are less than four stitches to the inch, or "shavings" in the soles, or any other scamped work. Still, the fact remains, so many men, so many feet; and one fixed shoe cannot possibly fit a whole regiment. The boots worn by agricultural labourers, a large number of whom form the raw material for the manufactured article of the foot-soldier, are made so narrow and tight at and above the ankle that they cause the muscles of the leg to cease growing; so that an agricultural labourer at forty years of age has often no more calf than a lad of twelve; and this is a serious matter in the training of the future foot-soldier, because the strongest muscle of the human body is that forming the calf of the leg, which is able to support the weight of the body. Archbishop Whateley was aware of this, as he was of most things, and once spoke of it at a grand vice-regal dinner-party at the Castle, Dublin, challenging the Bishop of Cashel to test the experiment by standing upon his, the archbishop's outstretched leg. The bishop, however, declined to perform the part of Columbine to his right reverend brother's Harlequin. The countryman's boots, too, are heavy; not so weighty, indeed, as those made for the divers, who, in 1861, were employed to remove the piers of old Westminster Bridge, and whose boots, in order to counteract the force of the stream, were provided with leaden soles, weighing eighteen pounds; but they are too heavy and clumsy for the healthy purposes of nature, although this circumstance of prior experience may go far better to reconcile many a raw recruit to that ill-fitting pair of bluchers in which he will have to perform his regimental drills. By some it has been considered that this form of the blucher boot or of the lace-up boot is necessary, in order to

provide support to the ankles when a foot-soldier is heavily knapsacked and accoutred, and in full marching order; while by others the contrary opinion is held, and it is urged that the best form of shoe for a soldier is one that comes up to (but not above) the ankle, and is there fastened with a strap; while attached to the upper part of the shoe is a gaiter or greave of soft leather, into which the trousers can be pushed and strapped round the lower part of the leg.

The gaiter or "spat" of the Highland regiments is, perhaps, a still better plan, as it is made of leather, or stout canvas sail-cloth, and fitted with a piece of whalebone, running up the back seam, which makes the spat to fit close to the leg, and gives great support both to the ankle and calf. The march of a Highlander in his sock, shoe, and spat, has never been surpassed in the British army. The ancient sock of the Highland soldier was the buskin, or brogue, of untanned leather or skin, commonly worn with the hairy side outwards. In such a sock or boot the water did not accumulate, so that there was an old Gaelic saying, "Running shall not go out of my foot, nor puddle out of my shoe until" so and so shall happen.

At the famous battle of Killiecrankie, which was one of the most remarkable ever gained by irregular over regular troops, when the charge was made that decided the fate of the day, "Dundee gave the word," says Macaulay, iii., 360, "the Highlanders dropped their plaids. A few who were so luxurious as to wear rude socks of untanned hide spurned them away. It was long remembered in Lochaber that Lochiel took off what was probably the only pair of shoes in his clan, and charged barefoot at the head of his men." Members of the Alpine Club, and English travellers who have, like the foot-soldiers, to make long and forced marches, are greatly divided in opinion as to the subject of socks and shoes; for while Mr. Galton strongly recommended the use of European shoes and thick woollen socks, Mr. Mansfield Parkyns advocated the barefoot system. In Abyssinia he went four years barefoot, and testified that, in such a rocky country, "it would be dangerous to attempt to pass many places excepting barefoot," and it is "far more comfortable to go without shoes, after a little practice."

Nature, in such a case, is allowed to have free play, but when encased in boots or shoes, the foot is more or less distorted. This form as Dr. Meyer has said is "straight insides and curved outsides"; and all models of nature, from those in Grecian statues to the specimens in modern Arab or Red Indians, testify to the correctness of this roughly stated formula.

What can be done by a good walker, and how far his pedestrian powers are governed by the coverings of his feet, is shown in the following (abbreviated) anecdote of the celebrated Captain Ross, as given in *Sportascrupiana*.

After eight hours' hard work, duck-shooting, in the swamps and morasses of Kincardineshire, Captain Ross was having a quiet nap after dinner, when he was awakened by Sir A. L. Hay, who said, "Ross, old fellow, I want you to jump up and go as my umpire with Lord Kennedy to Inverness. I have made a bet of £2,500 that I get there before him."

My answer was, "All right, I am ready," and off we started, there and then, in evening costume, with, as was the custom then, thin shoes and silk stockings on our feet. . . . We went straight across the mountains, and it was a longish walk. (The distance is about 95 miles.) I called to my servant to follow with my walking-shoes and worsted stockings, and Lord Kennedy did the same. They overtook us after we had gone seven or eight miles. Fancy my disgust; my idiot brought me certainly worsted stockings, but instead of shoes a pair of tight Wellington boots. . . . The sole of one boot vanished twenty-five miles from Inverness, and I had to finish the walk barefooted. We walked all night, next day, and the next night—raining torrents all the way. We crossed the Grampians, making a perfectly straight line, and got to Inverness at 6 A.M.

Here is a forced march of 95 miles, begun in pumps and silk stockings, and chiefly performed barefoot. No English foot soldier, with shoes of the fixed size, could have dreamed of such a pedestrian performance.

“The Sincerest Flattery.”

By E. E. CUTHELL.

THE whole British army did not contain a more ridiculously happy couple than Captain and Mrs. Grey. They had now been married nearly three whole months, and in Evie's eyes Charley was the very perfection of a smart good-looking soldier, made to be worshipped when arrayed in all his gaudia of scarlet and gold, a young demi-god. On the other hand, Charley's every look and word expressed his deep conviction that pretty Evie was the very perfection of little wives. To hear his comments on matrimony in general, and in particular to see him doing the honours of his little furnished house, crammed with brand new, useless wedding presents, to hear him abusing mess life to a former bachelor friend, you would never have imagined that Captain Grey had been one of the most popular men at a mess table.

As for Evie, she had taken the scarlet fever irrevocably and completely. To hear her little soldierly, and often erroneous, epithets and slang, you would have imagined she had always been brought up in the barrack square, or within sound of the bugle call, instead of in the sequestered ruralism of a country vicarage.

The Greys were quartered at Dover. The society of that watering-place is extremely military, and abhors dulness as it does the plague. It is not particularly select or fastidious in its search for amusement. But the Greys were far too much in love with each other to be much affected by their surroundings, and the madding crowd left them very much to themselves. For who are so uninteresting as a pair of very married lovers!

The nest of these turtle-does was a little furnished house on the marine parade, whence, at the receipt of marching orders, they could spread their wings and fly off to other quarters, in the usual exceedingly limited lapse of time allowed by the Horse Guards authorities. The *ménage* was “mounted,” as the French say, by two

servants, one Captain Grey's bāt-man, a soldier of his regiment, McClaughlan by name, and the other a very dragon of a widowed cook, of uncertain age and temper, but about whose lack of personal charms there could be no doubt at all.

McClaughlan, after the manner of officers' servants, was as convertible as a piece of portable barrack furniture which is a sofa or arm-chair by day, a bed by night. In the morning he turned up from barracks, and, taking possession of his master's dressing-room, performed therein, with the accompaniment of much whistling, and even occasional snatches of song, sundry mysteries connected with pipeclay and blacking. He would then bring the breakfast into the dining-room, walking with a tread heavy with ammunition boots, and clad in a cast-off suit of check dittos of his master's. The cut of the latter's hair, and the curl of the latter's moustache, he endeavoured strenuously to imitate, as far as in him lay.

In the afternoon, and for dinner, McClaughlan donned an old dress suit of Captain Grey's, and waited with a precision which would have done honour to the professional greengrocer. Indeed, but for his moustache, you might have mistaken him for the latter functionary, when he didn't speak. On such occasions his speech betrayed him; as, for instance, when asked what dish he was proffering, he exclaimed:

"Shure! blessed if I knows, Sur!"

The first parting is always bitter, though the saying of good-bye, like prime October, mellows with time. Evie positively cried her eyes out when her Charley broke to her that he was ordered away on a general court-martial at Folkestone for three whole days. How those three days passed she never quite knew. She tried to read a novel. But what story was now so interesting as that of her love, what hero could compete in attractions with her Charley! She wrote a long letter to her dearest school-friend, full of Charley, which bored the recipient, who was not the happy possessor of such a treasure, very considerably. She tried to housekeep a little, but that the dragon of a cook sternly refused to allow, and very wisely, too, as her mistress knew nothing at all about it. She even went so far as to sally out with a little bag laden with small red leather volumes, and to embark on that mysterious domestic operation known as "paying the books." But she quailed before the tradespeople whom she knew were cheating her, was uncertain about her change, and finally desisted. But for fear of McClaughlan, who had asked for a holiday, she would have liked to tidy her husband's things. But she dared not interfere with the servants' vested rights.

Finally, however, the weary time of waiting came to an end, and joyfully Evie decided to go down and meet her Charley at the 6.30 train. The evening was chilly, the thoughtful little wife looked for his overcoat to take down for him. She was pleased not to find it. It showed that her injunctions were beginning to be felt, and that Charley had begun to take care of himself.

The crowd at the station somewhat damped her ardour. She might miss him in the throng when the train came in. She decided it would be best to take up a position on the bridge crossing the line, whence she could command a view of the passengers.

Evie's heart went pit-a-pat as the bell rang, and the train, panting into the station, disgorged its contents. Another moment and her face flushed crimson with joy, as she peered anxiously over the railing down on to the crowd on the platform.

No; there was no mistaking that manly figure, erect and soldier-like, albeit clad in dittos and a light overcoat, and swinging a cane. It was getting dusk, but Evie felt she would have known him amongst thousands!

But ah! what is the sudden sight that stays her feet about to fly down the steps to meet him, and causes the poor little girl to clap her hand to her side with a sudden stab of pain?

A second figure joins the first, and a female one! Such a figure, too, clad in the loudest of draggled costumes, and wearing the fluffiest of heavy black fringes. And she links her arm affectionately in his, and leers up into his face and laughs.

How poor Evie got home she never knew. She did so, however, and on the hall table found a telegram awaiting her.

"From Captain Grey to Mrs. Grey: detained, do not wait dinner."

Detained! Of course he was; had she not seen him detained with her own eyes! and by whom?

Evie sent dinner down again untasted, and lay crying on the drawing-room sofa in an agony of despair, till, like the child she was, she sobbed herself to sleep.

Some time later, the fire was burning low in the drawing-room, when the sound of a manly footstep in the hall below awoke her with a sudden start. Only half awake, and forgetful of aught else save that Charley had returned, she flew to the door, and down the stairs.

Under the dimly burning hall-lamp stood the well-known tall figure in the checks, endeavouring to hang up the light overcoat on its accustomed peg.

Evie darted forward with a cry and outstretched arms. The

figure turned round and revealed McClaughlan's face, somewhat flushed. He straightened himself as with difficulty to attention.

"Beg pardin' mum, but I come to shee ash if sh' cap'n wash come home."

As he spoke there was a thundering peal at the front-door bell. Half dazed, Evie walked to it, and opened it herself, to find herself in her husband's arms.

The next evening, after dinner, when Evie occupied her accustomed seat on the hearthrug, with her little head leant back against Charley's knee, she asked, somewhat constrainedly, as she touched his coat sleeve :

"I say, Charley darling, why don't you wear that nice check suit you used to ?"

"That check suit ? Oh ! I've cast that—gave it to McClaughlan—it was awfully old, you know—had it before we married. Bye the bye, Evie," he added, "I think I must give McClaughlan the sack, too. He was drunk again last night, and I hear he's been seen going about in my overcoat, and I'm sure he's either lost or appropriated my best stick—yes, I'll send him back to duty."

Evie was very glad to hear it.

“On Leave.”

PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES presented the prizes to the boys of Greenwich Hospital Schools. Addressing the boys, His Royal Highness said : “ It gives me great pleasure to come here to-day to give away the prizes, and see how smart you are on parade, and how well you go through your drill. Being in the Navy myself, I naturally take great interest in your school, and hope, in not many years to come, to meet some of you afloat. I have only to add that I have obtained for you, from the Admiralty, an extra week’s holiday this year, on account of the Queen’s Jubilee.” (Loud applause.)

The Duke of Cambridge, in addressing the cadets of the Royal Military Academy, congratulated them upon their good conduct, but expressed his dissatisfaction with the “ average ” examination, which had just been passed by the commission class, and after exhorting the cadets who were about to join the army to continue their studies, expressed his regret at hearing of deficiencies in riding and gymnastics. “ An artilleryman who had not learnt to ride well would not be of much use ; and even an engineer, with his multifarious duties to perform, must find himself frequently in dilemmas if he had not early learnt to be at home in the saddle. Gymnastics also, were of immense advantage to the soldier. He would rather see a man play cricket than lawn tennis (laughter), though the latter was a pretty and probably interesting game, especially for the ladies ; but he liked to see a man, even at play, work hard and perspire.” (Cheers.)

The Report on the organization and administration of the Army Manufacturing Departments has been issued. The Committee recommend the appointment of a superintendent of ordnance factories, who should be the sole channel of communication between the War Office and the manufacturing departments subject to him. A chief mechanical engineer should be appointed, responsible for the manufacture in all branches ; also an inspector-general of warlike stores to test all weapons, for which he will be responsible.

Lieut.-Colonel Viscount Downe has been selected for the command of the 10th Hussars.

An *habitué* of the House of Commons writes:—"One of the favourite members of the House of Commons is Sir Richard Temple. He is not a frequent speaker, though when, as a short time since, he answered a question, he is sure to command an intensely interested audience. But there is something about Sir Richard intensely attractive. I have been an *habitué* of the House ever since Sir Richard has been a member of it, and yet I find myself every now and then regarding him with as curious an eye as if I had never seen him in my life. It goes without saying that he is an enormous favourite with the ladies, and, as he is the most genial of men, he is beloved wherever he goes."

Mr. W. Freeman-Thomas commences another season of Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden. He will, this year, however, be opposed by Her Majesty's Theatre, which offers a similar entertainment. All wish Mr. Freeman-Thomas every success. He gave a capital entertainment last year, never broke faith with the public, and promises even a better programme this season.

It is not generally known that the late Mrs. Wilson Barrett, when she was Miss Heath, held the post of reader to the Queen.

Those who have not visited the London Pavilion should do so. Mr. E. Villiers has invented a sliding roof, which keeps the theatre, on the hottest nights, cool and agreeable, and a better conducted audience it would be difficult to find at any place of amusement. The programme is an excellent and varied one, including twenty different performances. Among the artists at present playing there I may mention the popular comedian, Mr. Harry Rickards, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Watson, the Wilson troupe of acrobats, Professor Wingfield and his performing dogs, and many others well known to fame. I was very agreeably surprised with all I saw, and consider it to be one of the best places of amusement now open in London.

The day fixed for the production of Mr. Augustus Harris's new melodrama, *Pleasure*, at Drury Lane, is September 3rd.

The first piece produced at the Princess's Theatre, under the management of Miss Grace Hawthorne is a melodrama of the old Adelphi and Surrey type. *The Shadows of a Great City*, written by Mr. Joseph Jefferson (Rip Van Winkle), and Mr. R. Z. Sherwell. The first act introduces us to a pawnbroker's shop in a low quarter of New York, where nearly all the characters meet. Nathan, the pawnbroker; Benson, the gentlemanly villain; and Tom Cooper, a good-hearted sailor of the old type. The chief

incidents which form the basis of the story occur in this act, and the audience fairly roused at starting, never lose their interest in it till the climax in the fifth act is reached. In the second act we see the corrupt character of the officials at Blackwell Island, so that policemen and prison warders are presented under new aspects. A panoramic effect, moreover, in this act, which accompanies the escape of two convicts from the island furnishes a striking view of New York by night, with East River, Long Island, and the rocks at Hell Gate. The next two acts pass in a huge boat-house on Harlem River, and afford Miss Mary Rorke and Mr. I. H. Barnes an opportunity of displaying their histrionic art—the lady all brightness and tenderness, and Mr. Barnes earnest and chivalrous as her sailor lover. The last act is thoroughly realistic, and full of those situations which the lovers of melodrama look for, and so well is this sustained throughout, that the audience leave in the highest possible spirit. Miss Grace Hawthorne is to be congratulated on having produced a piece which will be well supported by the public. The acting is excellent all round. Two very serious villains, George Benson, described as a man about town, and Abe Nathan, a Hebrew pawnbroker, are well played respectively by Mr. S. Abingdon and Mr. H. Parker. Mr. Harry Nicholls plays a low-minded thief, in a manner peculiarly his own, and creates much laughter. Miss Catherine Lewis, an American artist, played the part of a warm-hearted Irish girl with great spirit, and repeatedly drew down the plaudits of the audience. Mr. Basset-Roe, a careful actor, played the part of a detective with artistic ability. The performance is a very even one, and the interest of the drama never flags throughout the five acts. It should, and doubtless will, have a long run. At the close of the first performance Miss Grace Hawthorne appeared before the curtain, and, in a pretty speech, thanked the audience for their kindness; promised them *Theodora* in the autumn, and said that her occupation of the Princess's Theatre was none of her seeking. Mr. Wilson Barrett, on his return from America, professed himself unable to say how it was that he was no longer lessee of the Princess's Theatre!

At the Alhambra Theatre of Varieties, one of the coolest and safest theatres in London, the veteran, Mr. Charles Moreton, has scored another success by his latest production *Algeria*. The old Field-Marshal has retained the staff he has so often led to victory. M. Hauser has limned the details of this his newest *divertissement* with his accustomed artistic accuracy. In the first tableau is shown a market place in Algeria; in the second, an African

interior; and, in the third, a bold picturesque scene representing the pirates' encampment on the sea-shore. What dances, and what groupings give life and animation to these pictures, the *habitués* of the Alhambra will easily imagine. Then, the music is Mr. Jacobs', of whom it has been said that his versatility and talent is such that "his 'local colour' is as purely Oriental here as it is Russian in Nadir." Mr. Henry Emden's scenery is artistic and beautiful. M. Besche has designed the dresses with his accustomed skill and Oriental fancy; and M. Alias has not only sustained, but increased, his reputation by the manner in which he has carried out those designs. Mdlle. Adèle Zallio, Mdlle. Paris, Mdlle. Marie and Mdlle. Cormain all dance in a manner that commands high admiration. The spectacle is replete with interest and splendour, and the reward of the bâton is richly deserved.

A question has frequently cropped up in the smoking-room of the clubs from time to time when an officer on full pay has been elected as a Member of the House of Commons, whether he ought, in fairness, to continue drawing his full pay during the six months of each year when he was attending his Parliamentary duties. But up to the present time, either owing to the few officers concerned, or to a fear of interfering with the high privileges of Parliament, no action has been taken in the matter. It falls hard upon the other officers of a regiment if an officer is borne on the strength of his regiment, but performs no regimental duty. A regimental officer on obtaining an appointment on the staff, or in any other capacity which necessitates his leaving the regiment, is what is technically termed seconded in the regiment. What does "seconded" mean? A second officer is added to a regiment in place of the first, who is unable, on account of having obtained an "extra regimental" appointment, to perform his regimental duties. The result of "seconding" an officer, then, is usually to give promotion to the senior officer of the rank below that which the seconded officer holds, and so on to the bottom of the list, giving an opportunity of appointing a cadet to be a subaltern in the regiment. Exactly the reverse action is taken when a seconded officer gives up the "extra regimental" appointment for which he was seconded. He remains a supernumerary until the next vacancy occurs in the regiment amongst the officers of the same rank as himself, when, instead of the vacancy being filled, as in the usual course, by the promotion of the senior in the next rank below, and so downwards to the bottom of the list, the seconded officer is brought into the vacancy in his own rank, and, consequently, no promotion is given in the regiment at all.

It has lately been decided that this system of seconding shall be extended to meet the case of regimental officers who have been elected members of the House of Commons, but only on their own application to be seconded, that is, freed from regimental duty, and on their signifying their intention not to draw their regimental pay whilst remaining Members of Parliament. Upon ceasing to be a Member of the House of Commons the seconded officer will be absorbed into the establishment of his regiment in the usual way on the occurrence of a vacancy. This new regulation is evidently all in favour of the officer concerned, for if he chooses he can still draw his regimental full pay while sitting on a bench in the House of Commons, the question of leaving his regimental comrades to do his work for him being left to the chivalrous feeling of each individual officer. The Royal Warrant giving the opportunity to officers who are Members of Parliament to apply to be seconded was only issued at the beginning of July, and in the *Gazette* of July 29th we read, "Captain C. W. Selwyn, Royal Horse Guards, to be seconded while a Member of the House of Commons." This example, it is to be hoped, will be quickly followed by other military members who are at present borne on the strength of their regiments and drawing full pay, and so do away with the anomalous attitude of an officer attempting at one and the same time to serve their country in two capacities, so different in their nature that to do both efficiently may fairly be described as a matter of impossibility.

Colonel Thomas W. Knox will shortly bring out a book entitled *Decisive Battles since Waterloo*. The accounts are built up from official documents and from records set down by eye-witnesses. Some of the once famous fights described are those in the Netherlands, Mexico, Russia, India, Egypt, Austria, Italy, Germany, France and America. The volume is described as being an appendix to Creasy's *Decisive Battles of the World*.

FURLOUGH.

Reviews.

HISTORICAL RECORD OF THE FIRST REGIMENT OF DRAGOONS.

By General DE AINSLIE. (London: Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

The colonel of the Regiment of the Royal Dragoons is to be congratulated on having produced a historical record from the time of its formation in the reign of Charles the Second down to the present day, which, as regards printing, plates, and literary matter, constitutes a fitting memorial of distinguished service and great achievements; the records including fighting in Ireland, on the continent during the War of the Spanish Succession, and the operations on the Lower Rhine, Flanders, the Peninsula, Waterloo, the Crimea and the Nile. General de Ainslie has been at great pains to ensure accuracy, and the index is one of the best we have yet seen in books of the kind. The coloured plates are a credit to the publishers.

THE QUEEN'S HIGHWAY FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN. By STUART CUMBERLAND. (London: Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co.)

Naval and military readers will find this account of the Canadian Pacific Railway of interest and value, because it gives some very good views of Esquimalt and Vancouver at one end of the line, and of Halifax at the other; with a variety of statistical details bearing upon the strategical position of the Empire in the Pacific and Atlantic, and the problems that require solution. An excellent map shows the various routes converging on Vancouver from Asia, and on Halifax from Europe; this will be studied with pleasure by many a military reader. The description of Canada from Ocean to Ocean is lively and picturesque—the descriptions throughout being aided by capital illustrations. Altogether, the book is really a good one on the subject, and certainly the best, as regards fullness and freshness of matter, that has been published this year.

PETER THE GREAT. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. (London: Messrs. T. Nelson & Sons.)

Mr. Motley's picturesque essay on the great Russian reformer has had the good fortune to be published by Messrs. Nelson & Sons, who have displayed their usual taste by illuminating it with twenty Russian illustrations—not vague and faulty European illustrations of Russia, but the best obtainable illustrations by Russians themselves. The result is an important addition to historical literature, which we hope will prove the forerunner of other works of the kind. There are several good battle-scenes in the book, and pictures of Russian soldiers and ships of the epoch.

MY HUSBAND AND I. By Count LYOF TOLSTOI. (London: Messrs. Vizetelly & Co.)

Few foreign novelists have secured a wide popularity so rapidly as Count Tolstoi. His *War and Peace*, which Messrs. Vizetelly & Co. issued a few weeks ago, has fairly taken the country by storm. Compared with it the military novels of English authors are nowhere, Thackeray's *Barry Lyndon* alone approaching it in its realistic exposure of the humbug that gathers about war, and the littleness that characterises men in high places. In *My Husband and I* we have no such grand battle-scenes as are to be found in *War and Peace*; but there are several fine types of Russian military men, and the scenes of Russian rural life are of striking interest. One feels, on reaching the end, that it is a great book by a great man—a sensation that it is practically impossible to experience with the bulk of modern English novels.

CATECHISM OF MILITARY TRAINING. By Major H. FITZROY MARRYAT. (Chatham: Messrs. Gale and Polden.)

We are in receipt of a third edition of Major Fitzroy Marryat's excellent catechism, and trust that so good a book has still a long career of usefulness before it.

THE SIEGES OF PONTEFRACT CASTLE. By R. HOLMES. (Pontefract "Advertiser" Office.)

The sieges of Pontefract Castle, from 1644 to 1648, are most elaborately dealt with in this solid volume, perhaps more from the antiquarian than the military point of view; but still sufficiently from the latter to render it enjoyable reading to every true soldier. It is illustrated by seventeen plans, portraits, and pictures, all of

them admirably reproduced, and constitutes one of the best histories we have yet seen of the grand old castles of England.

THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE. By JAS CROMB. (London: Simpkin Marshall & Co.)

For the very modest sum of half-a-crown it is now possible to obtain the third edition of Mr. Cromb's capital history of the Highland Brigade. The book contains 800 pages, with many illustrations, and is a model of what a cheap military history should be. We wish the records of every regiment were obtainable in such a handy and inexpensive form.

TEN YEARS IN MELANESIA. By the Rev. A. PENNEY. (London: Messrs. Wells, Gardner, Darton & Co.)

An interesting illustrated work by a missionary on his labours in Melanesia. He speaks highly of the services rendered by English men-of-war in the region, and gives, among other things, a very good account of Norfolk Island.

We have also received from CARL HEYMANNS VERLAG, Berlin, the *Technisch-Chemisches Jahrbuch* for 1886, which contains a valuable survey, copiously illustrated, of the chemical progress of the year, and the annual volume of the *Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute*, the latter, as usual, being full of valuable papers on colonial subjects.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All MSS. intended for insertion must be directed to the Editors, Army and Navy Magazine, 13, Waterloo Place, London, S.W., and must contain name and address of the writer. Name and address on letters is insufficient.

It is requested that ruled paper be used, the pages numbered, fastened together, and a small margin left.

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Reviews of Books and Notes on salient matters connected with the Army and Navy will be continued each month.

THE ARMY AND NAVY MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER 1887.

Six Months of Ocean Tramp.

STRAITS SETTLEMENTS—CHINA—JAPAN—RUSSIA.

By A. PILL, M.D.

(Continued from page 435.)

HANKOW.

THE process of anchoring was somewhat long—as owing to the shifting state of the deposit on the bottom, and rapidity of current of the river, getting a good anchorage is a source of some anxiety—two anchors were dropped from the bows at some considerable distance one from another, so that they were almost at right angles to the ship, the object being to keep the ship's head up stream. Before we were anchored we were surrounded by sampans, including one from our agent's.

On taking stock of our location, we were lying nearer to the north than the south bank of the river, a Russian man-of-war schooner-rigged with a ram bow, lying between us and the shore, and at distances of about two or three cables' length from one another in a line equi-distant from the shore, were some five or six other steamers lying waiting their cargo of the New Season tea; this single row was doubled as other ships came up. The average number of steamships, exclusive of river-boats, which arrive at Hankow annually for tea, is about twenty, and their cargo averages 85,000 tons; the second crop of tea is sent down by river steamers to Shanghai, and thence transhipped to Europe and America. Along the northern river-bank is the "Bund," a fine embankment reaching the length of the settlement, and freely planted with trees, well kept grass plats, and backed by a row of palatial houses, or "hongs,"

as they are called in the vernacular. Each "hong" has its special Chinese name, as "Sweet Waters." Some of them were banks, some private residences, but the majority were "honges," *i.e.* large houses, which contained the offices and tea-tasting rooms of the different merchants; and were also the club-like residences of the employéas, who mess together, and, specially in the tea season, have "a good time of it." At the back, behind the honges, are large warehouses for tea. I went through those belonging to one firm, and that by no means the largest, and was astonished at their magnitude, and the numbers of chests they contained.

Hankow, as I saw it, at the height of the tea season, crowded with "Charsees," tea-buyers, Chinese tea-brokers, and native Chinese, is a very animated scene, but it is very different at other periods of the year. However, there is a very good, well-managed club, containing an excellent library, reading-rooms, well supplied with local European and American papers, three billiard rooms, American bowling alley, tennis lawn, and every possible convenience, including, of course, a bar for refreshments, or "drinks," as they have it in the East.

The bund, at Hankow, in the tea season, is a scene that has been depicted on our memories from childhood by the pictures on the plates and tea-boxes; however quaint they may appear to us, they are the very same that we saw in our childhood; men in broad straw hats, their pig-tails curled round their heads, carrying a bamboo on their shoulders, from either end of which, in ropen slings, hangs a chest of tea. The tea is brought down the river from the interior in junks of various sizes, but covered in; it is then carried on shore, and sampled, and gets into the hands of the Chinese brokers (most of whom, I learned, came up, like the majority of the Europeans, from Shanghai, though some of these latter come out direct from England for the tea season, returning home at its close), who, carried about in their sedan chairs on the shoulders of coolies, take samples to the different honges, where it is tasted, and the "taster" places a value on it, on which the merchant *deals* with the broker. The process of tea-tasting, as I was shown it, is conducted most methodically. The different samples of tea are enclosed in tin boxes, duly marked with a numeral, and also certain Chinese characters, denoting the locality where the tea is grown, its owner, &c. &c. A certain number of small, white, earthenware teapots are ranged in a row, and in front of each is a cup of the same ware. The Chinese attendant places a certain weighed quantity from each sample in each of the pots; these he fills up with boiling water, and turns an hour-glass, which runs

for five minutes or so. When this is run down, he turns the fluid contents of the pot into the cup, and the leaves on to wooden trays arranged for that purpose. The taster then runs his fingers through the leaves, turning them over, and smelling them, and taking mental stock of them; then he takes a mouthful of tea, rinses his mouth with it, and spits it into a tall tin spittoon placed handily for that purpose; he then makes his notes as to its quality and value, &c. in a large ledger, conveniently placed at his right hand. In the height—*i.e.* the first fortnight—of the tea season, the tasters begin at 5 or 6 A.M., and go on till 10 P.M. at night. The merchants are mostly English. There are, however, several very large Russian firms; so, in addition to the man-of-war alluded to, there were three Russian cargo steamers, making in all a large Russian community, who had their own (Greek) church, &c.

My great haunt on shore at Hankow was the hospital attached to the Italian Convent of the Order of Charity, whose headquarters are at Stresa, in Italy, two of the Sisters taking charge of the hospital; nursing the sick, doing the dispensing, keeping the register of the patients, and literally doing the work of dressers in a European hospital. They spoke a little French, a good deal of broken (pigeon) English and Chinese as fluently as their native Italian. One of these Sisters had been in China seventeen years, the other rather less time, and if purity and simplicity of life, and self-denial, with the most supreme devotion at all hours of day and night to the wants of a sometimes ungrateful people, hundreds of miles away from their nearest and dearest ones, does deserve that rest we all hope to attain, surely these Sisters, in my humble judgment, merit it. Their kindness to me was [very great, and I regretted that I was unable personally to take leave of them, as the last day or so in Hankow I was so severely bitten by mosquitos in the feet, that I was unable to walk. I was, one]day, permitted to go over the Convent, guided, part of the way, by the Mother Superior, and afterwards by my friend, the elder Sister, from the hospital. The method adopted by the Sisterhood for the conversion of the Chinese is so practical that I will try to describe it. They announced that they would take charge of foundlings; these, when received, are entrusted to Chinese foster-mothers to nurse, but each child has a necklet fastened, *plombéd*, round]the neck, and numbered so that there may be no mistake as to identity, and no "Pinafore" explanations needed afterwards. The children are brought in at stated intervals to be examined as to their state [of health, nourishment, &c. At the age of three years they are received into the convent, and taught according to their ability, but at five years old their feet

are tied up à l'*habitude Chinoise*, and this is done, not that the Sisters approve of it, but in order that when they grow up they may not, so to speak, lose caste in such a hyper-conservative country as China. As they grow older they learn, and are admitted to, the rites of the Christian faith, as well as being taught both useful and ornamental work. Some, on the occasion of my visit, were winding cotton, some making lace, some tending silk worms, of which there was a very large number; others were working at embroidery in different degrees of excellence, and even making some wonderfully ornate robes for a Catholic bishop; others again were employed in the kitchen. I was informed that these girls, when of a marriageable age, and this is young in China, are much sought after as wives by the Chinese. The consequence frequently is that the husbands become Christians, and their offspring are brought up as Christians, and thus a leaven of Christianity is introduced systematically into this most backward country by the simple method of first bending the twig, when there is comparatively little difficulty in the tree following. Near the kitchen I came across two or three rooms, full of old, decrepid, blind, and lame women, who were the pensioners of these good sisters. I am afraid that I cannot say that in the matter of sanitation their bed-rooms, or "other" arrangements were in accord with the views of an English medical officer of health. The beds were in too close proximity for hot weather—still, there were no bed-clothes to heat the room, only mats to lie on, and mosquito curtains—but where the lavatory was, at any rate, I was not shown!! On the last Sunday of my stay in Hankow, I was taken to the afternoon service at the Roman Catholic Cathedral, one side of which was completely filled by the Sisters, whose singing of the service was charming, and their adopted children, several of whom had babies in their arms; the other side was nearly filled by Chinamen, all apparently devoutly participating in the services—some proof that the labours of the Sisters had not been in vain. With regard to the hospital attached to the Convent, and to which I alluded before, the work done here by my friend, Dr. Begg, is of the most extensive description, unaided, except by the sisters, and three intelligent Chinese "boys." He sees from 60 to 100 patients a day, does operations, frequently capital ones, two or three a day being nothing unusual, and so great is his fame, and deservedly, that patients come hundreds of miles from the interior to be treated by the "foreign doctor." Some of the operations I witnessed would have done credit to our largest London hospitals for both invention and execution, and the results—the crucial test—were so successful, that, as I before

remarked, the people came from the far interior for medical help. One woman, I know, after recovering from an operation, had to travel fifteen days in an open boat to reach her destination. Dr. Begg has his cases photographed, both before and after operation, by the Chinese "boys" at the hospital, thus forming a pleasing record of the cases. The hospital would prove a wonderful school for the study of eye and skin diseases, to say nothing of tumours of various descriptions, of which I saw numbers.

I wish I could say as much for the efforts of the Protestant Missionaries. As far as I could learn, their converts were very few, and those had the credit of being so converted, simply as an aid to "pigeon." The Missionaries have some of the best houses in the place, and their "ladies" were some of the best dressed I saw parading on the Bund. There was a Church of England church at Hankow, and I was told the clergyman was away on leave in England, but on the third Sunday of my stay, I learned that there was service there, so I went, and found the service read by a layman, an Independent Missionary, dressed in clerical costume, who read the prayers, including the Absolution, then gave us a long-winded address on Socrates, and wound up by giving us the blessing. The Consul and Vice-Consul were both present. I confess I blushed for the Church of England, which could not find a clergyman for this large settlement. It surely is the way to estrange its members, when half-educated men are allowed to use its formularies and occupy its pulpits.

The Queen's birthday occurred whilst we were at Hankow, and all the English ships vied with each other in dressing ship for the occasion; the Russian man-of-war, however, which lay between us and the shore, pointedly hung out her dirty linen all over the rigging. Luckily for her, there was no British man-of-war in the port. In the evening the Bund was illuminated, and the ships all let off rockets, and blue lights, and red lights; and we thought we surpassed the others in our final exhibition of four red lights at once, one fore and aft, and one on either side of the bridge. I was told afterwards that the effect was good from the shore.

TEA RACE.

There is a keen spirit of speculation amongst our countrymen in the East, and every subject which can possibly have any element of uncertainty about it is seized upon with avidity as the object of a sweepstakes. That arranged for the Tea Race reaches a considerable amount, and is managed somewhat as follows. Those who are willing to participate in the excitement, put their names down

at the Club—ten dollars is, I believe, the amount, then a list of the steamships engaged is drawn up, and the members take their chance of drawing a ship, the ships are then put up to auction and sold to the highest bidder, who has to pay the owner of the ticket the amount of his bid; *par exemple*, in 1886 the *Glenogles* was the favourite steamship in the race; this was drawn by Mr. A.; on being put up to auction, Mr. B. gave 220 dollars for it, though the whole amount Mr. B. could receive for it if that ship made the shortest passage was 260 dollars, leaving him a profit of only 40 dollars. Then the other ships would be put up to auction similarly for the second and third places in the sweepstakes, of course fetching smaller premiums. The *Glenogles* was very safe as an investment, but whether the *Kaisow* or *Ravenna* were respectively second and third I did not learn; suffice it to say, our Hankow friends had their excitement.

There was a pretty little race-course at Hankow, in close proximity to the settlement, part of which was used as a cricket-ground and a golf-rink. There are two race meetings in Hankow in the year, and we were unfortunate in not being at the right time to see one, the little Tartar ponies in use here going very gamely; my friend the doctor being as successful in the pigskin as in his profession, having some very handsome cups as trophies of his ponies' pluck, and his jockeyship, specially two given by the Russian merchants. I need not add that the same sweepstakes business alluded to above takes place with regard to the races.

I was present at a cricket-match, "Charsees *v.* The World," and was very nearly let in for playing for the latter, but a young bank-clerk, arriving in the nick of time, saved me from three or four days' stiffness, besides making an exhibition of myself. I was amused at an expression I heard dropped by one festive youth in the marquee; a player went in on the "World" side, and on his appearance my neighbour shouted, "Why, So-and-So ought to be on our side, he knows how to *spit* tea," meaning that he had once been employed in a tea hong. Not elegant though expressive, was the verdict of the bystanders.

The tea-ring is a delicate subject to dilate upon, as, of course, there are two sides to every story. It appears that certain lines of ships have been in the habit of regularly trading to Hankow for tea for some years, and have formed a ring—or "conference" is the adopted term—and they are very jealous of any ship not in the ring coming up the river for that purpose, and a system, I will not say of boycotting, but somewhat similar, takes place. Supposing a non-conference ship offers to take tea home for, say, fifty shillings

a ton, one of the conference ships forthwith offers to take it at forty-five or less, and the remainder of the firms in the conference make up the loss to the conference ship, whether this is justifiable or no is a matter on which judgment has been given in the English Law Courts in favour of the conference. As my ship was a non-conference ship I heard both sides of the question. The feeling runs very strongly, so much so that some agents will not attempt to load a non-conference ship, and I am confident that a letter of introduction I had to a conference firm was not acted upon simply because of the ship I belonged to. I was told such would be the case before I presented it, but could not believe that English merchants could be so small; but my informant was right, and I got a freezing reception, and no further notice was taken of me whilst staying in the place; and this was not even in China but in Japan, and our ship being chartered to take tea to Russia, we were not competing with the conference ships.

After three pleasantly passed weeks at Hankow, we got the word to start on June 3rd; consequently, on the previous evening, having steamed over to the other side of the river, we made a start at the earliest light at 3 A.M. I was so lame from mosquito bites, I could not get up till after breakfast, when I managed to crawl on to the bridge, and got a good view of the scenery through which we were passing; rugged mountains on the left bank, on which goats were browsing, occasionally a house built of stone or slate-coloured brick, banks flat on the opposite side. As we were going with the stream at least fifteen or sixteen miles an hour, every turn of the river exposing some fresh view, the appearance was more than ever that of a panorama. We passed some cultivated patches of red loam on the high grounds, whilst close down by the river-bank it appeared like clay; then some ripe corn and a peasant reaping; past a four-masted junk, where the family party were at "*chow-chow*" (dinner); then small junks and sampans being towed up against the stream by men with ropes walking on the bank; then peasants carrying out corn on their shoulders; then small patches of ground in defiles of mountains, cultivated with that industry for which the Chinese are so justly celebrated; then, again, fishermen on the banks with their cumbrous ancient machinery—to the end of a long, strong, but flexible pole is attached a net, spread out and fastened to what appear to be the four handles of a basket, or rather two handles crossing one another, forming a square from which the net depends; this is dropped into the water, and is raised up by pressure on the shore end of the pole, to see if any fish are caught, in which case it is swung round; the fisherman sits still, sheltered from the rays of the sun

in a straw lean-to. Hundreds of these were passed on our journey. The Chinese use a large quantity of fish as food, but not as fresh as we like it. Then we pass farms and villages right down to the water's edge. Sampans propelled by one man standing up in the stern and rowing two oars crossed; then mountains, whose varied tints and shades would prove most tempting to an artistic eye; then large timber rafts are passed, on which were at least a dozen houses, and how many families I, of course, could not guess, though the population seemed numerous enough; then we saw peasants threshing in the open air, and noticed the peculiarly shaped flail they used, an ordinary shaped hand-piece, but the further extremity expanded in a broad, leaf-like form, somewhat resembling one of the v-shaped divisions of an umbrella. Another object which could not fail to attract attention was the Orphan Rock, standing by itself in the river to the height of between two and three hundred feet, with houses built near its summit, and the whole surmounted by a pagoda surrounded by trees. At this point the river was very narrow. At Pong Wong there was also a handsome pagoda, and soon after we espied a man on the bank riding a buffalo, then, again, a conical sugar-loaf hill, with a house on the top, then we passed Nankin, a large, strongly-fortified town, up a small branch of the river or a canal; it is difficult to distinguish the one from the other, from the centre of the river. On the bank was a bund and wharf, and hulks for the use of river steamers. This neighbourhood was the scene of Gordon's wonderful energies and successes, which were most interesting to read of as we passed over the ground on which they were displayed. We anchored the first night going down the river, and went on through the second night till 3 A.M., when, coming to a shallow part of the river, we anchored; started again, but had to anchor again at 6 A.M., thirty miles from Woosung, awaiting change of tide till 1.30, then stopped off Woosung at 4.30, where we dropped the river pilot and the stevedore's crew which we had taken up from Shanghai with us to Hankow, to load the tea.

We were boarded by two sea pilots, the one who had brought us out of Shanghai and had come with us from Nagasaki, and who we expected to take us out to sea, and another who had acted as pilot to the ship on a previous voyage—these fell foul of each other to their heart's content, and both accompanied us to sea—our Nagasaki friend taking charge. Soon we had to anchor again on account of an outer bar; and another ship from Hankow, one of the Glen line, came and anchored near us. We were lying in the estuary of the Yang-tse, which is 70 miles wide from North to

South; its delta, 60 miles in extent, is divided into two almost equal portions by the main stream of the river, the northern part of which, Tsung Ming Island, is 32 miles long and from 5 to 10 broad, and is stated to be the largest alluvial island in the world, containing a population of about half a million, although in the fourteenth century it not did exist above water. There is said to be a large city on the island, though it is not visible from the sea, and foreigners are not permitted to land on it. We made our final start homeward bound at 1.30 A.M. on Sunday morning, June 6th, passing through any amount of Chinese fishing junks, the Glen boat behind us on our quarter. We passed several steamers bound up to Shanghai. Saw some whales blowing near the ship in the afternoon, and made up our minds for a good run to Singapore. Next morning we could only see the smoke of the Glen boat that was racing us, and we saw her no more. Passed Turnabout Island and Lighthouse at noon, and Chapel Island at 10 P.M., and passing fishing junks at least 22 miles from land. We were steaming on as fast as we could, doing about 280 miles a day. One evening we saw a most glorious sunset, the sun setting in the west was reflected on a cloud in the east, giving it a bright pink colour; the sunset itself was of a yellowish orange colour, diffused, giving somewhat the appearance of very fine seaweed soaking in water, surrounded by a frame or block of cloud of a darker colour, and I wished for the skill of an artist to transfer it to paper. This evening, also, we were edified by a sword-dance by the mess-room waiter to the music of the bagpipes, which musical instrument at the distance of a ship's length is more pleasing than nearer. Whenever they were played whilst we lay in Hankow, the crew of the Russian man-of-war mustered on the forecastle and listened with rapt attention, a strong proof that music soothes the savage breast; still their compatriots, the custom-house officers in Odessa, insisted on placing the instruments under seal as "contraband," thinking they were curios from Japan. Two or three days of heavy squalls and thunder and lightning, and no sun; the heat at night was very trying. On Saturday evening we sighted Manti, one of the Anamba islands, and later on had some trouble to make the Horsburgh light, and reached Singapore at midnight; had to wait two hours, however, before the pilot came on board. By two o'clock we were alongside and coaling, which was done by four o'clock, and we were ready to start; but no agent had come on board with our letters, or bill of health for Russia—at last he arrived with our letters, and he was sent off to get the bill of health, but the Russian Consul declined to do any business till he reached his office at

10 A.M., so we had to wait, and it was after 11 o'clock before we could start. We had taken in 600 tons of coal, and had it piled on the decks and in the alley-ways, making the ship and all hands filthy and black for some days. There was no chance of getting on shore, though we had plenty of opportunities of buying fruit and shells, cigars, and "Balbriggan hosiery." I bought five pine-apples for ten cents. On leaving Singapore we "opened out," as the engineer called it, making nearly 300 miles the first day out. An attempt to sleep on deck, owing to the heat of the cabin, was suddenly frustrated by a heavy thunderstorm, when the rain came down wholesale. The same fate befel me next night; then we got in for heavy seas, which, with our deck-load of coal, were "unpleasant," to say the least of it. I find my log for several days contains the ominous words: "Still rolling," "Heavy sea," "No dinner," "Current against us," "Lost 41 miles of our steaming from current against us." The course usually steered this time of year is to go as far south as $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 degrees south of the Equator to escape the force of the south-west monsoon, and then steer up for Cape Guardafui. We adopted this course, and escaped the monsoon; but instead we got a head-wind and head-sea, which were equally disagreeable. "Seas all over the ship," and "46 miles lost by currents again," "Fore and main-staysails blown away," and then "Sighted Ras Haffa," "Passed Guardafui," were the only notes of my diary at this period. After this we had beautiful weather, and, the heat being very great, I had my first and only case of serious illness on the voyage. The second engineer had an attack of heat apoplexy, and gave me some anxiety for three or four days, but everything that kindness could suggest was done for him by his mates, and the chief engineer took his watch for him, and happily he pulled through. The next point of note to pass was Perim, a new coaling station, lying more in the route of steamers than Aden. Then Little Hamish was passed, and Jubel Zeker, and we saw the steamer *Clan Buchanan*, which had passed us, and we had re-passed on the outward voyage. We also saw a steamer lying-to, we presumed, from heated bearings, as though we steamed up to her she made no request but only hoisted the British ensign, and after a while followed us. I was very proud one day, as I succeeded in making a strictly accurate guess at the number of miles run, for though no doubt the day's run is the cause of more speculation in large passenger ships—still there is a considerable amount of interest in smaller ones as to the distance gone over. Vessels seemingly increased in number till we reached Suez at 11.30 P.M. on the twenty-eighth day from our leaving China. Early the following morning we

were boarded by the health officer and the agent's boat, and taking a pilot, we, at 6 A.M., started through the Canal, meeting a long list of ships in the Canal, and got as far as Kantara, 27 miles short of Port Said, and anchored for the night. Starting again at 6 A.M. we were stopped by a German ship *Stettin*, one of a new line to the East, being aground in the Canal; not a very happy omen for the first voyage of a new line subsidized by the German Government. In spite of this delay we got to Port Said at noon, and, whilst coaling was going on, the captain and I went ashore and renewed our acquaintance with the place by daylight, and we sailed again at 2.30. The next day we positively saw nothing, but the following were passing through the Islands of the Grecian Archipelago, Patmos, &c. At the distance from which we viewed them they were apparently rocky and barren, and sparsely inhabited; but possibly we were too far off, or the wrong side, to appreciate their beauties. The next morning I was called at 4.30 to see the entrance to the Dardanelles; here we had to send a boat ashore with papers, and on its return we found it half-full of water. I was not astonished to find it so, as I found the boats were never put into the water, and consequently, specially when exposed to the heat of the tropical sun, the wood gets fearfully dry and warped, and when immersed in the water the boats leak. Fortunately we did not require them for rescue in the case of shipwreck, as our plight in that case would have been hopeless. We took three Turkish deck-passengers for Constantinople; they lay on deck, and slept and smoked by turns during the day. We passed Gallipoli, and the country as seen from the ship appeared very fertile, specially on the European side. We steamed on as fast as we could to get to Constantinople before sunset, in order to get *pratique*; and as soon as the anchor was dropped in the Golden Horn, the captain went ashore in a steam-launch, and just by five minutes saved *pratique*—he returned on board at 9 P.M., but without our firman, which the agents promised to send to meet us on our return. The passage up the Bosphorus at night, though not so lovely as in daylight, is very interesting; the houses and cafés built almost on the water at some points, apparently close to the ship, all lighted up—the red and green lights of the beacons marking the course; the fragrant smell of plants combined to give one a very pleasing reminiscence of the passage. Daylight found us in the Black Sea (having dropped our pilot in the night), as smooth as a mill-pond. Nothing of note occurred, except the necessity of slackening speed as we did not want to reach Odessa before daylight next morning. We

anchored in the outer roads about six in the morning, and hoisted the yellow quarantine flag, and the captain ordered his gig out, and, flying a yellow flag, rowed towards the harbour; at the entrance he was met by the harbour-master's boat, full of armed soldier-looking custom-house officers, and questioned; then two of these officials entered his boat and seated themselves on either side of him, and, our boat following in the wake of the harbour-master's boat, he was rowed to the quarantine steps at the inner basin; here between his guards he was marched to the office and again questioned, and eventually received *pratique*. Meanwhile the ship had been boarded by several other officials, one of whom was, I learned, the medical officer of health. I made my report, but this did not satisfy him; he insisted on all hands being drawn up in line on the deck, looked at the Lascars, and inquired their nationality, and, after keeping us standing some ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, released us without any further inquiry. We also found the agent's people had come on board, and brought welcome letters. The captain soon returned, and with him the pilot, and we started for the inner harbour. I found some of our visitors were custom-house officers, who were come to seal up everything. Fortunately by a little friendly help from a Russian-speaking gentleman from the agent's office, and a judiciously "placed" handful of cigars, my cabin was but slightly examined, and I escaped sealing up; though the crew were obliged to bring all their Chinese and Japanese curios, &c. aft to be sealed up, and our Scotch quartermaster's bagpipes among them. One would have thought that they might have had some reminiscence of the bagpipes in a place so near the Crimea, since the Highlanders with their pipes were "to the fore," as the lines written in Blackwood soon after have it—

But devil's men, not mortal men, the Russian Generals swore,
Drove them off the heights of Alma in September '54.

Our pilot soon placed us alongside the wharf, close to a large warehouse, wherein our tea was to be stowed, though it was not half large enough for the quantity we had brought, and we hoped speedily to begin discharging our cargo, but we reckoned without our custom-house officers. It appears that a new Act had been passed by which it was necessary that the *size and weight* of every package must appear on the ship's manifest. As this law had only been in existence some ten days before our arrival, and had actually come into force subsequently to our leaving China, it was an utter impossibility for us to have complied with it; so the ship was fined ten million roubles. Of course an appeal was made to St. Petersburg, and the fine remitted, specially as two Russian

ships were expected daily with similarly unweighed cargoes of tea from Hankow. So, after providing a good deal of food for the Russian journals, and a great amount of conversation for the Odessa gossips, our ship became a centre of attraction, additionally so as she was the largest ship that had brought tea to the port from China, and we had arrived a day or so before we were expected. When they began to unload the cargo the labourers employed were all in uniform, and were actually the soldiers of one of the regiments stationed in the place, who, under the charge of a non-commissioned officer, are allowed to work on board ships and elsewhere, and are given a portion of their earnings to augment their miserable pay, the colonel—I was told—receiving the major part. These poor fellows' food seemed to consist chiefly of the blackest of black bread—very seldom anything else—which they took on the wharf at their meal time. A great many visitors came on board the ship, and walked over every part as if it was *pro bono publico*, quite ignoring the courtesy of asking the officers' leave. One old gentleman, with whom I got into conversation in French, whilst we were steaming in, was very agreeable, and I soon found out that he wanted me to ask the Captain to entrust the ship's chronometers to his care during our stay; his brother was the head of the Observatory and a man, I afterwards learned, of some note in Odessa.

It is hardly necessary to say it was not long before I visited the shore, and was introduced to a new vehicle, in the shape of a *drovsky*. They are very cheap, and they rattle you, not a little, over the roughly-paved streets of Odessa at a great pace. I was introduced to our agent, a most agreeable Hollander, who, with his two sons, were admirable linguists, and his office was our daily rendezvous to see the English papers, which were specially interesting, as it was the time of a General Election.

Odessa is a "grand toon," as Dominie Sampson and my Scotch shipmates would term it. The streets, which are very broad and boulevarded with trees on the side-walk, run at right angles to one another, which, to some people, is simple. I must confess, however, that I found it rather puzzling from its sameness, and if I lost myself, as I did more than once, the difficulty of finding anyone who spoke French enough to direct me was considerable. The buildings facing the sea on the boulevard are very fine, and specially the Opera House, which was in course of construction or improvement, and promises to be as magnificent as it is conspicuous. The Boulevard, specially so called, is a promenade overlooking the port and harbour, running nearly north and south, planted with

trees, with side-walks, a band-stand—the band playing three or four nights a week—and a café restaurant, very much patronized, specially by our compatriots. The fashionable time for promenading seemed to be in the evening, whilst the band played, from 7 to 10 P.M., when the boulevard was literally crammed, specially close to the band-stand, all classes of the population mixing freely. The police were conspicuous, and uniforms of all kinds and colours more frequent than civilian dress. The ladies dress very well; the fashions, I should imagine, were Parisian. The police were very officious; before I had been there a week, though living on board the ship, I was informed that the Governor had sent for one of the clerks in the agent's office to inquire what I was doing in Odessa. The town extends to the northerly direction, and in this part are large granaries, as the steppes, which lie on the landward side of Odessa, are great corn-growing sources.

Our cargo homewards consisted of grain of all descriptions, wool, linseed cake, &c.

The amusements of the inhabitants seemed to consist in promenading the boulevard, or visiting gardens at the Little or Great Fountain, both some distance out of town, where were out-door restaurants, and music, and boating, or supping at gardens in the town. One of these, the "Blagarodni Sobrani," or the "Club of the Nobility," was very popular; it was a *café chantant*, with walks in the gardens, and supper-tables, the members of the club enjoying a privileged part of the gardens, where they were seen by the uninitiated playing cards, &c. The performers were German and Russian, and there was an English serio-comic lady performer whom the English used to applaud more for her nationality than her merits, and specially because the Russians, who could not understand her slang, did not appreciate her. There were also some niggers who hailed from Australia, associated with whom were two ladies from Vienna, who rode bicycles on the stage. There was a large military camp some little way out of the town, which, however, I did not see. The English clergyman was away for his holiday, consequently there was no service. The place of worship was in a court out of one of the principal streets. Throughout our stay there was always a feeling of discomfort and want of security, as we felt we might, at any moment, be dismissed to the frontier without rhyme or reason.

After discharging our cargo of tea we were moved to another part of the harbour, the farthest vessel from the land, at the extremity of the southern arm of the pier, making it a considerable journey to or from the town; this was, in some measure, to assist

in loading our grain, as an overhead railway, built on wooden piles, and running the whole length of the pier, was utilized for this purpose; on the side of this, and a few feet lower than the line, was a little tramway, on which ran shoots; these were fixed to the bottom of the trucks, and directed into the holds of the vessels, and in this manner, in an almost incredibly short space of time, the contents of a truck were transferred to the hold of the ship. We were also loaded from lighters alongside the ship. The loading took a great deal longer time than we anticipated, but we managed to amuse ourselves. I visited a large hospital, to which a lunatic asylum was attached, on one or two occasions, but did not see anything specially novel, except that there was an outbuilding where patients were being treated for hydrophobia by Pasteur's method, under the direction of a doctor who had been to Paris to study the system; to this I was not admitted. I was taken round by a student, who knew but few words of French, and I had not acquired much Russ. I invited him and one of the doctors to visit me on board, but they failed to avail themselves of the invitation.

The day we were leaving Odessa, the Heir Apparent of Greece arrived in his yacht, *El Dorado*, en route to St. Petersburg, after a roughish passage through the Black Sea. Some old washed-out decorations, aided by a little greenery, were put up in his honour. Immediately on his arrival he went to the Greek Church, presumably to give thanks for his safe arrival, report saying he had been very sea-sick.

Our start from Odessa was delayed till much later in the afternoon than we anticipated, owing to some cargo not arriving, and we feared we should not get out before gun-fire; added to which there was a good sea on, and some of the captains advised our not starting, but the pilot (who by the way was a Greek, and a man of large property, and had received most valuable presents of jewellery, &c. from crowned heads, &c.) agreed to take us out, and so we hauled off, and as the sunset gun was fired by the flag-ship we made our adieux to Odessa. This late start postponed our dinner hour till 8 P.M. The roughness of the sea, which seemed so great when in port, was nothing when we got out into the open sea.

Next day was a dull one, as we were obliged to go at reduced speed in order not to arrive before daylight at the Bosphorus, in which arrangement we succeeded most punctually, and enjoyed the scenery of the Bosphorus by daylight; as this has been described by many able pens I refrain from inflicting a description of it. We reached Constantinople at 8 A.M., and after breakfast the captain, chief engineer, and I, went ashore in the ship

chandler's boat, and to his office; he lent us a youth as guide, who was either painfully shy or dreadfully dense, for he had no notion how to take us about, not even where to get tiffin. The chief engineer, who somehow had always friends in every port, had an introduction to the resident doctor at the European hospital; we found him, an Armenian, at home, and he regaled us with a tune on a flute of his own invention, made out of a glass tube. The air was very *triste*, and made us terminate our visit very speedily. We then paid a visit to his wife and her niece, a very pretty girl, much admired by our chief engineer, who had been in raptures about her in advance, from her photograph which he had seen in Odessa. They received us in a most friendly way, and promised to pay us a visit on board, before we started, to see the ship.

Our guide then took us up a tunnel from Galatz to Pera, which place we walked about for some time, the heat being excessive. Lunch being a failure, we went to a *café* and got beer and coffee, and strolled back to Giacomo's, when our chief engineer went back to fetch his lady visitors, who soon joined us; we gave them a pleasant reception and afternoon tea on board, and about four o'clock they left us, and we speedily got the anchor up and started off down the Dardanelles. We arrived at Chanak at six o'clock next morning—hearing the *reveille* sounded by the bugles at the numerous fortifications close by—got *pratique*, dropped our pilot, and soon were again passing the islands of the Grecian Archipelago, Mitylene, &c. We made the light of Doro Channel, a narrow passage, at 9 P.M. About noon the following day passed Cape Malea and saw the hermitage but could get no sight of the hermit; one of our sailors who had passed the place several times said he had never seen him, and that on one Christmas Day they slowed the ship and blew the whistle several times, but this did not “fetch” him. We questioned whether or no he had gone over to the majority. In the afternoon we passed Cape Matapan, and were now in the Mediterranean. Early on the morning of the next day but one we sighted Malta, and went into the harbour and coaled. We got three or four hours on shore; were too early in the day to see the Church of St. John, so had to content ourselves with the Governor's palace, in the armoury of which we spent some time—we saw the Great Napoleon's carriage—the heat being tremendous, so after seeing as much of the town as possible, and buying some very good Sicilian wine from our agents we returned on board ship, where we found several dealers in lace and jewellery, to whom we fell a ready prey. We also found on board a first-class

passenger, a very pleasant young clerk from the dockyard, the whole of whose family came to see him off in a boat to the outside of the harbour. We found him a very pleasant and agreeable addition to our cabin mess-table. As usual we had the wind ahead, passed Pantellaria and Cape Bon next day, then no land in sight for two days, till we sighted Cape de Gatz and hoped to make Gibraltar light; this, however, was not passed till after midnight. Next day passed Cape St. Vincent, and saw lots of ships, the following passed the mouth of the Tagus and the Burling Rocks, and the next day Cape Finisterre; the following day we were in the Bay of Biscay with a vengeance, and we had a night of it. Nobody in the after cabin got a wink of sleep, as everything movable was on the roll. In the course of the evening, whilst we were sitting conversing in the captain's chart-room, the steward brought us our coffee; I was sitting on a little unfixed table, my feet not touching the deck, and in spite of the captain's warning to "look out," a big roll of the ship drifted me, coffee-cup and all, right to leeward, and I had a narrow escape of being shot out of the door on to the deck, to the great amusement of my shipmates; how I managed to save the cup and saucer I never shall know, but I lost the contents, which, however, were speedily replaced. The following day found us in smooth water and in the English Channel; about dinner time we made the Start Point, and next morning, off Beachy Head, picked up an Antwerp pilot, after a lovely day's steaming up the Channel, which was as smooth as a mill-pond. Noting all the different watering-places as we passed up with a glass; passed Dover and then "made streaks" to the further side of the Goodwin Sands for Antwerp; towards evening we passed the lights of the French and Belgian watering-places, and about midnight reached Flushing. Our pilot had told us that we could not get up the Scheldt at night; however, when the river pilot came on board, he made no hesitation about it, and on we went. A budget of letters kept me awake a long time, as well as a long yarn with my friend the captain; eventually I did "turn in," and woke up in the dock in Antwerp. We were an hour or more being moved into our berth, and after breakfast I went ashore with our passenger from Malta, who had never seen Antwerp before, so I was enabled to show him a good many of the sights of that famous city before we had to leave to catch the Antwerp boat for Harwich. I had to get my discharge from the ship and say "Saionara" to all my messmates, who had made my voyage very pleasant, and, as far as a voyage could be, agreeable. At any rate I was perfectly restored to health, which was the object for which I had undertaken it. If

the perusal of the above induces anyone to go and do likewise, I trust the reader may be equally benefited.

I was curious, on our homeward voyage from Odessa, to learn the actual distance I had travelled, and we made it out as follows:—

	Miles.
Liverpool to Shanghai	10,475
Shanghai to Yokohama	560
Yokohama to Kobe and Nagasaki	713
Nagasaki to Shanghai	468
Shanghai to Hankow	591
Hankow to Woosung	576
Woosung to Singapore	2,249
Singapore to Suez	4,924
Canal	87
Port Said to Odessa	1,300
Odessa to Malta	1,400
Malta to Dover	2,198
Dover to Antwerp and Across	140
Total	<hr/> 25,681 <hr/>



The Re-organization of the Artillery.

OWING to the simplicity of the *matériel*, the organization of the Artillery in England, and elsewhere, in one Corps, or Regiment, was amply sufficient to meet the necessities of the case fifty years ago. The extraordinary complexity of the *matériel* at the present moment, owing to the rapid and continuous progress of Metallurgy, Chemistry, and the Mechanical Arts, renders such an Organization inadequate and defective. And it may be remarked that this growing complexity is no peculiar feature observable in the Artillery, or the Military Profession. Growing complexity is apparently an essential quality of growing civilization. The Legal, the Medical, the Civil Engineers', and many other Professions have been compelled to fall back upon, and act in accordance with the great principle of the Division of Labour. The Artillery, if it is to keep abreast of the times, must do so too. In the Legal Profession we have Chancery lawyers, and Criminal lawyers, and Ecclesiastical lawyers, and Admiralty lawyers. In the Medical Profession we have, first, the grand division of Surgeons and Physicians; and, secondly, such sub-divisions as Aurists, Oculists, Doctors for Diseases of the Chest, &c. &c. Among the Engineers, we find Land Surveyors, Railway Engineers, Mechanical Engineers, Sanitary Engineers, &c. &c. It cannot be doubted that we ought to have, and before very long, *must* have some corresponding Division of Labour; and that the present single Regiment of Artillery should be broken up and re-organized in two or more distinct and separate bodies, both as regards the officers and the men.

When we say, "before long we *must* have" some Division of Labour, it is meant that ere long *the mere stress of circumstances* will compel us to apply that principle to the re-organization of the Artillery; and, if such be the case, it is only common prudence to consider at our leisure how such a re-organization can be best carried out.

It is almost needless to say that no individual can presume to

lay down the details of so large a scheme as the radical re-organization of the Artillery Service. The details are too vast for one mind, and would necessarily have to be settled by a Committee, or rather a series of Committees. But though we may be unable to lay down every road, and rivulet, and village in a map, it may be quite possible to divide the country into two or three large provinces, to show roughly the counties, and to indicate the direction of the principal rivers and mountains.

The three general principles which ought to be kept in view in carrying out such a scheme as that referred to are:—

1. That the organization of the new Corps (resulting from the division of the old Corps), whatever their number may be, should be suitable to the nature of the service they are intended for.
2. That in establishing the new Corps (we use the word for lack of a better), we should “level up,” and not “level down.”
3. That the individual interests and tastes of officers be taken into account as far as possible.

Should the Artillery be primarily split into two, or three Services?

From a purely scientific point of view, the primary division should undoubtedly be a two-fold one,—the Field Artillery and the Garrison Artillery. But scientific theories when put into practice must be modified by, and yield to the practical necessities of the case. The Abbé Siéyes had a talent for framing constitution, and actually did frame several. They were constructed on purely scientific grounds, and were perfect in theory. But they had one drawback: they were totally unsuited to the people they were intended for, and *they would not work*. A coat must be adapted to the body that is to wear it; and if the wearer is deformed, allowance must be made for his deformity.

The Horse Artillery has existed all over Europe for nearly a century as a *Corps d'élite*, and to amalgamate it with the Field Batteries would seriously injure, if it did not destroy entirely, its *esprit de corps*. The two-fold primary division, therefore, must be abandoned; to persist in it would violate principle 2:—it would “level down” the Horse Artillery.

We arrive, then, at a triple primary division:—the Garrison Artillery, the Field Batteries, and the Horse Artillery,—the latter two standing towards each other in something like the relation of the Heavy and Light Cavalry.

Should the three Services, into which we may now suppose the Artillery to be split, be further sub-divided?

This question will be considered presently for each of the three branches. But we may say here, that no such further sub-division is demanded by the principle of the Division of Labour. That principle is perfectly satisfied by the breaking up of the Regiment into three separate bodies, each intended for separate and peculiar duties. If it be found necessary to sub-divide the three Services further, we must look beyond the Division of Labour for a reason. It supplies none.

How is the primary triple separation to take place? By taking the Batteries of the three branches as they now stand, and forming them into three Corps, Regiments, Services, or what word one pleases.

But what of the officers? In this question lies the real difficulty of the case.

There is only one feasible way of primarily separating the officers into three Services:—to take the officers, from the Lieut.-Colonels down, inclusive, of the three branches *as they now stand*, and form them into three Corps (like the Batteries they belong to), by dates of their present commissions. This, of course, does not refer to the Indian officers. Their promotion, &c., being guaranteed by Act of Parliament, cannot be interfered with; but we include them, numerically, as their places will be filled up as they disappear.

This system is open to two objections at the first glance.

The first objection is, that the Horse Artillery officers are in general senior to the officers of the Field Batteries and Garrison Artillery; and they would therefore suffer more upon separation from the Compulsory Clauses for age and length of service than officers of the two other branches. To obviate this we must fall back upon the Actuaries, and obtain from them suggestions as to the modifications in the Compulsory Clauses which are necessary to save the officers of Horse Artillery from unjust treatment. These remedial steps would be only temporary, and would only apply to the first sixty or seventy officers of Horse Artillery. They, consequently, would not sensibly affect the promotion of the rest of the Artillery or the Army, and they would not inflict any considerable outlay upon the country.

The second objection is, that this system violates principle 3; that many officers now in the Horse Artillery—especially in the junior ranks—have only served there a comparatively short time, while a number of officers in the other branches have served in it for a long time and are anxious to get back to it; that if this system be adopted the latter class of officers are debarred for ever from returning to a service to which they are attached,

while others, with far less claims, are permanently included in it, from a mere accident—the accident of a great re-organization taking place just after they joined the Royal Horse Artillery.

This, no doubt, is a valid objection, and steps must be taken to remove it. But it is to be remembered that the difficulty in which we find ourselves, owing to the necessity for a division of labour, is no fault of our own, nor indeed of anybody's:—it is a difficulty that has arisen through causes quite beyond our reach. Remembering this, we should endeavour to face the situation with as little heat and as little prejudice as possible. Secondly, that as any solution of the difficulty involves *some* great change (whether in the way indicated, or not), it is absolutely impossible to propose a solution that will not, at least for the moment, carry with it some individual suffering. But it appears to us that the supposed suffering indicated in this objection we are considering is far more apparent than real.

If any such separation as that contemplated be attempted, it would be absolutely necessary, for some time to come, to offer every facility for Exchanges, in order to admit of officers making arrangements to suit their own tastes and interests which no Committee, and no individual could make for them. In addition, there can be no doubt that certain transfers would have of necessity to be carried out by the Horse Guards, to assist in adjusting matters at first.

These two steps would form the first remedy. The second remedy is of a much more general nature, but not on that account less effective. The difficulty we are dealing with is the difficulty of satisfying the claims of the large number of officers who wish to serve permanently with the Horse Artillery. It is, in fact, a difficulty of accommodation. The house will not accommodate all those who insist upon living in it. In extreme cases we might no doubt decide, without injustice, upon the weight of individual claims; but to investigate the individual claims of all the applicants would be out of the question,—it would be impracticable. But suppose that we could reduce the number of applicants? How could that be effected? Simply by making one or two other houses in the neighbourhood equally desirable as residences. By making the Garrison Artillery and the Field Batteries as attractive as the Horse Artillery is at present, we should cure the disease by removing its cause. This course is merely the practical application of principle 2. The Garrison Artillery and Field Batteries must be "levelled up" to the Horse Artillery. But the latter service would not be interfered with in any respect, however small. To do so would be to "level" it "down." The Horse Artillery would

retain, *as peculiar to themselves*, their present designations and titles, their present dress, and their present equipment. If they desired it, we should restore the old designation, "Troop," instead of "Battery:"—a change the advantages of which were so small as to be beyond the power of ordinary vision. But the Garrison Artillery and Field Batteries, on the other hand, must be preserved as jealously from the interference of the Horse Artillery, as the latter would be from their interference. The new Services would have to be absolutely distinct, and no one of them could be permitted to meddle or interfere with either of the others. Such then, are the two remedies for the case of officers of Horse Artillery who might find themselves in either of the other Corps at the moment of separation; remedies which obviously apply to the case of officers of the Field Batteries who happened at the same moment to be in the Garrison Artillery.

The case of seconded officers deserves a passing word. They would have to be (as a general principle) attached to that branch to which their appointments belonged; or, in case the appointment were open to all branches, to that branch in which they served longest.

We shall now suppose a primary triple division of the Regiment to have taken place. Should the three resulting Corps be subdivided?

As we descend from generals towards particulars, so the difficulties of every writer upon such a subject as the present increase, because his prejudices increase. We may argue about the equality or inequality of two triangles without emotion: we may even discuss the bisection and trisection of the Artillery without any sensible favour or affection; but the nearer we approach to details, the more we become entangled in the natural and inevitable prejudices cherished by every man. The more we descend into details, then, the less value ought the reader to assign to a writer's arguments and proposals; and the less dogmatically will the writer press home his conclusions, if he be wise.

We have now got all the Horse Artillery officers on one list. Should we sub-divide them further into Regiments, or other Corps? Not unless there is sufficient reason. Is there *any* reason? No doubt there are reasons for this or any other course that may be proposed. But we must remember that in complicated questions like the present one, the thing sought for is not the course which has no difficulties, but the course that has the least number of difficulties. All courses present difficulties.

One thing is quite certain:—if we are to sub-divide further, it

is not for any reason arising from the principle of the Division of Labour. That principle has already been pushed to its utmost by the triple division. The reasons that arise for further sub-division must proceed then from considerations connected with the promotion of the officers, or with military organization in the abstract.

Let us first consider whether we are bound by any principle of military organization to sub-divide the Horse Artillery.

What is the proper test of a good organization? Simply that it can be cut up in any way we please, and yet that all the parts will be complete organic wholes. What is the organization of the Horse Artillery? It begins with a simple minor unit, or sub-division, under a N.-C. officer. Two guns form a Division under the command of a Lieutenant. Three of these Divisions form the command of a Major, with a Captain to assist him and take his place in case of accident, and thus avoid dislocating the organization. Nothing can be more perfect than this. The whole may be cut up and sub-divided in almost any way we please, and yet the parts are all organic wholes. But it breaks down here, it will be said. Nothing of the sort. The Horse Artillery consists of 22 Batteries, Depôts included, with 10 Lieut.-Colonels; or two Batteries to each Lieut.-Colonel. Consequently, if two Batteries are quartered together, or go on service together, you have at once a superior officer to command them, instead of taking the senior Major away from his Battery, just when he is most wanted there. We can bring together any number of Divisions commanded by Lieut.-Colonels, and put a full Colonel at their head; or we can sub-divide, in any way we like, and still each part, whatever it is, is a complete organic whole—*totus, teres, atque rotundus*. There is no such perfect organization as this in any other part of the Army. But, we shall be told, "the system does not work—practically it is a delusion. There is no real connection between the Lieut.-Colonels and their Divisions; and, secondly, Batteries are so much scattered singly, that many of the Lieut.-Colonels never see their Batteries." What is meant by the phrase "real connection"? Probably some such connection as exists between Lieut.-Colonels of Cavalry and Infantry and their Regiments. No such connection ever existed or can exist in the Artillery; nor is it necessary to efficiency. Because we are discussing a Lieut.-Colonel's command, let us not fall headlong into any blunder from the identity of titles, and confound Artillery Lieut.-Colonels with Lieut.-Colonels of Cavalry and Infantry. The Artillery body answering most nearly to a Battalion or Regiment, is *the single*

Battery, not *two Batteries*. It is so, because it happens to be the most convenient and important unit, at once administratively and tactically. It is so, *from the nature of things*, and not because anyone has willed it. Now nothing but failure and disaster can result from any foolish attempt to adjust things to theories; we must adjust our theory to things. We cannot adjust the holes in which they are to fit to the Lieut.-Colonels; the Lieut.-Colonels must be adapted to the holes. It is easy to see, then, why there is no absolute necessity for the close connection spoken of. The close connection in question must exist, and does exist, between the Artillery Majors and their men, who correspond in a general way to Infantry Lieut.-Colonels; not between the Artillery Lieut.-Colonels and their men. However undesirable it may be in many ways, the Battery is the most convenient administrative and tactical unit, and we must make shift with it as best we can. As to the allegation that many Batteries never see their Lieut.-Colonels, far too much has been made of the matter. Owing to the nature of our service, some Batteries are quartered by themselves. This we cannot help. We must make the best of it, and endeavour to cut our coat to the back that is to wear it. The number of Batteries so far isolated as to be completely out of range of their Lieut.-Colonel, however, is not so large as has been imagined. But are we to grumble against the few fine days we get during the year in this country, because on such rare occasions our great coats and umbrellas are useless? When the storms descend, we must have both. To base our re-organization upon a false and delusive analogy between the Lieut.-Colonels of the Artillery and those of the Line would be madness. It would be to repeat in another form the blunder of the Russians in the matter of their Cavalry. In 1870 the German Cavalry did wonders (chiefly because the French Cavalry did nothing). This becoming known, the Russians plunged headlong at once into German Cavalry Divisions; six Regiments, each two under a Major-General, with two Batteries of Horse Artillery under a Major; the whole under a Lieut.-General. The whole was beautiful on paper, and in peace. But the War in Bulgaria came. The Balkans are not rolling plains, like Eastern France; and the Lieut.-Generals soon found that their command was generally limited to their three Major-Generals and their Staffs: the Regiments were piecemeal, all over the mountains. The Russians should have remained satisfied with a Regimental organization, the Regiments being brigaded together according to circumstances at their various stations in time of peace. The Regiment of Cavalry (like the Battery of Artillery) is the highest

permanent tactical unit of organization, and we must adapt all higher forms of organization to the peculiar nature of the country in which we are about to make war. The same organization will not suit Switzerland and Egypt.

There is no principle of military organization, then, that calls for any further sub-division of the Horse Artillery. In one Corps it would stand successfully the grand test of all military organization. It could be cut up in any way we please, and yet each part would form a complete organic whole. A force of Horse Artillery could thus be adapted to an army of *any* strength destined to operate in *any* country.

We can, consequently, see no sufficient reason for any further subdivision, which would indeed violate the principle of simplicity. Over-organization is quite as bad as under-organization. Precisely similar remarks apply to the field batteries and garrison artillery, both of which we should leave intact.

Were the Artillery divided into three large corps, as we propose, would each branch obtain from the Academy at Woolwich the requisite number of voluntary officers? The Horse Artillery and Field Batteries would receive more than they require; the Garrison Artillery would, in all probability, receive none at all. But the Garrison Artillery is at present fully officered, it may be argued. Yes, we are compelled to admit; but it is commanded by officers the great majority of whom entered this branch of the service, and remain in it much against their wills. The cause of this is patent if we only look facts in the face. Let us take an ordinary case. Cadets A. and B. leave the Academy together. Lieutenant A. is posted to a field battery at Ipswich, Lieutenant B. to a garrison battery at Hurst Castle. The former has his horse, with its many accompanying advantages; the latter is on foot. The one lives in congenial society; the other is miles from anyone to whom he can open his lips, except on duty. Yet these officers are paid precisely the same amount. This contravenes the simplest doctrines of political economy. The pay of every trade bears some relation to the duties performed by, and the circumstances of, the worker, the employé. A butcher's boy and a watch-maker's assistant receive very different wages. If we want to have our artillery efficient, we must obey the law of the division of labour, and break it up into three parts. If we want to have each part efficient, we must conform to the law of wages by which every labour is paid according to the work he does and the hardships he undergoes.

The Garrison Artillery is the oldest, the most complicated, and the most scientific branch of the Artillery; and it is contrary to all

reason to offer the same amount of pay to an officer who has to superintend the mounting of an 80-ton gun, and a young gentleman who has to certify that a draught horse is clean. When the separation takes place, and take place it must, the pay of the officers of Garrison Artillery must be raised; a very large percentage if not the whole, of the scientific appointments of the Artillery must be reserved for them; and they and their men must be clothed in a manner befitting their position and suitable to their work.

The principle on which the Artillery are at present clothed appears to be this:—The working of the Horse Artillery 12-pr. differs so materially from the working of the Field Battery 16-pr. that the men that man these guns must be differently dressed; while the working of the 16-pr. is so essentially the same as the working of the 80-ton gun that the men that man them are dressed alike. Now this is sheer trash. The Horse Artillery dress may be what it ought to be; the Field Battery dress nearly what it ought to be; but the dress of the garrison gunner violates every principle of common sense. As we have before said, we do not propose to change the Horse Artillery dress in any particular. More harm than good would come from any alteration. As for the Field Batteries, they should be provided with a decent helmet instead of their present unsightly head-piece; the men should have brown leather belts, instead of their antique pipe-clay ones; and the officers should wear gold-lace belts to match. They require no more. But the dress of the Garrison Artillery is little short of a scandal. Their work is to move heavy weights, and perform severe manual labour. And how do we equip them for such duties? In braces and tight tunics! Can one imagine a navvy in a tight coat—a sailor with braces and a helmet? A garrison gunner's dress need not be the same, but it should be constructed upon the same principles as that of a sailor. It should be loose, and should give play to the muscles. Braces are an absurdity, and no working head-dress can be serviceable but one that will remain fast on the head without a chin-strap.

But no subdivision, or rearrangement, of the batteries will produce salutary effects while the present system exists in regard to the Deputy Adjutant-General and the Colonels of Districts. For many years past the office of the D.A.G. has been impotent for good, because it originally undertook to do far more work than it, or any similar office, could do. It can no more efficiently govern in a direct and minute manner such a corps as the Artillery, than the Corporation of London could govern the British Empire. This

office not only undertook to do more than it could do; far worse than this, it absorbed into itself some of the most important and legitimate functions of the Colonels of Districts. This threw the Colonels back upon the Lieut.-Colonels, whom they deprived of their proper authority and position; while the Lieut.-Colonels were in turn driven back upon the Majors, who entrenched themselves behind their Pay Lists and Clothing Ledgers. It may be said, with very little exaggeration, that the major of a garrison battery is no more than the clothier and paymaster of his men. He is certainly not their military leader. He rarely sees, and still more rarely drills, them, because 85 per cent. of them are "employed," *i.e.* they are occupied in doing anything but their proper and peculiar duties.

A large per-centage of the work at present attempted to be done in the Horse Guards should be done at the Head-quarters of Districts. This, it may be said, would swamp the district officers. Certainly it would, if they are to retain the work which properly belongs to the Lieut.-Colonels. More harm is inflicted upon the service by the Colonels of Districts and their Brigade-Majors than can be easily described. The Colonel of a District is at one and the same time a staff officer and a regimental officer; and he has two commands to boot. He commands the Artillery in Hampshire, and he also commands the Artillery in Southampton, where he happens to live. No man could satisfactorily fill such a preposterous and impossible position. There *must* be a Colonel of a District on the staff of the General. Let the officer appointed take his position as such; but, in heaven's name, let him leave his Lieut.-Colonels to command their divisions. The Colonel and his Brigade-Major should have their office next the General's; they should be banished from the artillery barracks, and confined strictly to their own very important duties connected with the Artillery in the district. The Lieut.-Colonels would then assume their proper duties; the Majors would descend from their three-legged stools; and the service would be the gainer. As matters stand at present, the full Colonel and his Brigade-Major are the curse of the Garrison Artillery.

One question should be thoroughly sifted, on or before separation. Ought the major of a garrison to retain command of his men? The master gunner, with his present functions, is an anachronism. He was the right man in the right place in the time of Henry V.; he is now a survival, out of keeping with the times. There is much to be said in favour of giving the captain the military command of the men, the major being attached to the

fortifications, in charge really, and not nominally only, as at present, of countless stores; commanding, not commanded by, the master gunner.

Another matter of importance should also be laid before a Committee specially convened to consider it—the equipment of a garrison gunner. Of what use to him are a carbine and sword? Both must be laid aside when he begins his work as a gunner. But they enable him to act as an infantryman. Quite so; if we gave an infantryman a lance, it would enable him to act as a lancer. When and where have garrison gunners acted as infantry? When the defence of the country devolves upon garrison gunners masquerading as infantry, the sooner we haul up a white flag the better. If we *were* invaded, so far from the Garrison Artillery being converted into infantry, a fourth part of the infantry in the country would have to be converted into Garrison Artillery.

To sum up our proposals, we should

- (a) Divide the officers, from the senior lieutenant-colonel downwards, into three corps—Horse Artillery, Field Batteries, and Garrison Artillery—as they now stand on the list;
- (b) Retain the colonels on the staff, but utterly divorce them from regimental work, and prohibit them from in any way meddling with the lieutenant-colonels, whose commands should be as independent as those of lieutenant-colonels of cavalry and infantry;
- (c) Decentralise the office of the D.A.G. of Artillery, increasing the powers of the colonels on the staff;
- (d) Increase the pay of the officers of the Garrison Artillery;
- (e) Equip and clothe the Garrison Artillery according to rational and practical principles.

Such are, we believe, the lines on which the impending re-organization of the Artillery should be carried out; and, in stating them, we trust we have succeeded in avoiding alike trivial details and useless personalities. To attack an individual because the Artillery is unorganized is ridiculous. If it be unorganized that is not the fault of any individual, dead or living; it is the fault of circumstances. The growth of the Artillery, both in England and elsewhere, during the present century was so rapid as to baffle all prevision. A growing force cannot be organized: one must wait until its growth has reached some resting point. We have reached that resting point; and the sooner we begin to set our house in order, the better for the Artillery and the country.

The Royal Navy.

FROM THE ACCESSION OF H.M. THE QUEEN.

By ROBERT O'BYRNE, Barrister-at-Law, F.R.G.S.

(Continued from page 93.)

MANNING THE NAVY.

WE now proceed to discuss this very interesting subject. Under date the 31st of March 1853, the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty submitted a memorial to the Queen on the question of Manning the Navy.

Introducing their views with an expression of the difficulties attaching to the then system of manning Her Majesty's ships, which had engaged the attention of different Boards of Admiralty without satisfactory results, they traced these difficulties to the system itself, which consisted in entering men for particular ships selected by themselves, nominally for five years, but practically, according to immemorial usage, for the period during which a ship was commissioned, averaging from three to four years; when, after much expense, time, and labour bestowed in training them, they were disbanded. A certain portion of the men thus discharged, never returned to the Navy; some carried the fruits of their training to foreign flags; the larger number returning at periods dictated by their own inclination or convenience, and not by any regard to the wants of the Service. This desultory course of proceeding was a cause of great embarrassment and expense in conducting the ordinary duties of the Naval Service. It created uncertainty as to the period when ships could be ready for sea; and the evil became one of great magnitude, and a serious danger, when political considerations suddenly demanded the rapid equipment of ships.

These circumstances induced the Board of Admiralty to appoint a Committee of Naval Officers to inquire into the expediency and practicability of engaging men and boys for longer terms of continuous service. The Committee, having fully investigated the subject, arrived unanimously at the conclusion that it was expedient to place the Navy on a more permanent basis, upon a similar principle to that established in the Army and Marines, and that solid advantage both to the Crown and to the seamen would result

therefrom. The following is an analysis of the report in question.

The Committee fully concurred in its being essential to give to the Royal Navy a permanent constitution, in order that it might be brought to a higher point of organization, efficiency, and discipline, and thus be enabled, at critical junctures, to fulfil the expectations of the country. With this object they made the following propositions :—

All boys who hereafter enter the Navy to be required to engage for a period of ten years' continuous and general service from the age of eighteen, in addition to whatever period may have been necessary until they had attained that age; and when advanced to any of the under-mentioned ratings to be allowed the additional rate of pay specified :

Second Class Ordinary Seamen	1d. a day
Ordinary Seamen	2d. „
Petty Officer and Able Seamen	3d. „

It was further submitted that the above increased rates of pay should be granted to men entering for the first time, and volunteering for ten years' continuous and general services, and also to seamen who had served, or were serving, in the Royal Navy, and who should volunteer to re-enter or to continue therein, under the conditions of continuous and general service, certain portions of their previous service, to be from time to time determined, being allowed to count towards such ten years.

In carrying out the foregoing proposition it was recommended that the change of system should be effected wholly by voluntary means. With this view, men were to be permitted, as heretofore, to volunteer for the customary period of service, and for particular ships; but by the future entry of boys for longer terms of continuous and general service, and by holding out the inducement of increased pay to men who volunteered to serve under the like conditions, it was contemplated that a gradual and beneficial change would be introduced into the then existing system of manning ships.

As an inducement to seamen to render themselves proficient in all branches of their duties, it was proposed that a class of leading seamen be established, with 2d. a day in addition to any other pay to which they might be entitled; a portion of the carpenter's crew to be composed of shipwrights, who should also be entitled to 2d. a day additional. The proportional number of leading seamen and shipwrights to be borne in H.M.'s ships should be left to the discretion of the Board.

Men and boys to be permitted to purchase their discharge upon

a principle and a graduated scale similar to that in force in the Army and Royal Marines.

The pay and duties of second-class ordinary seamen and landsmen being identical, the rate of "landsmen" to be abolished.

The Class of Chief Petty Officers should consist of the under-mentioned :—

Master-at-Arms, Chief Gunner's Mate, Chief Boatswain's Mate, Chief Captain of the Forecastle, Admiral's Coxswain, Chief Quartermaster, Chief Carpenter's Mate, Seamen's Schoolmaster, Ship's Steward, Ship's Cook.

The Chief Gunner's Mate, the Chief Captain of the Forecastle, and the Chief Quartermaster to be allowed 3d. a day each, in addition to any other pay. Men holding the position of Chief Petty Officers to be borne in such rates of ships as the Board should decide.

The subjoined table shows the classes and denominations of Petty Officers, seamen and others borne in the Navy, and the order in which it was submitted that they should for the future take rank.

As an encouragement to deserving petty officers, it was proposed that an increase should be made, as follows, in the number eligible to be recommended for good-conduct gratuities on the paying off of ships :—

RATES.	Petty Officers. Existing No.	1st Class, £7. Proposed No.	Petty Officers. Existing No.	2nd Class, £5. Proposed No.
1st and 2nd Class	4	6	3	4
3rd ,,	4	5	3	4
4th ,,	3	5	2	3
5th ,,	2	4	1	2
6th ,,	2	4	1	2
Steamers 1st & 2nd Class	2	4	1	2
,, 3rd ,,	1	3	1	1
Sloops	1	3	1	1
Small Vessels	1	1	1	1

The long-service medal gratuities to second-class petty officers to be increased from £7 to £10.

Men who have completed twenty years' service to be awarded, when pensioned, the increased allowance for time-service as petty officers, to which non-commissioned officers of the Royal Marines are entitled, provided that such seamen shall have entered and served for one continuous period of not less than ten years.

All men who enter for continuous and general service to be allowed to count time for a pension from the age of eighteen.

A further proposal was made by the Committee whose report we

have been analysing, that pensions should be awarded to continuous and general service men after twenty years' service, instead of twenty-one; a discretionary power to be vested in the Board of Admiralty, as regards the application of this and the foregoing rule, to men who have served, or would be serving under the then existing system.

In the event of an armament being required, it was considered important that the Admiralty should have the command of the services of a certain number of trained seamen, in addition to those borne on the peace establishment. For this purpose the Committee recommended that seamen who had served ten years in the Navy, reckoning from the age of eighteen, should be eligible, at the discretion of the Board, to be granted pensions of 6d. a day each, and men of fifteen years' service pensions of 8d. a day each. The allowance for the time served as petty officer, and the amount thereof according to the proposed new scale, to be awarded as the Board may deem fit to men with ten or fifteen years' service; both classes to be held liable to the condition of giving further service, if called upon, in the event of an armament or war; it being, however, distinctly understood that no man should be entitled to claim the above short-term pension as a matter of right. The number of men in receipt of such pensions to be limited to a maximum of 10,000. At a future time, it was thought, when the efficiency and policy of this measure should have been tested by experience, it might be prudent to increase this number.

The Committee further recommended that men and boys who should hereafter enter the service for the first time, and who should be granted pensions for 20 or 21 years' service, should be also held liable to give further service, if required, to meet the exigencies of an armament or war.

It was not proposed to grant short-term pensions at present, but to reserve to the Board of Admiralty, a discretionary power for this purpose, whenever the state of the force in commission should lead them to think that such step would be an advantage.

The Committee were further of opinion that the system under which seamen-gunners were then entered for service should be modified. These men engaged at that time for a term of 5 years' service, during which period they were entitled to an additional pay of one penny per day; if they volunteered for another period of 5 years, to twopence a day, and for a further quinquennial period to threepence per day. The Committee proposed that, for the future, seamen-gunners be divided into two classes; those of the 1st Class to be entitled to an additional pay of twopence a day; and

the 2nd Class to an additional penny a day ; the pay in question to be granted according to their qualifications, and irrespective of length of service. The 1st Class to be eligible to be promoted to situation of gunners' mates and gunners ; the 2nd Class to be held qualified to perform the duty of captains of guns.

The importance of the duties performed by the Warrant Officers of the Fleet, the Committee declared, could not be exaggerated ; the situations held by them being the highest to which the seamen Petty Officers of the Fleet could expect to attain. Considering also that the Warrant Officers' widows pension was withdrawn without any equivalent, the Committee had no hesitation in recommending that the pay of the Warrant Officers should be increased as follows, it being distinctly understood that such increase was awarded partly for the special purpose of enabling them to make provision, by insurance, for their widows.

Sea Pay.

	Per Day.	Per Annum.	Increase.
1st Class	7s.	£120 2 11	£25 17 1
2nd Class	5s. 8d.	£103 8 4	£28 18 0
3rd Class	4s. 9d.	£86 13 9	£22 16 3

Harbour Pay.

	Per Day.	Per Annum.
1st Class, 1st Rate	5s. 7d.	£101 17 11
This pay to be eventually that of the 1st Class.		
„ 2nd Rate, 5s. 2d.		£94 5 10
„ 3rd Rate, 4s. 9d.		£86 13 9
2nd Class, 4th Rate, 4s. 4d.		£79 1 8
This pay to be eventually that of the 2nd Class.		
„ 5th Rate, 3s. 11d.		£71 9 7
3rd Class, 6th Rate, 3s. 6d.		£63 17 6
This rate to be eventually that of the 3rd Class.		

In the case of Warrant Officers of long service, and of exemplary character and conduct, the Committee recommended that two years' Harbour Service should, in awarding pensions, be considered as equal to one year's sea service in lieu of the 3 to 1.

The Committee also suggested, as a measure observed in the Army and Marines in respect to non-commissioned officers, that Warrant Officers of the Royal Navy of exemplary conduct, who had distinguished themselves by acts of gallantry and daring in the service should be considered eligible to hold commissions in the Fleet, in such rank or position as they may be deemed entitled to receive and competent to fill, after undergoing such examinations

as the Board may think fit, and that all Warrant Officers so promoted should be granted, respectively, the sum of £100 as an outfit.

Having reference to the increased responsibility attaching to the situations of Chief and Commissioned Boatmen, the Committee recommended that time served in the former capacity should count as a 1st Class—and in the latter a 2nd Class—Petty Officer's time.

Her Majesty having taken this Report into consideration, was pleased to approve thereof, so from the 1st of April 1853 the Classes and Denominations of Petty Officers, Seamen, and others in Her Majesty's Ships stood as follows :

Chief Petty Officers.

*Master-at-Arms.	Chief Quartermaster.
Chief Gunner's Mate.	Chief Carpenter's Mate.
Chief Boatswain's Mate.	*Seamen's Schoomaster.
Chief Capt. of the Forecastle.	*Ship's Stewards.
Admiral's Coxswain.	*Ship's Cook.

1st Class Working Petty Officers.

Ship's Corporal.	Capt. of the After-Guard.
Gunner's Mate.	Capt. of the Hold.
Boatswain's Mate.	Sailmaker.
Captain's Coxswain.	Ropemaker.
Capt. of the Forecastle.	Carpenter's Mate.
Quartermaster.	Caulker.
Coxswain of the Launch.	*Blacksmith.
Capt. of the Maintop.	*Leading Stoker.
Capt. of the Foretop.	

2nd Class Working Petty Officers.

Coxswain of the Barge.	Sailmaker's Mate.
„ of the Pinnace.	Coxswain of the Cutter.
Capt. of the Mast.	*Cooper.
2 Capt. of the Forecastle.	*Armourer.
„ Maintop.	*Caulker's Mate.
„ Foretop.	*Painter.
Yeoman of the Signals.	*Musician.
2 Capt. of the After-Guard.	*Head Krooman.
Capt. of the Mizentop.	

Other Ratings.

Leading Seamen.	*2nd Head Krooman.
Yeoman of Store-rooms.	*Capt.'s Steward.

* Men holding the ratings marked thus are not to take Military Command

Yeoman of Tiers.	*Capt.'s Cook.
*Sick berths' Attendant.	*Ward or Gun Room Steward.
Shipwright.	* Cook.
Sailmaker's Crew.	*Subordinate Officer's Steward.
Blacksmith's Mate.	* Cook.
Armourer's Crew.	*Ship's Steward-Assistant.
*Stoker & Coal Trimmer.	Ordinary Seamen.
*Carpenter's Crew.	*Cook's Mate.
*Cooper's Crew.	*Barber.
Able Seamen.	2nd Class Ordinary Seaman & Krooman.
*Bandsmen.	Boy, 1st Class.
*Tailor.	„ 2nd Class.
*Butcher.	

In the case of the Petty Officers who, when promoted to the rank of Warrant Officers, were subject to additional expense to equip themselves for their new positions in the services, it was allowed by an O. C., under date 31st July 1858, that on such promotion, a gratuity of £15 should be granted.

On the 9th of June 1860 Warrant Officers received the permission to retire on pension at the age of 60 without the necessity of medical survey, and at their own option.

On the 30th of June in the same year, medals without gratuities were allowed to be awarded to Petty Officers and Seamen.

On the same occasion the time of service of a Warrant Officer to entitle his widow to a pension was reduced from ten years to one year.

On the 26th of the following October, Warrant Officers were allowed to take rank according to the date of appointment to their respective classes; advancement from one class to another being considered promotion.

On the 16th of April 1861, superannuation allowances to Riggers employed in dockyards, and Seamen belonging to the yard craft were to be allowed to such, upon the scale of the Superannuation Act of 1859, the sea time served by them being allowed to count as civil time for this purpose.

The Board further reserved to itself the right of granting pensions to these men upon the Greenwich scale, in any special case in which it might be deemed more advantageous for the claimant's interests that he should be so pensioned.

On the 26th April 1862 authority was given for the adoption of the following rates of pay, and retiring allowances for such persons

Men holding the ratings marked thus are not to take Military Command.

hereafter appointed head-schoolmasters, with a view to obtain more efficient teachers, viz. :—

Class.	Pay per Diem.	With an annual gratuity contingent upon good conduct.
1st Class	4s. 0d.	Under 7 years' service, £12
2nd Class	8s. 0d.	Under 14 „ „ £18
3rd Class	2s. 0d.	Over 14 „ „ £24

Pensions after 21 years' service as Schoolmaster :—

	Per Annum.	
1st Class	£36 10 0	Increasing after 3 years' service in the 1st Class at the rate of £1 per annum up to £50.
2nd Class	£31 18 9	Increasing after 3 years' service in the 2nd Class at the rate of 17s. 6d. per annum up to £40.
3rd Class	£27 7 6	—

On the 1st of March 1864 the Board having had considerable difficulty in obtaining trustworthy and careful persons to fill the situation of Ship's Steward, owing to the low rate of pay allowed to that class of persons, which the Board considered as inadequate to ensure an honest discharge of their duties, considering that they had great opportunities for peculation; considered that the best way of remedying this evil was to issue the following regulations, which came into effect in the April following this decision :—

	Pay per Diem.	Allowance for charge of Victualling Stores Per Diem.	Total Per Diem.
1st Class, 1st, 2nd & 3rd Rates, Harbour Ships, and Training Ships.	8s. 0d.	3. 0d.	6s. 0d.
2nd Class, 4th, 5th & 6th Rates	2s. 6d.	2s. 3d.	4s. 9d.
3rd Class, Sloops and smaller vessels.	2s. 0d.	1s. 6d.	3s. 6d.

On the 10th of June 1864 the following scale of pensions was established for the widows of Chief Warrant Officers, viz. :—

Ordinary pension, £30; if killed in action, £45; special pension, £40.

On the 9th July 1864 a new class of Warrant Officers was established under the denomination of Chief Warrant Officers, viz. :—

Chief Gunners, Chief Boatswains, Chief Carpenters.

On the 1st of November 1864, it being considered advisable that boys, after careful and expensive education in training ships, should not in future be employed in any capacity as servants, it was ruled that the rating of Ward Room Officers' Servant

should be established, with the pay of 7d. a day for persons filling the same between the ages of 16 and 18, and of 1s. 1d. a day for those over 18 years of age. As great difficulty had been experienced by officers in obtaining servants, it was decided to allow the following pay of First Class Servants, viz. :—

Admiral's Steward, Admiral's Cook, Admiral's Domestic, Captain's Stewards and Captain's Cooks in all rated ships, and Ward Room Steward and Cook in 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th rates, to be increased from 1s. 4d. to 1s. 7d. a day.

And of Second Class Servants, viz. :—

Warrant Officers' cook from 1s. 1d. to 1s. 4d. a day; Captain's Servant and Commander's Servant from 11d. to 1s. 4d. a day.

And of Third Class Servants, viz. :—

Captain's Cook's Assistant, Ward Room Servant, Ward Room Cook's Assistant, Gun Room Servant, and Warrant Office Servants from 11d. to 1s. 1d. a day.

On the 19th of May 1866 was established the rating of Carpenter's Crew, 2nd Class, with the pay of 1s. 3d. a day to be given to the boys under training on their attaining the age of 18, and to be held by them after being sent to sea, until they were sufficiently advanced in the trade of carpenter to be rated as "Carpenter's Crew."

The Pay, Pension, and Position of Schoolmasters were made the subjects of the following improvements on the 26th of February 1867 :—

Schoolmasters in future to enter for continuous service.

To rank with Masters-at-Arms, and to receive the following rates of pay :—On appointment, 4s. a day; after 3 years 4s. 6d., after 6 years 5s., after 9 years 5s. 6d., after 12 years 6s.

Head Masters of Training Ships to receive £20 a year in addition, and to rank with Warrant Officers; but no gratuities to be allowed to ordinary Schoolmasters.

Pension after 20 years' service :—Head Master, £36 10s. a year; and if serving beyond that period, £1 a year for every subsequent year's service, until the maximum of £50 is reached.

Ordinary Schoolmaster, £31 18s. 9d. a year; with 17s. 6d. a year for every year's service beyond 20 years—maximum £40.

Considering the great want of artificers on board ships, occasioned by the smallness of such men's pay, as contrasted with the wages earned by artificers on shore, the following continuous-service rate of pay for artificers was established, under date 26th June 1867 :—

Chief Carpenter's Mate, 3s. a day; Carpenter's Mate, 2s. 9d.;

Caulkers, 2s. 9d. ; Plumbers, 3s. ; First Class Painters, 2s. 9d. ; Coopers, 2s. 3d. ; Caulkers' Mates, 2s. 3d. ; Plumbers' Mates in 6th Rates, 2s. 5d. ; Shipwrights, 2s. 3d. ; Plumbers' Crew in small vessels and sloops, exclusive of gun-boats, &c., where no Carpenters' crews are allowed, 1s. 8d.

It being considered advantageous to employ mechanics in ships' Engine Rooms, in lieu of Junior Engineer Officers, and to substitute such mechanics (to be designated "Engine Room Artificers") for the class of "Chief Stokers," giving them the rank of Chief Petty Officers, the following pay and pensions were established by O. C. 28th March 1868 :—

Pay, 5s. a day for the first 3 years ; 5s. 9d. afterwards. Pensions, as Chief Petty Officers.

On the 22nd of February 1870 it was ruled as relates to Chief Gunners, Chief Boatswains, Chief Carpenters, and Warrant Officers :—

1. The numbers of the above officers not to exceed—Chief Gunners, 12 ; Chief Boatswains, exclusive of officers holding the honorary rank in virtue of their appointment, 12 ; Chief Carpenters, 12 ; Gunners, 1st Class, 100, 2nd Class, 150 ; Boatswains, 1st Class, 150, 2nd Class, 250 ; Carpenters, 1st Class, 80, 2nd Class, 120.

2. Warrant Officers in future to be divided into two classes only.

3. Warrant Officers now in the 3rd Class to be at once promoted to the 2nd Class, and to be paid according to the new scale.

4. Chief Gunners, Chief Boatswains, and Chief Carpenters to receive as pay 9s. a day ; Warrant Officers, 1st Class, 7s. 6d., 2nd Class, 5s. 6d.

5. An allowance of 6d. per day to be given to each of the above officers when in charge of stores in a sea-going ship in commission. This allowance to be exclusive of the tool-money allowed to carpenters.

6. Harbour-pay and the distinction between harbour and sea-service to be abolished.

7. All officers of these grades to be pensioned on attaining 55 years of age, and at any age if found physically unfit for service at sea. They may be pensioned at their own request on attaining 50 years of age.

8. Power to be reserved to the Board to suspend at any time, and with respect to any rank, the foregoing provision under which an officer may, at his option, retire at an age less than that fixed for compulsory retirement in each rank.

9. The Scale of Retiring Pensions to be as follows:—

	Pension for each year's service above the rank of Petty Officer.	Addition for each year's service as Seaman or Petty Officer, but the additional time allowed for Service as Seaman-Gunner not to count.	Maximum Pension not to exceed
Chief Gunner	s. d.	£ s. d.	£
„ Boatswain	5 0	1 10 0	150
„ Carpenter			
Warrant Officers,			
1st Class .	4 0		{ 120
2nd Class .	8 10	1 10 0	{ 90

10. Warrant Officers holding appointments, if not entitled to civil superannuation, to count such service as Warrant Officers' time towards pension on the above scale.

11. Officers guilty of misconduct to receive such lower rates of pay and pension as the Board may determine.

12. In the case of Gunners, Boatswains, and Carpenters warranted subsequently to 80 years, 1830, and who died prior to 1st January 1860, their widows, if otherwise qualified under existing regulations, to be entitled to receive the pension of £25 a year under O. C. of 23rd January 1860.

13. Present Warrant Officers of the 2nd Class to continue to receive as pay 6s. a day.

14. All Warrant Officers to be allowed on their request, and with the consent of the Board, to compound their pensions, except Greenwich Hospital Pensions.

Again on the 22nd February 1870 it was further regulated, by an Order in Council, that as it was deemed advisable that certain additions should be made to the complements of ships in commission with the view of establishing a well-trained body of men for the use of the new system of signals, which had been adopted to enable communications to be kept up in a Fleet by night as well as by day; that a certain number of boys be trained to the use of signals, and when discharged to sea-going ships. should be borne under a new rating as "Signal Boys" with the same pay as boys of the 1st Class, viz. 7d. a day; also that new ratings of "2nd Class Signalmen," with the pay of 1s. 7d. a day, with the position of Continuous-service Able Seamen, and of "3rd Class Signalmen," with the pay of 1s. 8d. a day, and a position of Continuous-service Ordinary Seamen should also be established.

On the 29th of November 1870, it being deemed expedient that a Reserve of Naval Seamen should be formed, to be called "The

Seaman Pensioner Reserve Force," the following regulations were issued :—

1. All Petty Officers and Seamen of the Navy under 45 years of age, who may be pensioned for length of service between the 1st of April 1871 and the 31st of March 1872, will be called upon by their Captains to state, at the time they are recommended for a pension, whether they would wish to join the Seaman Pensioner Reserve Force, under the regulations herein-after stated.

2. Petty Officers and Seamen who may be pensioned after the 31st of March 1872, will not be admitted into this Reserve Force unless they are either Seamen Gunners or Trained Men.

3. All Petty Officers and Seamen referred to in the preceding clauses who, after the 1st of April 1871, apply through their Captains, at the time they may be recommended for Long Service Pensions, to join the Reserve, will be duly informed, when they are told the amount of their Naval Pensions, whether their names have been enrolled, and the date of such enrolment will be noted on their Pension Ticket.

4. Naval Pensioners who fulfil the conditions of the Reserve, as herein-after stated, will be entitled to the Greenwich Hospital Age Pension of 5d. per diem on attaining the age of 50, instead of 55 as heretofore.

5. The Seaman Pensioner Reserve will be called out every alternate year for 30 days' drill at sea, or at either Portsmouth, Portland, or Devonport, or any other port to which they may be directed to proceed.

6. When called out for drill they will be entitled to receive their Naval Pensions, and the pay of Non-continuous-service Able Seamen.

7. When required to live on board, they will receive rations, and will each be allowed the use of a bed and blanket ; or, if permitted to live on shore while undergoing drill, they will be entitled to ration money at the rate of 1s. 1d. a day.

8. When residing beyond a radius of 10 miles from the port to which they may be summoned to embark or to attend drill, they will be paid travelling allowance at the rate of 1½d. per mile, on proceeding to, or returning from, drill, unless provided with passages or railway passes ; but the time occupied on the journey will not be counted as part of the 30 days' drill.

9. While on drill, the men of the Seaman Pensioner Reserve will be subject to the same discipline as the Seamen of the Fleet.

10. When called out for drill they will wear the established uniform of the Seamen of the Fleet.

11. They will be permitted to take up any article of clothing, &c. from the ship's store, to the amount of their month's drill pay.

12. At the termination of the drill, the Captain of the Ship in which the pensioner may have been embarked, is to note on the man's parchment certificate that the drill has been performed, and his conduct during the time.

13. On attaining the age of 50, a Seaman Pensioner Reserve Man will be entitled to his discharge from the force, and be granted the Greenwich Hospital Age Pension, provided he has attended his drill every alternate year, and not less than 3 periods of such drill.

14. If he should not have taken 3 periods of drill when he attains the age of 50, he will not be entitled to the pension until the drill has been performed.

15. Pensioners, after they become entitled to the Greenwich Hospital Age Pensions, under Clause 4, will not be required to attend drill, but will remain on the register, and be liable to be called out by Act of Parliament when required, until physically unfit.

16. Pensioners referred to in the preceding clause are to be medically examined by the Surgeon of one of Her Majesty's Ships, or by the nearest Surgeon and Agent, in the month of January in each year.

17. In the event of a Pensioner receiving a hurt or injury while on duty, his pay and allowances will be continued under the same regulations as are provided for similar cases of Non-continuous-service Men serving in the Royal Navy.

18. Should any Seaman Pensioner Reserve Man be slain, killed, or drowned on service or on drill, his widow will be entitled to the gratuity granted to a seaman's widow of the Royal Navy from the Funds of Greenwich Hospital.

19. Should any man be injured while on drill so as to prevent his completing the 3 periods of drill, the Admiralty may, at their discretion, award him the Greenwich Pension on attaining the age of 50.

20. A Petty Officer or Seaman over 45 years of age, being a Seaman Gunner or Trained Man, may, in special cases, be permitted to enter the Reserve, but in no case will he be entitled to the Greenwich Hospital Pension if under 55 years, until he shall have completed six years in the Seaman Pensioner Reserve, and performed 3 periods of drill.

The Admiralty Board being of opinion that it would be expedient to establish the new ratings of Band Boy and Bandsman Second Class, did so by O. C. 19th August 1871.

It being considered essential to the health and comfort of the Seamen of the Fleet that a more efficient system of cookery than that then existing should be organized, ordered (under date 9th August 1872) the establishment of a School of Cookery on board one of the ships at Portsmouth, for training Cooks specially for the Naval Service, under a proper Instructor, appointed for the purpose. Such an instructor was appointed, with pay at the rate of 5s. 6d. a day (£100 7s. 6d. a year). The following rates of Pay and Pension for the new class of Cooks and Cooks' Mates to be trained under this system were also fixed.

Pay.

Cooks, 1st Class, on appointment, 8s. per day; after 3 years, 3s. 8d.; after 6 years, 3s. 6d. Cooks, 2nd Class, on appointment, 2s. 9d. Cooks' Mates, 1st Class, 1s. 7d.; 2nd Class, 1s. 8d. No extra allowance to be granted to either Cooks or Cooks' Mates.

Pensions.

Cooks and Cooks' Mates, entered under these regulations, not to be eligible for pensions unless disabled, until they are fifty years of age, and to be compulsorily retired at fifty-five, their pensions in no case to exceed three-fourths of their pay.

The Admiralty, finding it difficult to obtain properly-educated persons for employment as writers on board ship, ruled on the 5th of February 1873, that the rating of "Boy Writer" in the Navy should be established, with pay at the rate of 1s. a day; such boys to be selected principally from Greenwich School, and to be entered for continuous service. At the age of eighteen they were to be entitled to Pay and Advancement as follows:—

At 18, 3rd Class Writers to rank as Able Seaman, 2s. a day; after 5 years' service as Writer, 2nd Class Writers to rank as 2nd Class Petty Officers, 3s. a day; after 10 years' service as Writer, 1st Class Writers to rank as Chief Petty Officers, 5s. a day.

It having become necessary to send into the Dockyards some of the Naval Carpenters, in order that they might be made acquainted with the practical construction of Iron, Composite, and Wood Ships, and that they might be taught to draw out roughly a sketch of any portion of such ships, so that were they employed on board ship, they might be thoroughly competent to fulfil their important duties connected with the preservation of H. M. Vessels, an Order in Council was granted under date, 26th June 1873, to sanction the appointment of three additional first-class Draughtsmen, viz. one at each of the Chatham, Portsmouth, and Devonport Dockyards at a salary of £125 a year for the instruction of Carpenters.

It being considered that a certain number of the Seamen Gunners and Gunnery Instructors of the Fleet should be trained to the use of torpedoes, and that a class of men to be called Torpedo Men should be established in the Navy; an Order in Council was granted on the 20th of November 1873, sanctioning the establishment of such a class of men, and the Board was authorized to give to all Seamen Gunners and Gunnery Instructors who duly qualified for this service, the rating of "Torpedo Man," and a penny a day in addition to their Gunnery and Ordinary Pay.

The Order in Council of the 7th August 1869, admitting Seamen to Special Pensions in Greenwich Hospital, was amended on the 21st of February 1874, by the following regulations:—

1. All Petty Officers and Seamen, who had been granted Naval Pensions for life, and who might be infirm and helpless, were considered as eligible for admission to the benefits of Greenwich Hospital.

2. Also all Petty Officers and Seamen, who had served with good character for ten years continuously, or with short intervals, and who might be infirm and helpless.

3. Also all Petty Officers and Seamen who, having served for not less than five years, within five years of their application, had been discharged or invalided on account of disease or wounds contracted or received in or by the Service of the Crown, and who were infirm and helpless, or permanently or temporarily unable to maintain themselves, from disability clearly the result of such disease or wounds.

5. Also all Petty Officers and Seamen whose claims might be considered special and exceptional, not coming within the above-mentioned classes.

6. All Petty Officers and Seamen, whose claims to admission to the benefits of Greenwich Hospital had, after examination, been allowed, to be admitted into Greenwich Hospital, temporarily or permanently, or into a Naval Hospital or Infirmary, temporarily or permanently, or to be transferred from one to the other, or to be granted special Greenwich Pensions for life, or for a term at the discretion of the Board.

7. All or any of such inmates to be discharged from Greenwich Hospital, or from Naval Hospitals or Infirmaries, at the discretion of the Board.

The following regulations were also established by this Order in Council, viz.:—

All Petty Officers and Seamen, whose claims to admission to the benefits of Greenwich Hospital have, after examination, been

allowed, may, at the discretion of the Board, in lieu of being admitted to Greenwich Hospital, or into a Naval Hospital or Infirmary as aforesaid, receive from the funds of Greenwich Hospital, either temporarily or for life, according to circumstances, such moneys as would, with the existing pensions, if any, make up an amount not exceeding 1s. 6d. a day, or £27 10s. a year; such additional pension to depend, both as regards amount and continuance, upon the degree in which the recipient is able to contribute to his own support.

Any In-Pensioner permanently admitted on or before the 1st of January 1869, who might elect to leave the Hospital on the 1st of October 1874, might receive such special pensions out of Greenwich Hospital Funds as, together with his Naval Pension (if any) and his Greenwich pension of 5d. or 9d. a day (if any) will amount in the aggregate to a sum not exceeding £30 10s. a year; the amount of such Special Pension to be according to the circumstance of each case, both as to age and state of health.

Any In-Pensioner permanently admitted after the 1st of January 1869, who may elect to leave the Hospital on the 1st of October 1874, may receive such Special Pension out of Greenwich Hospital Funds, as will amount in the aggregate to a sum not exceeding £27 10s. a year.

Any pensioner permanently admitted before the said date, may be permanently transferred to a Naval Hospital, or Infirmary, or be maintained at the cost of Greenwich Hospital; and any pensioner who may have been admitted temporarily for treatment before the said date, may be transferred to a Naval Hospital for treatment there at the expense of Greenwich Hospital.

On the 7th of July 1874, in connection with the subject of medals and gratuities granted to seamen for conspicuous gallantry, an Order in Council was issued authorizing the establishment of a silver medal, bearing on one side the Queen's effigy, and on the other side the words, "For conspicuous gallantry," for such Petty Officers and Seamen as may at any time distinguish themselves by pre-eminent bravery in action with the enemy. It was further ordered that in the case of Chief and 1st Class Petty Officers, an annuity, not exceeding £20 to each, be awarded with silver medal at the discretion of the Board.

On the 12th of December 1874, it was further ordered in connection with the Pensions granted out of the Greenwich Hospital Funds, that £20,000 a year should be the maximum expenditure to be made on account of such Pensions, and directed that in the event of that sum being unavoidably exceeded in any one year, the

excess should be deducted from the £20,000 provided for the year next ensuing.

Some small provisions were made in February 1875 for gratuities to be granted to parents and children of Seamen killed or drowned in the service. It was also regulated at this time that the age for granting extra Pensions to Petty Officers and Seamen out of the Greenwich Hospital Funds should be altered from seventy to sixty-five.

On the 12th of August 1875 it was decided that the classes into which Warrant Officers had hitherto been divided should be abolished, and that the following scales of Pay and Pension should be established :—

<i>Pay.</i>		In Sea-Going Ships, Per Diem.	In Other Ships, Per Diem.
Warrant Officers with less than			
5 years service	. .	5s. 6d.	5s. 6d.
Less than 10 years	. .	6s. 9d.	6s. 0d.
Less than 15 years	. .	7s. 9d.	6s. 9d.
Over 15 years	. . .	8s. 3d.	7s. 3d.

Pensions.

Warrant Officers after 10 years' service to be granted the rate hitherto allowed to 1st Class Warrant Officers, and those under 10 years the rate allowed to 2nd Class Warrant Chief Officers; Chief Warrant Officers, and Warrant Officers on a 10 years' service, who may in future be retired, to be alone eligible for Greenwich Hospital Pensions for Warrant Officers under the provision already in force.

Chief Warrant Officers and Warrant Officers to be allowed to marry up to the age of sixty instead of fifty without debarring their widows from receiving pensions, if otherwise qualified.

On the 27th of November 1875, special Pensions out of Greenwich Hospital Funds, granted to Warrant Officers, Petty Officers, and Seamen, who had themselves contributed to the Greenwich Hospital Funds, underwent the following change. A special Greenwich Hospital Pension of £3 8s. a year, each to be granted to all Warrant Officers and others who, while serving in the Navy, contributed to the funds of that Institution for full five years previous to the 1st January 1830, provided they be not in receipt of any other pension chargeable to the same funds, are not maintained in any hospital at the expense of the Greenwich Hospital, and are not inmates of workhouses. These pensions to be granted irrespective of the £20,000 a year limit settled in December 1874.

On the 12th of February 1876, Cooks and Cooks' Mates, were rendered eligible for pensions after twenty years' continuous service, in all ratings from the age of eighteen; they may be retained up to the age of fifty-five if they so desire, or if it should be for the convenience of the Public Service. These pensions are calculated on the usual continuous-service scale, but are not allowed to exceed three-fourths of pay.

A new class of Skilled Shipwright Artificers, with the following rates of pay, was established 20th of March 1877.

	Continuous Service	Non-continuous Service.	Rating
3rd Class	4s. 0d. a day	3s. 9d. a day	Shipwright (skilled)
2nd „	4s. 6d. „	4s. 3d. „	Carpenter's Mate (skilled)
1st „	4s. 9d. „	4s. 6d. „	Chief Carpenter's Mate (skilled)

Men entering for non-continuous service to engage to serve for not less than four years. Both continuous and non-continuous service men to provide their tools, and tool-money not to be granted in addition to the rates of pay. The following Artificers receive from this time the following increase of pay, viz. :—

	Continuous Service.		Non-continuous Service.	
	From.	To.	From.	To.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Caulkers	2 9	3 0 a day	2 6	2 9 a day
Caulkers' Mates	2 3	2 6 „	2 0	2 3 „
Carpenters' Crew	1 11	2 4 „	1 8	2 1 „
Coopers	2 6	3 0 „	2 3	2 9 „
Armourers	2 8	3 0 „	2 5	2 9 „
Armourers' Crew	1 8	2 4 „	1 5	2 1 „
Coopers' Crew	1 8	2 4 „	1 5	2 1 „

On the 30th of April 1877, it being considered advisable to give all continuous-service men of the seamen class, who re-engage for a further period of service after completing their first term of ten years, an additional 2d. a day, as an inducement to them to remain in the service, an Order in Council was issued for that purpose.

On the same day in the same year the Board, having had under its consideration the necessity for organizing an efficient staff of Torpedo Men, issued the following regulations :—

Torpedo Instructors to be selected from the Seaman Gunner Torpedo Men of the Fleet, to undergo a thorough course of train-

ing, and, when duly qualified, to be placed in the same relative position with regard to rank and pay as Gunnery Instructors.

The Chief Torpedo Artificer (for the *Vernon*) to rank with a Chief Engine Room Artificer, and to receive the pay of 5s. 6d. a day.

Torpedo Artificer (to be trained in the *Vernon*) to be employed in the *Vernon* and in the Flag-ships on Foreign Stations, or in any other ships the Board may think fit. These men to be selected from the Armourers of the Fleet, and, when duly qualified, to receive the following rates of pay (retaining their former rank of 1st Class Petty Officers), viz.:—

5s. a day for the first three years; 5s. 6d. the next three years; 6s. after six years.

On the 30th of May 1877, the establishment of a new rating of Chief Petty Officer was made, called Chief Engine Room Artificer, and the following improvement made in the pay of Engine Room Artificers:—

Under three years' service, 5s. 3d. a day; above three years, 5s. 9d.; above six years, 6s.; above ten years, 6s. 3d.; above thirteen years, 6s. 6d. These Chief Petty Officers to be pensioned on the same scale and under the same regulations as other Chief Petty Officers; and if they are required or allowed to serve beyond twenty years, to be granted the usual additions to other Chief Petty Officers under similar circumstances.

On the 18th of April 1878, the number of Gunners was increased from 250 to 280, exclusive of Chief Gunner.

The number of Greenwich Hospital Aux. Pensions was limited in June 1878 to 7,500.

On the 14th of August 1878, an increase of pay was made to continuous-service men on re-engaging after completing time for pension.

On the 20th of April 1880 the time served by continuous-service men on re-engagement under O.C. 14th August 1878, was allowed to reckon for increase of pension and good-conduct rewards; pensions earned by previous service being secured to them.

The limit of £20,000 a year for special pensions granted from the Greenwich Hospital Funds was increased in April 1880 to £22,000.

Extra pay was granted in June 1880 to Gunnery Instructors, discharging the new duties of Captains of Turrets.

In the December of the same year pensioners were allowed to fill the appointment of Gunnery Instructors in Mercantile Training Ships.

In May 1881 the numbers of Chief and other Gunners and Boatswains were increased as follows :—

Chief Gunners and Chief Boatswains	24
Gunners and Boatswains	680

On the 10th of March 1882 new Regulations were issued for the training of boys for the Navy.

On the 30th of May 1882 it was ruled that all Warrant Officers holding appointments from the Board should receive the same rates of pay as those established for Warrant Officers serving in sea-going ships; and that the number of carpenters on the Active List should be fixed at 180.

On the 29th of June 1882 the General Regulations for the granting of Pensions to widows of Warrant Officers were assimilated to that of the Army.

In November 1882, in connection with gratuities from the Greenwich Hospital Funds to widows of seamen, the limitation to one year's wages was removed. New Regulations also were issued affecting the position of Chief and other Engine-Room Artificers.

We have now concluded our narrative of the changes which have been made in the *personnel* of the Navy, during Her Majesty's reign, a period of fifty years. The reader must have been sadly wearied by the dreary character of this narrative; the slow, continually shifting and never satisfying changes introduced by various Boards of Admiralty, under the captivating title of "The Queen's Orders in Council." As it must be felt that this system, which shows such incapacity on the part of those several Boards of Admiralty to deal *in globo* with this most interesting subject, affecting as it does the lives of officers and men who are admitted to represent "our first line of defence" in the event of a continental war, would it not be a graceful act of justice to the Service, in this great year of the Queen's Jubilee, if a Royal Commission were appointed to inquire into the existing Regulations in regard to the Officers and Seamen of the Royal Navy, with a view to making the Regulations of a more permanent character than they at present enjoy. As the Board of Admiralty have prefaced many of their important improvements in the condition of this Service, by assuming that they have been suggested to them by a comparison of such regulations with those of Foreign Navies, the Royal Commission referred to would do well to follow so excellent an example in the proposed inquiry, the result of which would be to finally settle many a vexed question which still prevails.

Every Inch a Soldier.

By M. J. COLQUHOUN.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHITBY'S STORY.

NEVER did cloud of war break over a fairer city than Delhi. In the far delusive distance—from the Ridge—it resembled a well-wooded and undulating English landscape, a land of smiling verdure with leafy masses of trees. At the base of the heights ran the dancing blue waters of the river Jumna, and beyond this rose the lordly walled town, towered and bastioned, like some grim mediæval fortress; a city, like Constantinople or Cairo, of innumerable domes, massive in form, and of slim minarets springing up to the sky.

The historic Ridge itself was a curious seat of war, being a rocky eminence running parallel to the city, but at an elevation of some eighty feet above it; and behind this natural wall the English tents were pitched, with order and precision, on the old level parade-ground of the cantonments. The ruined villas and gardens of the English officers lay to the right, while the rear of the camp was protected by deep canals, usually dry in the summer season, but that year full of water, in consequence of exceptionally heavy rains; and this ample supply of the first necessary of life was invaluable to the attacking force. The left of the English position was more or less naturally protected by the impracticable character of the ground and the river Jumna, and was further defended by an advanced post, known as Metcalfe House. The right was the scene of the heaviest fighting, because the rebels could come up to attack the English under cover of the houses and gardens in the native quarter outside the walls of Delhi. These suburbs and gardens ran up to the English defences, one of which was Hindoo Rao's house—a lofty, well-built, modern residence—the Mosque

Picket—a strong Pathan ruin, with walls six feet thick ; while the Observatory Picket, the Mound Picket, and the Flagstaff Picket completed the list of the English outposts. Against these points multitudes of the rebel soldiery threw themselves again and again, and were driven back in hand-to-hand encounters ; for the fighting was not that of the present day—a combat of magnificent distances—but more a series of personal encounters, such as Homer describes between Greeks and Trojans, in which the strong arm and the heavy sword told, and in which the courage of every individual brave heart and indomitable spirit made itself felt. The English on the Ridge never numbered more than 4,000, while inside the revolted city at one time there were 65,000 fighting men, armed and trained by us, possessing a vast collection of cannon and ammunition. The rebel soldiery were better gunners than the English, as much of the artillery of the latter was composed of raw levies, recruited at random in the Punjab.

On the night of the 10th June the turbanned foe had been beaten back three times from the heroically-defended heights of the Ridge, and they were thus foiled time after time, and day after day.

The first streak of dawn had appeared on the morning of the 11th ; both besiegers and besieged were sleeping from utter exhaustion, and still Eleanor Whitby remained a solitary watcher on the crest of the hill ; for vaguely in her misery her eyes sought the spot where she had last seen her husband. She stood and looked towards the city reposing below her ; she was gazing sadly on the trees near Metcalfe House, now all blue and misty in the early morning, it was there, she feared, her husband lay among the unburied dead ; while near at hand, a broad-shouldered English sentry paced up and down with heavy tread, and as, in these troubled times, double sentries were always placed, his companion soldier lay sleeping on the ground.

"You are in an exposed position, Ma'am," said the soldier ; "the rebels may aim at you from the walls, as your white dress will attract their notice."

"Thank you. I will leave directly," she answered ; and yet she still lingered : some extraordinary presentiment chained her to the spot.

All that night shot and shell, thick as hail, had fallen around her, leaving her unharmed, while many a man to whom life was sweet had perished, or, frightfully wounded, lived, but in agony. Eleanor's sad eyes still sought the far distance, little heeding what was passing near, when she was startled by the sharp report of a

musket close at hand, and then saw that the sentry had discharged his weapon, and was reloading.

"What are you firing at?" she asked.

"There, Ma'am," he said, pointing to a single horseman below, who was slowly approaching the beleaguered camp.

"Don't fire!" she exclaimed; "for Heaven's sake don't fire! It is my husband, Captain Whitby!"

The sharp report of the musket had, by this time, brought out the picket, and in a second a dozen guns were pointed and discharged at the solitary rider.

Eleanor hid her face in her hands, and hardly knew if an hour or a minute had passed when she again opened her eyes. The balls had raked the ground around, but the horseman continued to advance at his intensely slow pace.

"Don't fire again!" Eleanor implored; "it is my husband—it is Captain Whitby!"

"In that rig-out, Ma'am? He does not look like an Englishman."

The mysterious rider was clad in an Eastern dress, with a green turban on his head, but Eleanor's eyes, keen from love, had at once recognized the tall figure of her husband, and knew also that the horse was Whitby's handsome grey Arab charger.

The horseman drew nearer and nearer; it was Whitby—haggard, wan, covered with blood and dust, speechless from exhaustion, and nearly senseless, with death gazing from his lustreless eyes; he had evidently been brought back more by the instinct of his horse than by his own will. Had a man risen from the dead, there could scarcely have been greater astonishment than the soldiers felt at the sight of that ghastly figure, looking the more unreal and fantastic from the magnificent but disordered native dress. They wondered by what miracle he had been saved from the jaws of death!

"We are right glad to see him back, Ma'am; he was always a good friend to us soldiers," said the corporal of the guard; and then, with great gentleness, though not without difficulty, the usually rough men took Whitby off his horse; but he had fainted away without recognizing his wife, or speaking a word.

He was then laid in a litter, and borne on men's shoulders to his tent, where he was placed on his camp-bed. His eyes were still closed, while his dark hair, streaked with grey, fell all disordered over his white forehead; and his wife watched his countenance with a wordless anxiety that dared not despair, yet still less dared to hope.

The camp was now just awakening—if such a term could be applied to those who had but little time for sleep.

The news ran through the neighbouring tents that Whitby had returned, "brought in by natives," said the soldiers of the 200th, with the usual love of the vulgar for inventing, and believing the untrue. The men and officers of Maunders' regiment crowded into and all around the Whitbys' tent, which was far too small to admit the wondering throng. An army-surgeon from the hospital soon appeared on the scene, while Maunders, Wake, and Captain Cootes stood near the cot of the wounded man. Among the people who rejoiced and marvelled at Whitby's re-appearance was Hodson, whose tall figure could be seen among the sympathising spectators. He had been told that Whitby was killed. "I assure you, Mrs. Whitby," he said to Eleanor, "if I had had the least idea he was only wounded, I would have brought him in myself with or without orders." Eleanor was persuaded that he, the bravest among those who were all brave, would never have left a comrade as Maunders had done. When Whitby's wounds were examined it was found that a bullet had shattered his knee, while a sabre-cut had rendered his sword-arm useless.

"Men get over wonderful wounds, and he has a good constitution," said the doctor, cheerfully, in answer to Eleanor's anxious inquiries; but before the medico left the tent, he said privately to Maunders, "He can never recover, his wounds are mortal, I fear; it would have been almost better if he had been shot at once."

"You must get Whitby moved into my tent, which is large and airy, this small affair will never do. I can double up with Cootes," said Major Maunders.

However, all that skill and love could do was done, and Eleanor watched at the side of her husband's low cot all the long weary day, after he had been moved into Maunders' comfortable and well-equipped tent. How happy, despite all its sadness, was that watch to her as she nursed her loved one in silence, listening to his laboured breathing, fearing to move or speak lest he might wake. The whole of that day Whitby lay hovering between life and death, still insensible, and unconscious of those who with unremitting care were tending him. He never uttered an articulate sound, although in some mysterious way it seemed to sooth the wandering of the sick man's brain when his wife ministered or spoke to him. As he lay on his bed seemingly lost to use and life, around him echoed the uproar of shot and shell, the din of battle, and the outcries of war.

Late that night Eleanor saw with joy that her husband's eyes

were turned towards her with a look of loving recognition, and as she delightedly bent over him, he faintly whispered one word—"Darling"; and from that hour he mended, in spite of the able doctor's well-grounded although ominous prognostics—he ought to have died, they said, but instead of which he slowly grew better. Both Whitby's wife and friends in the camp considered his return as miraculous, and felt intensely curious to learn how it came about. He at last told them the circumstances of his escape. He had been saved by his horse!

"The Guides had charged," said Whitby, "and I saw poor young Battye fall wounded, when a shot struck my knee; and just then three 'Ghazees' (religious enthusiasts), wearing green turbans, dashed up with astonishing rapidity. They had small round bucklers on their left arms, and in their right hands whirled and gleamed their shining scimitars. I was soon unhorsed—for my wounded knee prevented my holding on—but not before I had shot down one of the 'Ghazees.' After I fell, for a while I lay stunned; when I came to myself I tried to rise, but could not stir, and, of course, my horse 'Ariel,' was gone. I saw that the English troops had not quite moved out of sight; there was hand-to-hand fighting going on, and something in one part of the field which looked like a *saute qui peut*. Then Maunders came to my help, but I saw that unless the infantry formed quickly the rout might become general; they succeeded in rallying the 200th, which, although composed of raw troops, was splendid material. It was then not the time to think of me, but to prevent a reverse. I do not lay much credit to myself for greatness of mind, as there were no men available to take me away, and some wounded who had been put into litters had been abandoned by the native bearers who had run off. As night came on, our force fell back in order; but in the confusion, I suppose, I was forgotten until it was too late. I must say I wondered where Hodson was! for I think I know him well enough to feel certain that had he heard I was wounded he would have moved heaven and earth to have got me in somehow.

"In the night some native marauders came, who robbed and killed the wounded with a seeming impartiality as to whether it was friend or foe. I heard the groans of various poor wretches who were thus hastened out of the world, and expected every minute my turn would come next. The dead Ghazee was lying close to me; I fancy he was a man of superior rank, as he was richly dressed. Near us both was a thick camel thorn-bush, whose branches swept the ground, and this concealed us from the thieves. I was frightfully thirsty, and in horrible pain, and could

see in the distance men with lights moving hither and thither, either searching for their dead, or robbing corpses, but it fortunately happened that none came near me. Just at that time I perceived a riderless horse with an English military saddle, wandering about, and I knew at once it was Ariel. Nellie, both you and I had made such a pet of him, giving him sugar and bread, that he would follow us anywhere when called. 'Ariel! Ariel!' I shouted with all my strength, and the noble brute knew my voice and his name; he pricked up his ears, whinnied, and came slowly to me, putting his head down and smelling me, with a little joyful neigh of recognition. I believe—with the wonderful instinct of a thoroughbred Arab, which amounts almost to reason—that Ariel understood my difficulty and danger. Good, willing beast! he stood quite still while I got on his back with an immense effort; the agony was so great that in ordinary times I do not think I could have moved: but I was electrified by the horrors of the sounds and sights of that night, and besides, Nell, I thought of you; I knew how heart-broken you would be if I did not return. All my hope of life now depended on Ariel, who, although usually so spirited, walked gently the whole of the way, as if he knew my suffering, which indeed was so great that if I had had another half-mile farther to go I never could have sat my charger; as it was, I nearly lost my life at the hands of the picket, for I could not call out. Before I tried to mount my horse, I remembered that I should have to pass through a native village, and so managed somehow to put on the turban and cloak of the Ghazee, which, it seems, effectually disguised me."

"We will never part with that dear, noble horse; I shall be grateful to Ariel as long as I live!" cried Eleanor.

There were occasional lulls in the fighting; daily life went on somehow, people ate and drank, laughed and slept, though the food was scarcely eatable from the millions of flies which infested the camp; drink, except in the matter of water, was hard to get; beer and spirits so scarce that they were sold at famine prices. The English on the Ridge managed to sleep in spite of the ceaseless roar of artillery, still unbroken rest was rare, with constant night attacks and stifling heat. But never were hardships met more heroically. The Delhi Field Force as a body were young, and loved a stirring life; moreover, the excitement was tremendous. A gloomy countenance was rare, and railed at with scorn, and a croaker was voted a bore; come what would, they would meet it pluckily, and the gallant youths—for they were mostly boys—died for their country with a smile on their faces.

It was the 12th of June; the English were turned out early that morning by an attack on their outposts and position generally by the rebel army. A sharp fight ensued, which lasted some four hours. The enemy came on very boldly, and had got close to them under cover of the trees and gardens before they were seen; however, the troops, including the 200th, the Guides, and Hodson's Horse, were quickly on the spot, and drove the foe back from the vicinity; they were then followed up and were most heartily thrashed. It was estimated that the rebel loss, in killed alone, amounted to four hundred, while the English loss was comparatively trifling.

The 200th Regiment had been nearly continually engaged, so that Eleanor had not even seen her brother or any of the officers for some days. Wake came to the tent occupied by the Whitbys, and his sister's servants hastily prepared him some tea. "No, Nell," he said, in answer to her inquiries, and laughing joyously, "I am as right as ninepence, and as fit as a flea, so don't kill me in imagination every time I go fighting. This has been a glorious day; we drove the rebels from the Ridge, and then followed them up, nearly to the walls of the city. They have never yet been so punished as to-day. It was very creditable to us; our regiment and my company behaved splendidly. Have you heard, Nell, that I have recovered my commission? I received an official letter from the Adjutant-General's office two days ago, posting me to the 200th, so I am doing poor Burke's work."

"I am glad! I am delighted!" answered his sister.

"The fact is, old Maunders stirred them up at Head-Quarters, as we are so short of officers. The officers of my regiment think I was quite right to take that treasure from a nigger; and if not, these are not the times to listen to the quibbling of rogues and lawyers. 'He should take who has the power, and he should keep who can!'"

"I am glad about your commission! But is it true that you got into Delhi on the evening of the 9th, when we reached the Ridge? And did you really see Burke, Carew, and Florence? I have been so anxious about that; but one fight has followed another so quickly that I have seen no one whom I could ask."

"Yes, by Heaven, I really got into Delhi that evening, and I saw Louisa, but neither Burke, Florence, nor Carew, although she told me they were safe and well."

"You got in! you saw her! Tell me all about it!"

"When I left you on the Ridge, I intended going into hospital, but on my way I fell in with Miles O'Connor—mad drunk. He

was standing in the road, his drawn bayonet in his hand, shouting 'It's meself's the bhoy to take the city of Del^{hi}, and cut off the King's head entoirely. I, Miles O'Connor, at your sarvice, yer onner.' Then he began running down the road leading to the Cashmere Gate; he was leading an imaginary charge, brandishing his weapon, and roaring 'Charge! we will take the city, me bhoys; hooray! give them the cold stale, me lads, and get a goold chain, or a wooden leg.' I followed the fellow at first, not caring to leave a comrade in danger, for I knew the man, and liked him; he was such an amusing fellow when sober, though a regular devil when drunk. At the pace he was going we soon found ourselves outside the city gates, and the appearance of Miles, yelling, swearing, screaming, and flourishing his weapon wildly, had the greatest effect on the civilian inhabitants of the bazaar outside the city walls.

They were never very brave, and they fled in every direction panic-stricken. I saw the great arched town-gate before me. Miles ran across the bridge, and I followed, no one opposing us, for no soldiers seemed to be about. The fact is, I fancy the Delhians took us for the advance guard of the invading English. Believe me I did not start on the heroic enterprise of taking Delhi single-handed as the valiant Miles had done, but finding everyone too terrified to bar our way, I thought I would go on to Doobghur's house, which I knew was a great straggling palace, standing in a garden near the Cashmere Gate. After we had got into the city, we went into a narrow bye-street, and found it all deserted and silent, not a human being in sight. The door of Doobghur's house being open, I entered, but Miles fell down on the threshold and there he lay, making the whole neighbourhood resound with his oaths and curses, so that I do not wonder the natives were alarmed, for his coarse voice, thick from drink, and the horrible things he said sounded loathsome, even to my not over fastidious ears. I found in the court of the house a crowd of servants, but my sudden appearance in their midst, with a drawn sword in my hand, which I had picked up, was too much for these valiant retainers, and to a man they rushed out by a back way. I then saw an open door at the foot of a narrow flight of steps, and the impulse seized me to go up these stairs, which were the steepest I have ever seen in my life. I found the house was built round a square, and had overhanging verandahs like an old inn. No one barred my progress, so I wandered through deserted rooms, a few furnished with the English luxuries of chairs and tables, the rest mostly bare; then I went up more stairs, and into more rooms for the palace was large, in parts of three stories, and most irregu-

larly built. I saw no one, and yet I heard smothered cries and the rustling of garments, and I at length reached the flat-terraced roof of the house, and called out, 'Louisa! Louisa!' I fancied, from the decorations and the women's clothes and jewels lying about, that I had reached the zenana of the establishment. At length Louisa appeared. I felt as if I had called a spirit, and it had answered my summons; she looked well and cheerful, but very pale and much changed, but what made her the less recognizable was that she was dressed in a magnificent native dress, her fair hair hardly showed, it was drawn off her face, and a white and gold veil fell in graceful draperies about her. Her robe was of purple brocade, richly embroidered, and she wore golden shoes without stockings, while her arms and neck were covered with jewels. 'Louisa!' I cried, 'can it be you?' She looked at me utterly terrified. 'Have the English taken the city?' she asked, for we both could hear Miles' frantic yells at the gate. 'No!' I answered, 'I am alone, or nearly so, come with me, we will escape together.'

"'I dare not!' she answered, trembling in every limb; 'I will not come! We should be murdered in the streets; besides, we could not even leave the house without being opposed and it is folly!' I tried to persuade her, but she would not listen. She told me afterwards that Burke and Carew were hidden somewhere in Delhi, and that Florence and she were to be soon sent, with the women of the zenana, out of the city.

"At this moment a handsome young native rushed on to the terrace; he was a very small man, no darker than a Spaniard, with regular features and dark eyes. He spoke in the native tongue to Louisa, and, from the little I could comprehend, I believe he was Doobghur himself.

"Just then we heard a number of people ascending the stairs. Louisa turned to me. 'They are the King's Guard,' she said in English; 'they will kill you! you must escape! I cannot save you—a Christian—although I am in no danger myself.' There was a rope hanging from the side of the wall, for the purpose of drawing up a large copper bucket of water. She always had presence of mind. 'Quick! quick!' Louisa said; 'get down by that rope,' pointing to it. 'Go! go! I am safe,' she added, and then ran rapidly back into the house.

"I got away, partly by the rope and afterwards by the water-pipes, and reached the basement, which was still deserted; just as I dropped over the wall a party of armed men rushed upon the roof. Miles O'Connor was still in the street, now partially

sobered, and, as it was dark, we managed to get out of the city unmolested, very likely being taken for sepoy, for we both had lost our hats in our adventures. Once outside the walls, I led Miles through the groves and gardens until we regained the Ridge."

"What an extraordinary tale!" said Eleanor. "So you have seen Louisa living in a Mahomedan zenana!"

"Poor Louisa!" rejoined Wake; "we last met on the 10th May, just a month ago; and what have we all gone through since! On that occasion she was so sweet and gentle, and told me that we should leave India together, and that she really loved me better than Carew. It has been such happiness to me to remember how sweet she was at that last meeting. Believe me, she never really cared for Carew. She is not like you, Eleanor, I admit; she is not brave and truthful, nor has she your keen sense of right and wrong, and scorn of double dealing. She is not strong minded, but she has grace, tact, and mother-wit, and, at times, sweetness and gentleness: but what does it matter what she is or what she is not? I am glad I have seen her again, for I love her madly and would die for her! Do you know that Greathead, Chesney, Maunsell, and Hodson have sent in to General Barnard a scheme for the attack of Delhi, and the assault will take place to-morrow, the 13th June? No sooner are we inside the city walls than men will be told off for their rescue. It is to be kept a secret that there are English women in Doobghur's house. Louisa said that their safety depended upon it, for the bloodthirsty fanaticism of the Mahomedans is so strong, that if it was known, that any English, or Christians, were hidden in any place, the mob—to say nothing of the mutineers—would undoubtedly rush into the palace and kill them; so we must be cautious. I shall lead the rescuing party, but we have to wait more than eight hours! How shall I live through such an eternity of suspense?"

That night, for once, the enemy did not attack, and there was time for a comfortable dinner at the mess of the 200th, where Wake was admitted for the first time as an officer. That evening the talk of the mess-table turned upon the fact that the discussion with General Barnard of ways and means for taking Delhi was then going on, though, as yet, no orders had been received. But it was the general opinion in the mess tent that the attacking force was to assemble between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock that night, and, under cover of the darkness, proceed noiselessly to the Caubul and Lahore gates, which were believed to be open, but, if found closed, were to be blown up with powder-bags. It was supposed that all the details had

been arranged and plans prepared, but the troops had still to be told off for the attacking columns. It was known that Maunsell, of the Engineers, and Hodson were to conduct one explosion party, and Greathead and McNeill the other.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HARD FIGHTING.

ALL that night Eleanor heard the subdued noise of preparation, and then the troops moved stealthily away in the darkness to take the town by assault. It was a very anxious time; if they failed it was fatal, for the English had no reserve on which to retire; moreover, if the enemy came up and attacked the camp, there was only a weak guard of natives to rely upon; therefore the Whitbys listened, with strained nerves, to hear when the firing should commence, and for the now accustomed roar of battle: however, not a sound broke the stillness of the night. Several hours passed, and then they heard guns approaching, the tramp of cavalry, and the steady tread of infantry, but all indicating the advance of a force in perfect order. It was just dawn; what could it mean? Was it the enemy? Mrs. Whitby and her servants rushed out to know the worst, and saw that the small English army had returned to camp. The command was given for the men to fall out, and soon after her brother rushed into the tent. He was as white as death, and his eyes sparkled with rage as he threw his cap on the floor with a gesture of fury, and then trampled upon it.

"Why are you back so soon?" asked Mrs. Whitby. "You can never have taken Delhi."

"Taken Delhi!" he answered passionately. "It is maddening, when all I care for in life is at stake. We were recalled, although we were under the very city walls; I absolutely saw the lights burning in Doobghur's house, and yet had to turn my back on the town. Oh, Eleanor!"

"But why have you returned?" asked Whitby.

"It is the fault of Brigadier Graves; 'a mistake of orders!'—Mistake, indeed! the fellow never meant to turn up. It appears that about eleven o'clock last night, orders were received that the English soldiers on picket at the Flagstaff were to be moved off for special duty without being relieved, with a vague hint that a night assault was in contemplation. Graves saw them putting a native guard on the Flagstaff, and galloped off to General Barnard and

remonstrated. 'You may certainly take the city by surprise, but whether you are strong enough to hold it is another matter.' Of course Graves knows Delhi well; a month ago he was in command there. Well, this staggered all the Head-Quarters people; they talked and argued, so time was lost; day broke, and we were ordered back to camp, just when I had hoped to rescue Louisa and Florence."

Soon after another malcontent appeared: it was Hodson. After greeting the Whitbys, he began:—"I am both annoyed and disappointed at our plans not having being carried out, for I am confident they would have been successful. The rebels were cowed, and perfectly ignorant of any intention of so bold a stroke on our part as an assault; the surprise would have done everything. I came to you, Whitby, because you and your wife have experienced a double disappointment, for, in addition to the public misfortune, you have private reasons to lament the blundering of those people who have kept us out of Delhi; but I can only hope that a few days' farther delay will not make the position of your friends more dangerous."

Eleanor sobbed as if her heart would break; it was not until then that she realised how confident she had been of the speedy return of those she loved. "My poor Florence! I feel in despair," she cried. "I fear now they will never return—never. It was very cruel to put off the attack when the authorities knew their very lives depended upon a speedy rescue."

"Only Barnard and myself were aware of the peril of those English ladies, Mrs. Whitby," answered Hodson. "The camp is full of spies, and our only hope of saving them is by absolute secrecy."

"Come—come, my dear madam," said Maunders, who at this moment entered, "you are in tears; you, who are as brave as any man in the camp, and, by Gad! braver than many I know. I thought to have seen you laughing and feasting, now this mad-cap plan of attack has been given up. It was sheer insanity; the result of Barnard being advised by beardless subalterns. Now, Hodson man, fire-eater that you are—don't look as if you would like to make mincemeat of me—I maintain that Graves' conduct was absolutely providential," and he glanced in the direction where Providence is supposed to reside. "The fact is, could anything be more ridiculous than to think that our little handful of English could take that great city by a determined rush?"

Major Maunders was rather of the opinion of Private Briggs, that "the army is a very good situation in times of peace." A

well-ordered, faultless mess-table, a fine brand of wine, agreeable female society, mild flirtations on a strictly Platonic basis, the retailing of slightly scandalous tales of a *risqué* nature; these made up the sum of his existence. No; Maunders was not heroic! He was the average middle-aged man of club life and mess-room honours; but oh! the irony of Fate to cast him among showers of shot, hand-to-hand encounters, bloodthirsty enemies, and blood-curdling adventures. His was not a great soul, far from it; but then, like others, he did his duty. Where all were brave, it required huge moral courage to run away, but because, poor old gentleman! his cheek would turn pale, and his hand tremble, while he was at heart a coward, it was far braver of him, than of Hodson, never to seek a place of safety for his beautifully rounded form, which, on camp diet and war's alarms, was rapidly losing its gracefully curved lines.

"I was not crying about the attack," said Eleanor; "it is the disappointment, the danger of Florence, Burke, and, indeed, the others."

"There now," said the Major, soothingly, "I came to tell you that I have a letter from Miss Page. Last night we were standing silently in a garden, waiting for the advance to sound, in the midst of a grove of lemon trees, so close together that you could not see a person a yard or two away. In other places the ground was so treacherous that when you placed your foot on what looked like grass, you would find yourself up to your armpits in mire, and out of such a swamp, Wake and three privates drew me, with my uniform much injured. I was slightly out of breath, and was seated, fanning myself, when suddenly Carew's witch was at my side. How she got there I don't know; whether from behind a bush, or out of a hole, or through the air on a broomstick, Heaven only knows. I was quite startled, and would have shouted, 'Aroint thee, cursed witch!' which is the right thing to say to an uncanny hag; and very supernatural she looked, her eyes gleaming wildly as she put a long thin finger to her lips and whispered, 'Hush! hush!' or what means that in her lingo; then she gave me a letter and disappeared." He opened a coloured silk bag and drew out a paper. "It is from Miss Page, and addressed to me, and is a long letter too. She says that Doobghur is flying from Delhi, back to his fort, which he intends to hold against all comers, if he can get out of the city. The Nawaub sends a letter also, but, being written in his own language, I don't understand it. Here, Hodson, this is your line. Miss Page writes in a fright that the King's sons have heard through

an informer that Doobghur has possession of Ali Kareem's treasure, and they have ordered Doobghur to give it up. They will not believe his denial of the report, and threaten to torture and kill him, therefore he and his wives are flying, taking Miss Page with them. It was proposed to kill Florence Carew, Burke and Sims; it seems that harbouring Christians is a criminal offence, but the witch of Megara, having a special friendship for Carew, has spirited them all away."

"Where are they gone?" asked Eleanor.

"Miss Page does not know. There! read the letter for yourself," he added, putting it into Eleanor's hands. The somewhat incoherent epistle was written in a clear flowing hand; no names were mentioned, only initials, and certain parts were in French.

Hodson now read Doobghur's letter. "He says that by the beard of his father, and his own head, he has reflected on the error of his ways, and that he will join the English 'with his sword, his money, and his life.' This is a good thing as far as it goes, added Hodson, because his fort and hamlet lie between this and Meerut, and he has some local influence."

"But is he to be believed?" demanded Wake; "these people are such treacherous villains; and he attacked the English fugitives, you know."

"We are not certain yet whether it was he or the mob who did so," answered Hodson. "We do know that he has saved some fugitives, possibly for a ransom, but still they are alive. Doobghur, of course, is trimming, now he thinks our star is rising again. Moreover, he knows that the King of Delhi will claim his right to the treasure of Ali Kareem. Moslem justice (or injustice) does not linger with leaden heels like the British law. 'Produce the treasure, or be bastinadoed or have your head cut off!' There is no room for a lawyer Sims in the rule of the King of Delhi, and Doobghur probably finds the law of the Prophet a little too rapidly arbitrary, when it is brought home to him."

Hodson and Maunders soon left together, and, as they walked in the morning among the tents, the camp-followers were lighting their fires for cooking, the smoke of which rose from the ground.

"That poor girl Miss Page is in a deplorable position," said Maunders; "poor Louisa."

"She is safe enough," replied Hodson, coldly; "but I am terribly anxious about Miss Rawley, and the men. I must move heaven and earth—if they still live—to get them sent into camp."

"But why are they in greater danger? Poor old Rawley's daughter is the sweetest girl; everyone liked her. I don't believe

even a native could kill her. Then there is Burke, such a nice boy, and Carew! a man with at least six thousand a year."

"Miss Page is safe enough, she has arranged for her own preservation by apostatising," said Hodson.

"What do you mean?" asked Maunders.

"I mean that she has turned Mahomedan, or pretended to do so," answered Hodson.

"Good God!" cried the Major; "can this be true? I knew she was unscrupulous, but this is too much!"

"This news was brought me long ago by my spies," said Hodson, "but it was far too humiliating a thing to publish. Life is sweet—to some—but, thank Heaven! few English are capable of being renegades! Although, in judging and condemning Miss Page, we must not forget that she is not purely English: her mother was a Mahomedan Cashmerie."

"That means she is a half-caste!" said Maunders. "But, bless my soul! she is so fair—fairer than most Englishwomen."

"That is often the case with people of mixed race," answered Hodson; "but her character is very un-English. Of course I heard all about her at Moultan; the old father made money in the commissariat in the Punjaub campaign—not very honestly, I fear. So poor Louisa! Unlimited Loo! Languishing Loo! what with a native mother, and a dishonest father, has not had much chance of acquiring a fine code of honour."

"I wash my hands of her," cried Maunders, indignantly. "I hope she will never come back to bother us. She has turned Mahomedan, has she? Let her stick to the natives then. I shan't tell Wake this; the fellow would blow out my brains, hers, and his own, if he heard it!"

"It is a sickening affair," assented Hodson. "Keep the whole thing dark, Major Maunders."

The following day, the 13th of June, was very quiet, being signalised by no engagement, but on the night of the 14th a sharp attack was made upon the English position; the 60th N.I. having mutinied not far off, "tried their prentice hands" upon their old masters. This became the order (or disorder) of those times; every regiment in Northern India, as it rebelled, joined the King of Delhi, and, the day after arriving in his city, went forth to drive away the accursed foreigners from the Ridge, and yet they always failed.

The 60th N.I. went back utterly disheartened and beaten, but still the English lost men and officers they could ill spare. On the 18th June, Hodson was very ill with inflammation of the lungs,

and on the 20th two thousand of the enemy with six guns attacked three hundred English soldiers with one gun, in the rear of the English camp. Five hundred rebels were slain, and only fifty English soldiers killed, but Colonel Belcher (Quartermaster-General) was wounded, and also the commandant of the Guides. Hodson had been ordered by General Barnard to perform the duty of both these officers. He was particularly asked to take the command of his old regiment, the Guides. He also had the sole working of the Intelligence Department, besides the command of Hodson's Horse, the cavalry regiment he had just raised. To fulfil the duties of these four appointments must have been rather a hard task for a man not able to sit his horse from illness. Let it be recorded that one plucky Englishman did all this, and that too, in June, under the heat of a burning Indian sun.

On the 28rd of June the enemy attacked the English on all sides. It was the centenary of the battle of Plassey, and there was a superstition current among the natives that the Company's rule would end this day, just one hundred years after it had been established. The prophecy came true in part. John Company died in 1857, but this did not put an end to English rule as the natives had hoped. It was a long day of hard fighting beneath a destroying sun; and when night fell, in spite of all their bravery, superstitions, and superior numbers, the rebels had not gained a yard of land.

Ever since Whitby had been so terribly wounded, he and his wife had met with universal kindness and sympathy from everyone in the camp. The officers, when free, would wander into his tent and marvel at the neatness and precision of all his surroundings, brought about by the devotion of his wife and servants, and admired the calm serenity with which he bore his sufferings, while never a murmur or an impatient word escaped him.

"Oh, my darling!" his wife would say, "it is a pleasure to wait on you; you are thankful for the smallest thing; you are a perfect saint." Much as she had always esteemed and trusted her husband, in the touchstone of suffering and affection, she thought his sweetness and patience divine.

"When you are near me, Eleanor," he would reply, "the dark spirit of discontent leaves me as if by magic." And so united in heart and soul, they bore the long weary months of inactivity and danger. June and July had passed, still Delhi had not fallen.

On the 5th July, General Barnard died. He was a high-minded, excellent officer, and was deeply regretted by all in camp.

One day in July, Wake came rushing into his sister's tent. His cheek was blanched, his hair stood on end, and his manner was so excited that she was alarmed.

"The enemy are in camp, and we are beaten at last," she cried.

"No, no, not that ; but worse than that for me ! I have seen Louisa, and we are too late, too late !"

"Where did you see her, Hal ?"

"I was standing by a gun on the Mound battery," he replied. "The miserable artillerymen were utterly worn out by heat and want of sleep ; having worked that gun eight hours in the sun. 'Sleep, my men,' I said, 'and if Pandy shows his head, I will do your work.' The poor fellows grinned. 'You've never been found napping, Sir,' they said as they laid themselves down on the ground where they soon fell sound asleep. It was just getting dusk, Eleanor, about seven o'clock, when glancing along the Ridge, I saw something white coming, and at first I thought it was one of the camp-followers, who are generally dressed in white ; but as it came near, and it passed quite close to me I saw the fair hair, and the clear-cut features (in profile) of Louisa ! She did not stop to notice me, nor even turn her eyes towards the spot where I stood, but moved over the ground with a gliding tread. I was spell-bound for a time, she looked so real and human. 'Louisa !' I cried at last ; but she did not stop, she moved along, walking not on earth, but on the air, at the same height as the Ridge, but away from me in the direction of the Red House, now roofless ; and then I saw that the windows of that hateful place were all ablaze with light. I called out, and some of the men in the battery awoke with a start, and jumped up ; they thought, of course, the enemy was coming on. 'Do you see those lights ?' I said, pointing to the house. Louisa was still visible to me, though looking like a small white cloud floating in mid-air. They all saw the lights, but the speck of distant cloud had disappeared. I asked leave of Murray, who was commanding the post, to go and see what those lights were. 'That is a deserted building, Wake,' he said, 'and some camp-followers have lit a fire there, that's all.'

"'A dozen fires,' I said, in order to account for that tremendous blaze, for every window of the straggling place was brilliantly illuminated with a fierce crimson glow.

"'It looks odd,' said Murray, 'it must be a conflagration. Take two men, and go and find out what it is.'

"We rushed down from the Ridge to the Suttlers' camp, which is close to the deserted buildings of the old cantonments. We

obtained torches and entered the ruins of the Red House, which I had not seen since the night of the 10th of May, when Louisa and I parted there; but I could still trace all the familiar rooms, for although the roof had fallen in, the two storeys of empty windows stood black against the clear blue sky. Rank weeds and grass had grown over the rubbish, but there was no sign of a fire, nor any token that the utter desolation had been interfered with. As we groped about, a bazaar sergeant, an old English soldier, came up to us, and we told him we had seen a bright light from the Ridge, and that I had been sent to discover its cause. 'Folks do see lights here,' he answered; 'corpse candles, as they call them. I have seen them myself dancing about, and they say they come from phosphorus, like the lucifer matches; but not a native will come near the place, thinking it is full of evil spirits. Before the Mutiny, Sir, the house was always supposed to be haunted, and lately a European gentleman, Major Page, was killed there, and since that the ghosts have given more trouble than ever.'

"Once I should have laughed at this story," continued Wake, "but now I see its ghastly significance. Louisa loved her father better than me always, and now that she is dead she goes where she last saw him, and possibly, for all I know, his spirit still lingers there, for poor old Page was never buried."

"But we do not know that Louisa is dead," reasoned his sister; "we can still hope."

"She is dead—just killed!" he said; "and this is why she has been permitted to show herself. There she is again," he went on wildly—"there! She is looking at Whitby sleeping—she is leaning over his bed."

"I can see nothing," answered Eleanor, as calmly as she could. "You must be mistaken."

"No, she is there. Now she is moving away—she has disappeared."

Eleanor looked at her brother in blank dismay. "Are such things possible?" she asked; "you are dreaming."

"No, she is dead," again Wake replied. "I shall never see her more. She was not orthodox. She believed in no revelation. Is it possible that, in consequence, she will be damned? If so, I would follow her to perdition; I would rather be among the lost with her, than the blessed without her. What had she done, poor girl, to be miserably murdered by those fiends? I will never give quarter to any of them again."

He soon had an opportunity of putting his wild threats into execution, for the alarm sounded from all sides. Wake rushed

off to his post, and the English troops hurried to repulse the enemy.

Early in July a very able man arrived in camp, Baird Smith, an accomplished engineer, who knew every inch and crevice in Delhi, and whose knowledge, united to his soldierly qualities, greatly assisted his countrymen when at last the city fell into their hands. Although all on the Ridge of Delhi did their duty in spite of numerous enemies, heat and sickness, they owed much of their success to John Lawrence, who nobly aided them in sending, from the Punjaub, troops, ammunition, and food. But in the camp on the Ridge one alarm followed another in quick succession.

The 9th of July was a rainy morning, a thick mist covered the tents, when suddenly a great outcry arose on all sides, "Treachery in camp! treachery in camp!" Some artillery horses, with their traces out, rushed past Eleanor's tent, and then about a hundred Indian troopers in white linen coats and red turbans galloped wildly by, brandishing their swords and vociferating lustily, while at no great distance she saw a gun upset, and was near enough to observe a tall native struggling with a boyish young officer, who, in national fashion, was defending himself with his fists. Then she saw his assailant fall, blood spirting over the rebel's white shirt, he having been shot by a tall, dark Englishman, also on foot, who now came forward to the help of his brother officer. It appeared that the revolted 8th Irregular Cavalry had got into the camp, and had detached the horses from a gun of Tombs' battery, and these two Englishmen were plucky Jimmy Hills, and "Cupid" Tombs, one of the handsomest men in camp. This was but one incident of that terrible day.

"The enemy have got into camp," shouted Maunders, as he ran past; some of the privates of the 200th Regiment were ready in a second, Wake marching off with his company.

That night was a miserable one—ominous as the magic lights Wake had seen, were the camp-fires of the enemy, plainly visible in the rear of the English position. The rebels had at length established themselves on three sides of the English defenders of the Ridge.

Early in August, Nicholson arrived; his coming had been eagerly looked for in camp, and when he at length appeared, all hoped that, with the strong reinforcements he had brought, the English would soon take Delhi. On the 25th, a battle was fought among the swampy land of Nujufghur, in which the rebels met with a heavy reverse.

There was nothing but quarrelling and disunion among the

revolters in Delhi, there was an utter want of talented leaders, and proper subordination in their social inferiors; while on the Ridge, from general to private, the English all pulled together as one man.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

VICTORY.

ONE night in August, Eleanor was seated near her husband's curtainless bed, sewing by the dim light of a native lamp, which consisted of a smoking wick dipped in oil, issuing from a rough, antique-shaped earthen jar. Whitby had been delirious, and was murmuring incoherent speeches, giving orders to imaginary troops, or venting his indignation against visionary blundering. But the fever having subsided, he had fallen into a calm sleep, and his wife feared to move, or scarcely breathe, lest she should wake him, for, in his critical state, unbroken repose was absolutely necessary.

Eleanor heard first a slight noise, like some one scratching with their fingers on the canvas of the tent, then a low voice said, "Mem Sahib!" For a moment she felt alarmed, but quickly recovering herself, she went to the door of the tent, where she found a handsomely-dressed native. He saluted her in the graceful and dignified Eastern manner, touching his forehead with his hand; "I would speak with Whitby Sahib," he said, respectfully.

Eleanor raised a warning finger, and pointed to the bed. "He sleeps," she said; "he is very ill." She feared this stranger. Suspicion and mistrust now reigned in the most generous and confiding minds, there being at that time among the English an antipathy to the whole Indian race, justified in part, if not wholly, by their base vices of treachery and cruelty. "When the master wakes he will speak with you," she said, and the stranger bowed and withdrew, saying, "My mission is urgent, and private, I will come again to-night."

Later in the night two men were in earnest conversation in Whitby's tent; they represented in appearance and manner fair types of the European and Asiatic races. Whitby, large-limbed, with a square-shaped head, high forehead, fearless eye, and the tone of one more used to command than obey, with a business-like habit of arriving at the root of a matter without waste of time or laboured ceremony, while the Moslem was short in stature, and small-boned, his manner suave, though gravely decorous, and studiously polite, and exasperatingly circumlocutional. "The nightingale-faced

Sahib is away on a foray," said the latter. "May his destiny be propitious!"

"Yes," assented Whitby, "Hodson has gone to take Rohtuck; what do you want, Moulvie? He is in no danger?"

"It is reported in camp that he is in great peril, but, though he has but a handful of troopers, and the rebels in number are like the sand of the sea, Hodson Sahib is protected by his own valour and prudence. Is he not a great warrior, a lover of justice and an upholder of oaths with distinguished courtesy?"

Whitby laughed, but it pleased him to hear that the friend he so greatly admired was so highly valued by this alien. "But, Rujub Ali, what brings you here?"

"Ah!" sighed the old man, "what is written is written! My fate is heavy, your illustrious Excellency."

"In the name of common-sense, man, speak out; tell me what has happened."

"Your slave acted for the best, Sahib, but the outcome thereof was disastrous. I swear by the power that created me that I meant only good, but I was unwise."

"What have you done?"

The old Moulvie explained that the Newaub of Doobghur had opened negotiations with him unknown to, and in the absence of Hodson; in fact, while he was away on service, attacking the town of Rohtuck. The Moulvie—who was head spy in the Intelligence Department—fearing for the safety of the hostages then in the power of Doobghur, had liberally promised the Newaub, by letter, that he should be allowed to retain all the treasure of Ali Kareem, so much bullion, so much coin, so many jewels, and so many vessels of gold and silver, according to the original list of the hidden wealth, a copy of which had been sent to the Moulvie. "For, Sahib," said the old man, "it does not cost a pice to promise, and I only thought to quiet his mind." But the Moulvie's "kossid" had been taken prisoner, and conveyed to the King of Delhi's palace. Mogul Mirza, the king's nephew, was one of the prime movers and heads of the rebellion, displaying more energy and ability than most of the vicious house of Timour, from whence he had sprung, and at once he sent orders to Doobghur to give up the treasure to the crown, as by legal right (being treasure trove) it belonged not to any private individual, but to the lord paramount—the King of Delhi. Doobghur, in return, declared that he had no treasure, "the English had taken it," but he was not believed; his house was attacked by the King's Guard, and he was killed, defending his property. Then the mob, and the mutineers,

hearing that he was a spy in the pay of the English, and that he absolutely harboured Christians, set fire to his palace. All his valuable property was taken by the King, and his women and the English ladies sent into the palace.

"This is dreadful," said Whitby; "can nothing be done to save them?"

"They have not killed Miss Page, although she was found in the house of a traitor. Hush!" he whispered, mysteriously, "Miss Rawley, too, may yet be alive."

"That is good news, Moulvie."

"I hear Miss Page is so fair of speech that she could turn clods of earth into lumps of sugar; moreover, she is a true believer."

"What! Apostatized? Impossible!"

"My words are true, Sahib; but Hodson Sahib in charity covers the fact with a veil of secrecy, that her countenance may not be blackened in the eyes of the English."

"And Miss Rawley?"

"Sahib, there is a prisoner in the camp, a witch; far be it from me that such a one should be my friend! She is styled the Witch of Megara. Her extreme age, her bad character, and her ugliness are undoubted, and she came out on horseback and fought against the English like a fiend. The General at first released her, not knowing how mischievous she would be among the superstitious, but Hodson Sahib, before he left, persuaded him to allow her to be retaken. She is now in custody, and is to be immediately despatched to Umballa, and before she goes, she begs as a favour to see the countenance of your Excellency. But of what avail is it to imprison her? the bar, or bolt, is not yet forged which can keep a magician in durance. Has she not escaped before? She will do so again."

"I will see the Witch of Megara," answered Whitby, smiling; "far be it from me that she should not be my friend! She saved my life."

"Defend us from those who use the incantation of knots. Sahib, juggle not with the devil! She is the agent of Eblis! But for your protection, and that of the lady, I have brought with me this all-powerful charm, which you must hold in your hand when she comes into the tent." He produced a scrap of vellum, on which was written these words from the Koran:—

"In the name of the most Merciful God: Say, I fly for refuge unto the Lord of the day-break that he may deliver me from the mischief of those things which he hath created; and from the mischief of the night, when it cometh on; and from the mischief of

women blowing on knots; and from the mischief of the envious, when he envieth."

The Moulvie, in common with all Mahomedans, had an implicit faith in the efficacy of the words written above; considering them as a sovereign specific against magic, lunar influences, and the temptations of the evil spirit, and never failed to repeat them evening and morning.

Whitby courteously thanked Rujub Ali for his amiable intentions; and told him, being in possession of such a potent talisman, he had no hesitation in receiving the witch, and desired he would bring her at once.

The witch was soon brought by a guard to the door of Whitby's tent, into which she was conducted by the half-reluctant Moulvie.

The old woman had iron chains on her skinny arms, and small wasted bare legs; her face seemed more than ever wrinkled, and her deep-set black eyes glittered like diamonds.

"You wish to speak to me?" said Whitby, kindly; he could not help pitying the woman's humiliating position.

"Yes, your Excellency. Listen! Death is hateful to the aged. To wander in Hades a spectre—a shade among other aimless shadows—aimless, yet malevolent and spiteful. This is death! This is hell! Will your Excellency obtain my life?"

"Yes, I can, and will," replied Whitby; knowing that the fact of her having saved the life of Europeans was enough to secure her pardon.

"And will your Excellency give me that crystal which, to those who know how to use it, prevents death? In exchange, I will tell you a secret you would gladly know. Vulgar minds alone love money! But knowledge, power, youth, and to be again a queen—as once I was—before whom all bowed, and all obeyed. That is life! Will you get me the crystal which Wake Sahib wears, and I will tell you what you would give your heart's blood to know?"

Whitby promised he would try to procure the crystal, that is, if Wake would part with it. He knew he was strangely superstitious about it.

"Can your Excellency withstand destiny? Have not hundreds of English men, women, and children perished? Yet you, and those you love, survive."

"God's good providence protected us," said Whitby.

"It was destiny—it was hammered upon your forehead; you were spared and others killed! I saved you and your Mem Sahib, not from gratitude, though you were ever kind to your slave. Am

I not wise? Can I not see signs hidden from others? I knew that to fight against you was useless; you are the favourite of fortune, and through you I foresaw I should one day obtain that magic crystal which gives love, joy, youth, and that prosperity from which I have been so long a stranger! Listen! Miss Rawley is concealed in the house of an Afghan. The King of Delhi, although a true believer, is a great oppressor; and sent soldiers to the palace of Doobghur, whose servants, and himself, were killed. Miss Rawley was left for dead in the ruins of the house, and that night she was taken away by some Afghans, and is hidden near the dwelling of of the high priest, whose house stands close to the Turcoman Gate, and adjoins the great mosque. Let Hodson Sahib send there. Does he not know all that happens in Delhi? Ask him; he will see that the words of the old woman are true."

"But the others?" demanded Whitby.

"What care I for the others? Is the web of their lives intertwined with mine? Miss Page was taken into the King's palace, and"—here she, with a significant gesture, drew her finger across her throat—"doubtless such was her fate! Send to the priest's house eight nights from this, at the hour of one. Let some of Hodson Sahib's Afghans go; and by the beard of the Prophet, I swear they shall bring back the young girl! When she has arrived, your Excellency will remember your promise, and give your slave the crystal and her freedom!"

"But Hodson is away," said Whitby. "What can be done?"

"He will be back in seven days," answered the old woman. She then produced a piece of rope, in which several knots were curiously tied. She seemed to regard this attentively, holding it close to her face, seeing which necromantic performance the Moulvie shuddered visibly, and began muttering his prayers.

The old witch laughed. "The infidel, Hodson, rides through the night," she said, in a strange shrill voice. "The sound of his horse's hoofs is heard from Delhi to Rohilound! The true believers are defeated, and Rohtuck is in the hands of the English! The Hindoos—sons of burnt fathers—are jubilant! Ah! he has found them. They bring out two Sahibs—Burke and Carew Sahibs. They look ill—their mothers would not know them—starved and dirty are they; resembling wild beasts rather than lordly rulers."

"What do you mean, woman?" said Whitby, interrupting this rhapsody.

"Burke and Carew Sahibs are safe," she answered. "They will be here within eight days."

The old woman was soon after led away, leaving Whitby and

the Moulvie in that curious half-dazed, half credulous frame of mind which ensues when what we call the supernatural is brought intimately into our lives.

"God grant," said Whitby, fervently, "that her rope has told us the truth"; while the Moulvie audibly recited, "Deliver us from the temptations of Satan."

The witch's prophecy came true. Some seven days later, Burke and Carew rode into the camp, accompanying Hodson's small force. They had escaped from Delhi, and had been hidden for some time in the house of a friendly Brahmin, and, on the English taking Rohtuck, were rescued much as the old woman had described. It was indeed a red-letter day, not only for the Whitbys, but for the 200th, when their missing friends were once more among them. By dint of bribes and negotiations Hodson also succeeded in getting Florence Rawley brought into the English camp.

It was one night towards the end of August, and the glorious moonlight was streaming over the tents where all lay wrapt in slumber, except the sentries, silently pacing up and down their beat, when a small litter, shrouded in red drapery, and carried by two strong men in Asiatic dress, came along the broad street of the camp, and drew up before Whitby's pavilion; the curtains of the equipage were hastily drawn aside, and Florence Rawley threw herself into her cousin's arms! She looked the very shadow or spectre of her former self. After the first excitement of this joyful meeting had subsided, Florence, in answer to her friend's anxious inquiries, said to them: "After I was wounded in Doobghur's house, I remained unconscious until night fall, and then, on opening my eyes, saw an Afghan youth by my side, and then he, with another Afghan, carried me away. As I could not speak to them, I do not know who sent them, or why they came; but from the kindness with which they have treated me, I believe they acted from motives of the purest humanity. I heard that Louisa Page and Mr. Sims were taken into the King's Palace; but Miss Page had become quite like a native. She never cared for me, and although we were imprisoned in the same house I rarely saw her, for she was not treated like the rest of the prisoners by the natives, but as one of themselves."

Long suspense, terror, and her wound, added to the bad climate, had worn poor Florence to the bone, and made her nervous and melancholy, but she soon recovered her health and spirits in the society of Burke and her friends. The joy of such reunions after great perils none can know, except those who have experienced them.

It was not until the 20th September that Delhi fell into the hands of the English. It took three days hard fighting and cost many a valuable life, including that of the great soldier, General Nicholson, before they gained the place. On the 21st September the welcome order arrived for the Delhi Field Force to evacuate the Ridge and enter the conquered city.

Whitby was borne in on a litter, and his wife, riding Ariel, followed. Maunders, Burke, Carew, and Florence with others of the 200th, accompanied them; but as they descended into a hollow known as the "Valley of Death," from the number of men on both sides who had been slain there, a strange and weird procession met them. *Vae Victis!* Coming out of the city was a multitude of women, children, and a few decrepid old men, the English having been obliged to drive all the non-combatants out of the town. They walked along, a strange crowd, many of them Moslem ladies, dressed in gold brocades, who had scarcely ever before seen the light of open day—life-long prisoners behind their harem walls, they were bewildered and amazed at finding themselves wandering, for the first time, in the open day, and, still more, in a world of armed men. Many of the dejected natives carried bundles of their property, for the crowd was mainly composed of the poorer classes, clad in draperies of dingy white, leading their children by the hand; and now it may be mentioned, to the credit of the victors, that not a single instance of women or children being ill used came to public notice.

The Whitbys entered the King's Citadel which is a magnificent series of palaces and gardens surrounded by splendidly decorated walls sixty feet high; for the Turkish rulers of India defended their throne, not by the loyal love of a grateful people, but by bastions, cannon, and mercenary guards. The Whitbys passed through the magnificent, although gloomy, entrance of the Lahore Gate—"the finest entrance to any palace in the world"—and then found themselves in a closely-built town of palaces and mosques, all standing in gardens full of rose-trees and lemon groves, irrigated with running water, brought there through white marble conduits. The King of Delhi's Palace, like that of Grenada, contained some world-renowned and uniquely beautiful structures, such as the Pearl Mosque, the Hall of Audience, and many other magnificent buildings. But when the English entered this citadel they found everything in a state of dirt and disrepair, having an atmosphere of disorder and neglect (peculiarly Eastern) which hung round the place like a curse. The English were in Delhi! None but those who fought through the first six weeks of

the campaign know on what a thread the lives of the English and the safety of the Empire hung, or can appreciate the sufferings and exertions of those days of watchfulness and combat, of fearful heat and exhaustion, of trial and danger. They could only look back on them with a feeling of almost doubt, whether they were real or only a foul dream.

The day was a memorable one in the annals of the Empire; the restoration of British rule in the East dates from the 20th September 1857.

The Whitbys had established themselves in Mirza Mogul's palace, the rooms of which were arched and lofty, but solidly built, and reached by winding stairs and colonnaded verandahs. After the continual roar of guns and the excitement of war in the camp, it seemed that the very stillness of death had fallen upon these palaces, and the silence was absolutely painful. Delhi seemed, indeed, a city of the dead, for all its inhabitants had been turned out—not only from the Palace, but from every part of the town itself. The Whitbys and their friends felt ill at ease under the unaccustomed shelter of a roof, although Whitby himself had borne the journey well, for the exhilaration of English success was the best possible tonic for him and all the wounded.

Still the Palace had hateful memories. They passed through the court where the English prisoners (nearly all women and children) had been massacred, and they saw, with a shudder, the lofty gloomy palace of that human fiend, Abu Bukt, the King's son, in which abode possibly Louisa had suffered, as her fate was uncertain, or in whose hands it might be that she still remained. The edifice awoke too hateful recollections for them to feel desirous of visiting it, and Wake regarded its exterior with a fierce scowl, a very hell of vindictive passion surging up in his heart. But in the palace adjoining theirs, they saw a long file of covered carriages, palanquins, and pedestrians arrive. It was the old King, with his favourite Queen, Zeenut Mahal, and her son. Hodson had ridden six miles out, and, from amidst a throng of followers, guards, and soldiers, he, single-handed, had taken the old man prisoner, promising him his life.

That night, when all else was hushed in sleep, Henry Wake came to his sister's apartment, looking agitated and disturbed.

"Oh, Nell!" he said, "Louisa has come again. I had been sleeping, when I felt a blast of cold air sweep over me, and I saw my wife. She stood and beckoned me to follow her. Shall I do so?"

"I certainly should—that is, my dearest, if you really saw her."

"Will you come with me, or are you afraid?"

"I will come," she said, and, rising, she threw on a white dressing-gown and followed him.

She hardly knew what to think; her brother seemed terribly earnest, though she herself saw nothing. It was a strange midnight walk in the clear moonlight, which fell on the domed palaces and straight garden-walks of the Mogul's citadel. They were in the zenana of Abu Bukt's palace, which was enclosed by gardens mingled with courts, paved with marble. Wake followed the beckoning form (which he still averred he saw) through corridors and colonnades, and then into a wilderness garden of fruit-trees and flowers; before them lay a straight canal or artificial pond.

"She stops!" cried Wake; "she points to the water, and turns and smiles the old smile—triumphant and bewitching. It is her very self. Poor Louisa! There! she has disappeared utterly. Does she mean that the treasure of Ali Kareem has been buried here? I will have the water drawn off to-morrow, then I shall see."

"Do you think she would trouble about money now?" asked his sister.

"Yes," he replied; "it is the 'master passion strong in death.' You do not know how wedded she was to that wealth. It was but natural—we all love money."

The next day Wake had the water of the canal turned off from its source, and found that the bottom was formed of strong cement, but there was no sign of the missing wealth.

Still the ghost was not laid, she came again. Then Wake caused an excavation to be made in the bottom of the pond, which revealed a substantial arched cellar filled with valuables; a vast hoard of wealth, including part of the treasure of Ali Kareem. However, Wake did not make his luck publicly known, because there was a feeling abroad that the prize-agents mismanaged the property confided to them, to put the matter mildly, and, as General Wilson refused to put a guard upon the miscellaneous collection of valuable goods found in the city, it had a knack, rumour reported, of getting "beautifully less," and one honest officer, Colonel Seaton, refused to have anything to do with the Delhi prize-money. Moreover, the idea which Wake once held, that the treasure was accursed, had in great measure left him since the outbreak of the Mutiny, and he felt determined that no Indian should possess it; therefore he loaded it on thirty carts, and, with an escort of his own raising, among his servants, left Delhi by night, and conveyed his wealth to Umballa. But while he was still searching for the treasure, an extraordinary adventure befell him.

One day, as Wake was wandering about near the pond in the garden of Abu Bukt's palace, trying to discover the vault in which the treasure was hidden, he met a stranger, who, from his dress, appeared to be a native gentleman. He saw that he had a young handsome face, with regular features, and those arched pencilled eyebrows, and long, almond-shaped eyes so peculiarly Eastern. Where had he seen this man before? he knew the countenance; surely this was the native that he had seen in Doobghur's palace. Wake rushed up to him and addressed him, but the very commonplace English camp Hindostani he had acquired was barely intelligible to the Asiatic, while the latter's polished, high-flown Persian Urdoo, was as Greek to Wake. He succeeded in making the young stranger understand that he would take him to an interpreter, to which proposition he willingly consented, and the two men soon found themselves in the presence of Whitby.

"Whitby," said Wake, excitedly, "This is the fellow I saw in Doobghur's house; for God's sake find out what he says, and see if he can tell us of Louisa's fate. It would be better to know the worst."

Whitby agreed, and listened to a long oration in the stranger's low silvery tones, a speech full of high-flown metaphor. "He says," explained Whitby, when the Asiatic had concluded, "that Louisa is alive, and is desirous of seeing you."

This sudden news quite took Wake's breath away, and then the blood surged with fierce violence to his beating heart. "But wait, my dear fellow," continued Whitby, "though this man is most plausible, yet I feel that he is lying."

"Why should he lie about this?"

"Because it is physical pain to most Asiatics to tell the truth; all men are liars, but *they* are incorrigible in matters of veracity. For one thing they always tell you what they think you wish to hear, from politeness, whether it is the fact or not."

"But if Louisa still lives, where is she?"

"This Indian says she has been taken with all the court ladies, out of Delhi, and that she was with the Queen Zeenut Mahal at a palace near the magnificent mausoleum called Humayoon's tomb, about three miles from Delhi. He further states, that if you will go with him he will conduct you to her, as he is her emissary."

"I will go," cried Wake, passionately,—"*now*, this minute!"

"Reflect awhile," said Whitby, calmly. "You know nothing of this fellow; but if you will persist in accompanying him, you had better take some companions, or ask for an escort, and above all

go well-armed. It would be madness to venture into that place alone, for in the suburbs the numerous ruined buildings, as well as the more modern bazaars, are crowded with disaffected and madly fanatical townspeople, and disbanded Sepoys who have been turned out of Delhi. The murder of any Englishman, a straggler amongst them, is pretty certain, so be cautious."

"Nonsense! Burke and Carew would go with me, I have no doubt; if not, I will go alone. But ask him, Whitby, who he is, and why he was in Doobghur's house?"

"He says he is the brother of Doobghur, but, for my own part, I believe him to be a spy of the Court of Delhi. They have their informers as well as we, but they have no clever brains to direct their Intelligence Department. The Mahomedans of Delhi have produced no master mind like Hodson, so that, despite their numbers, and their national aptitude for craft and guile, we beat them hollow in diplomacy."

Shortly after the three Englishmen (for Burke and Carew were nearly as eager as Wake to discover Louisa) and the handsome native, with some of Wake's semi-military Rohilla horse-keepers, rode out in the early morning from the Selinghur gate of the palace. The little troop avoided the high road, but galloped across the level fields, which mostly lay fallow. They soon accomplished the journey, and the great milk-white marble dome of the Humayoon memorial monument appeared in sight, at a short distance.

"Sahibs," said the guide, pointing to a building close at hand, "this is the house,—enter!"

The edifice stood in the midst of bare uncultivated fields; straw and cattle, with a few peasants and ploughs outside, giving the place the appearance of a farm or grange.

Wake and his friends rode through an archway into a courtyard round the four sides of which were the numerous windows of the habitation. The guide dismounted and entered the house, and almost simultaneously with his disappearance every balcony and window became alive with red-coated Sepoys, while a hundred muskets were levelled at the English party. An effort was also made by the peasants to close the great wooden gates of the archway behind the entrapped Englishmen, but this was frustrated by the Rohilla horsemen.

"Treachery! treachery! Sahib," they shouted. "You have been brought here to be murdered! Fly for your lives."

The war-trained defenders of the Ridge required no second warning; as quick as thought they put spurs to their horses, and

dashed through the midst of the unarmed peasants outside the gates. Helter-skelter they rode across the fields, never stopping until they found themselves upon the macadamised highway, close to Humayoon's tomb.

As they drew rein and breath, Wake exclaimed, "That was a near shave! God bless the grooms who kept the gates open for us. What a fool I was to believe that smooth-tongued villain, and what on earth made those brutes try that game on us?"

However, as they reached Humayoon's tomb they found they had not come to the end of their difficulties, for their way was barred by an immense mob of men in a furious state of excitement. They seemed to be mostly unarmed, although some carried muskets, daggers or swords, and from their appearance were evidently Delhians of the mercantile class, and hangers-on of the court, with here and there a soldier, but all mad with fanaticism and rage, shouting "Fight for the Faith! Defend the Princes! Death to the Nazarenes! Christian dogs! whose breath defiles the air and pollutes the earth! Defend the House of Timour! The Faith! Strike for the Faith!" So dense was the throng that to attempt to ride through it was physically hopeless, but all at once there seemed to be a singular eddy in the crowd; the huge mass of human beings—like a stream—was slowly but surely moving backwards, though apparently unwillingly, but the mysterious cause which propelled these thousands at length appeared. It was only Hodson and another English officer—his subaltern Macdowell, a handsome young man of twenty—and with them were ten Sikh troopers. "Fall back!" cried Hodson to the mob, in a tone of authority. "Go to your homes!" and obedient in act, though not in soul, under the extraordinary mesmerism of his commanding will, his voice and stern face, the crowd fell back, step by step, sullenly, still uttering oaths and seditious outcries, like very demons.

"What brings Hodson here, and where the devil is he driving those niggers?" said Burke.

But the English hero had not observed Wake's party, for his keen blue eyes were never for one moment removed from the yelling crowd. Then, to their surprise, they saw Hodson and Macdowell with five of the troopers ride up the broad white marble flight of steps, and disappear under the great archway which led to the mausoleum.

"What is he doing? what a fellow he is!"

"Looting, of course," answered Burke, who, although far from being ill-natured, and who owed his life to Hodson's brilliant raid,

could not help repeating the current slander of the camp, that "Hodson for ever risked his life only to fill his pockets."

"No, no," said Wake. "He is catching some rebel leader, you may be sure."

"Well! he has cleared the road effectually, let us ride back to Delhi."

"Shall we go after Hodson?" asked Wake.

"No," replied Carew, "it is not our business." (He might have added, "It is too dangerous.")

"He would only snub us," rejoined Burke. "He is awfully down on any fellow who interferes with him."

"Well," assented Wake, "we might spoil his little game, whatever it is, but we will wait here awhile, and then, if there is a row, we will go in sharp and help him, though he helps himself generally." At these words a slightly satirical laugh came from Burke's lips.

"By Jove! Burke," said Wake, angrily, "I don't mean that he steals, I mean that he relies more upon his own right arm to defend him than upon anyone else."

They sent a groom to discover, if possible, what was taking place inside the building. He returned after some time, and told them that Hodson was disarming the rebels who had taken sanctuary in the mausoleum, and that three native princes, the actual leaders of the rebellion, Mirza Mogul, Mirza Kishere Sultamed, and Abu Bukt, had been sent by him into Delhi under a guard just before Wake and his friends came up. This was why the mob was so furious, they had tried to prevent the princes from surrendering themselves, and, failing, had planned a rescue, but, cowed by Hodson's determined manner had given up their arms—five hundred guns, the same number of swords, and some war-horses.

Wake and his friends stayed a weary two hours under the red granite wall of the garden, over which the green trees waved their branches. The sky above was intensely blue, and the bright sun shone pitilessly down upon them; from inside the enclosure came the deep hoarse roar of angry voices, but nothing worse, no sound of firing or conflict reached them. At last they heard the clatter of horses' hoofs. It was all right then. The mission was successful, and Hodson and Macdowell with the ten troopers came clattering down the stone steps. The stern look had disappeared from Hodson's face, and he was smiling and chatting gaily with his subaltern.

"Let us start; it is safe to follow Hodson."

"Oh! is it?" said Carew. "He rushes into every danger."

"But he'll stick to a comrade through thick and thin, and he never blunders," returned Wake.

They followed Hodson at a considerable distance; he went like the wind until the walls of Delhi were in sight, and then matters looked black indeed.

"I knew how it would be," groaned the Squire. "This is awful, we shall never get out of it!"

As far as the eye could see was a raging mob, which crowded the streets, and yet angry men were still rushing from their houses like an infuriated swarm of bees. They roared, they shouted, they yelled, and brandished swords, sticks, and clubs which they freely used upon Hodson's troopers, eighty men who formed the guard in charge of the cart in which were the three princes.

"Let us turn back," said Carew.

"You may," answered Wake, "but I follow Hodson!"

"And so do I," said Burke.

They galloped through the crowd, Hodson and his troopers having cleared a way through the dense mass. The great captain had come up only just in time, some fanatical rebels having planned the rescue of the captured princes. Had they been successful in this undertaking, the Sikh guard would have been killed to a man, as also the few English who were present. Hodson did not hesitate, for he and his troopers were in imminent peril, but with his usual quickness of decision, and by his promptitude, changed the whole aspect of the affair in a moment.

"Fight for the Faith! rescue the princes! kill the infidels!" roared the mob.

They then heard Hodson's clear voice say "Listen! These princes of Delhi are not worthy of the name of men. They tortured and murdered in cold blood fifty women and children in open day. The English Government have decreed their punishment, and I am determined that it shall be thorough." Taking a carbine from one of his men, he deliberately shot down the princes one after the other, and then ordered their bodies to be taken into the city, and exhibited on the "Chiboutra" in front of the Head Police Station, where the blood of their innocent victims could still be traced.

Wake and his party gave a hearty English cheer, in which they were joined by Hodson's Sikh horse, and they commenced to breathe freely as the cowed mob slunk away. The regiment of Guides and the Sikhs of Hodson's Horse were wild with delight at the execution of the princes, and still more so at the exposure of their dead bodies in front of the Police Station; it was on that

very spot that the Great Mogul Aurungzebe, nearly two hundred years before, had exposed the head of Gooroo Teg Bahadoor, a great Sikh saint. A prophecy had long been current among them, that by the help of a white man the Sikhs should conquer Delhi. They therefore called Hodson "The Avenger of the Gooroo," and were the more ready to follow him anywhere.

The natives had also another curious superstition about Hodson. He had a most retentive memory, and was very observant of little things; moreover he could grasp the ins and outs of a confused tale, and get at the real facts of a case. It was useless to try to lie or cheat him; and the simple Asiatics, not understanding the acumen of a highly-trained and gifted mind, thought he conversed with nature, especially with trees. "It was the leaves of the trees that told him the rebels had passed that way, or that treachery was intended," and Rujub Ali, who was ultra-superstitious, believed firmly in his supernatural gifts.

"We ought to feel much obliged to Hodson and to his heroic remedies," said Wake, as they rode homewards. "If we had not fallen in with him, the chances are that we should have been scragged on the road. But those Princes richly deserve their fate," he added, "don't you think so, Burke?"

"Serve them right," answered the Irishman, "they were fiendish villains."

When they reached the Palace they told the Whitbys and Florence of their want of success, and also of the thrilling scene of which they had been unexpected spectators.

"Was it right or wrong to shoot those Princes?" asked Eleanor, whose conscientious nature weighed everything.

"In my opinion he was right—all honour to him," answered Whitby. "He showed a marvellous quickness of judgment, and his wonderful readiness was splendid. In a fight Hodson is always glorious, and in a good hard scrimmage as happy as a king. A beautiful swordsman—he never fails to kill his man; and the way he used to play with the most brave and furious of these rebels was perfect. I fancy I see him now at that fight on the Ridge—where I was wounded—smiling, laughing, parrying fearful blows as calmly as if he were brushing off flies, calling out all the time, 'Why, try again!' 'Now, what's that?' 'Do you call yourself a swordsman?' and so on. The fact is, he is Every Inch a Soldier, and to-day's good service proves it."

"And yet, how they hate him," said Eleanor; "and what tales they tell to his discredit in camp!"

"There are two lying curs in camp," said Whitby, "who start

these stories: one, the most dastardly wretch, who, in revenge for Hodson's daring to expose his incompetency, has been plotting against and slandering him, only too successfully, for years. What he says could not injure Hodson, but that the other, who is now in authority here, listens to his falsehoods, and reports them to Sir John Lawrence. This latter bears a grudge against Hodson, for being his brother Henry's favourite. If Barnard or Nicholson were still alive, they would soon put an end to this despicable backbiting, infamous always, but specially so when it is, as now, directed against one of the finest soldiers of this century."

"I have a great deal to thank him for," said Florence. "No one but he could have saved me, and he also rescued Burke and Carew."

"Yes, and the C.B.s and the V.C.s, and the brevets will be given to people who have never perilled their precious lives; while Hodson, who has been under fire, and on horseback continually for months, will get nothing—not even kudos."

Rujub Ali declared (and possibly he knew) that Louisa had instigated the attempt to inveigle Wake into that lonely country house. The spies of the Court had reported that he was likely to regain the treasure, and she hoped that by killing him she might obtain it for herself. "For Ahmed Ali Khan, Doobghur's brother, is as handsome as Joseph," said the old man, "and she as wicked as Potiphar's wife." If she was innocent, then it must have been the last stroke played by the natives to recover the hoards of Ali Kareem.

In time the Whitbys and Wake returned to England, Captain Whitby retiring invalided on a small pension. Wake had become mysteriously rich; he bought back Wake Castle, which was, however, chiefly inhabited by his sister and her husband, for he had adopted the life of one of those wild Englishmen who wander in strange lands—Turkistan, Asia Minor, India, Arabia. He firmly believes that Louisa is dead, and that fate will yet bring him face to face with her murderer. His mission in life is to avenge her, and on this point he is mad.

Burke and Florence were married. They live happily, and are great favourites with the 200th Regiment.

Hodson was killed at Lucknow, after many more engagements. He received no substantial reward, and his memory has been industriously blackened.

Maunders was made a C.B.; but he and his friends, believing that he performed miracles of valour, consider he has been badly treated in not receiving the Victoria Cross.

After his return to England, Squire Carew gradually became not only a misogynist but a misogamist, and leads a solitary life on his Essex estates.

Lawyer Sims' fate was never known ; it is supposed that, like many others, he was murdered at Delhi.

The witch of Megara was found hanged, suspended from a tree, but by whom it was done, or for what reasons, was never discovered, and the magic crystal she prized so much had disappeared.

And what was Louisa's fate ? It was never clearly known ; but there was no reason to believe she was murdered. Indeed, it is stated that she lives in semi-regal state and wealth in the city of Mecca.

The East India Company at Bussorah.

By CHARLES RATHBONE LOW (late) L.N., F.R.G.S.

IN November 1620 the East India Company's agent at Surat, then the chief factory on the Western Coast of India, despatched two vessels to Jask, at the entrance of the Persian Gulf, to open a trade with that port. The King of Persia, Shah Abbas, in this year received a letter from King James I. of England, thanking him for favours he had shown his subjects, through the good offices of his ambassadors Sir Thomas Roe and Sir Thomas Shirley. The concession to trade with Jask was given in return for the assistance the Company's ships had given to the Shah's Government in defeating the Portuguese fleet in a severe and prolonged action, in which Captain Shillinge, the English Commodore, was killed, and for the Company's ships having conducted the naval operations that resulted in the reduction of Ormuz.

A few years later, about 1639, the Company opened a factory at Bussorah, then under the sovereignty of the Shah of Persia, though more than once the city changed hands, and the Turks became masters. These latter were more exorbitant in their demands on the English merchants than their Persian predecessors, and frequent quarrels took place, as the East India Company's agent displayed British independence in refusing to be imposed upon. Matters were afterwards established on a more friendly footing, and when Nadir Shah's fleet sailed up the Shatt-ul-Arab to attack Bussorah, the Turkish Governor solicited and obtained the co-operation of the Company's ships-of-war to resist the invaders. The British ships attacked the Persian squadron and beat them back, and the name of the Company stood high in the estimation of their allies after the timely assistance thus rendered.

In 1775 took place the siege of Bussorah by the Persian army of 50,000 men, under the command of Sadoc Khan, brother to Kurrum Khan, Shah of Persia. At this time the Turkish garrison scarcely exceeded 1,500 men. Parsons gives a full description of Bussorah at the time of the siege:—"The mud walls," he says,

"are about twelve miles in circuit, and, although not half the enclosed space is built on, yet it is a large city, and before the plague in 1773 was very populous; the population was computed to be upwards of 300,000, and in September following only amounted to 50,000, the remainder, excepting 20,000, who fled away, having fallen victims to its fury. At this time they compute the inhabitants to be from 80,000 to 90,000 souls. There are four gates and a sally-port, also a deep and broad ditch, which is wanting on each side the two principal gates called Zobier and Bagdad. There are eight bastions, on each side of which are mounted eight brass guns, besides upwards of fifty brass cannon on ship's carriages, mounted round the walls. There is also a battery of twelve brass guns at the Capitan Pasha's quarters, little more than 100 yards below the creek's mouth." At the time of the Persian advance on Bussorah, a squadron of ships of the Bombay Marine was lying in the River Shatt-ul-Arab, near the creek of the city, consisting of the *Revenge*, a frigate of 28 guns, *Eagle*, of 16 guns, and *Success*, ketch, of 14 guns, besides two other ketches of 14 guns each, built at Bombay for the Pasha of Bagdad. "These ketches were commanded," says Parsons, who had arrived at Bussorah overland from Bagdad, "by an English midshipman in the Company's service, and have on board a few English sailors; the remainder of the crew are Turks. They carry British colours."

On the 6th March, three officers belonging to the Company's cruisers, engaged on a shooting excursion, were attacked by a large body of armed men, and left for dead; the boat's crew were also stript and beaten, and their boat taken away. In alliance with the Persians was a piratical prince, whose dominions lay between Bussorah and the Gulf, called by Parsons the "Shaub," who, having pushed up the river during the night with fourteen of his galivats, began, on the 21st March, to transport across the river, under the protection of the Persian batteries, the heavy guns and equipage of the besieging army. On the following day the Company's agents quitted their factory in Bussorah, and went on board the *Eagle* with the treasure and valuables, and during the afternoon the *Success*, accompanied by one of the Pasha's ketches, succeeded in capturing one of the Shaub's galivats, which was burnt, and in damaging others before they reached the Persian camp, near a creek some distance from Bussorah. The other ketch, belonging to the Pasha, also returned the same evening, the midshipman commanding her having run the gauntlet of the Persian batteries. This young officer had been requested by the

Persian general to come on shore, but, apprehending treachery, he sent one of his crew, named Ryley, to personate him ; and after this man had landed, the Persian batteries and the galivats* opened fire upon the ketch, which he promptly returned, and in the conflict suffered some loss. Negotiations were now opened by the enemy with the Turkish Governor and the British agent for the surrender of the city on the payment of twenty lacs of rupees, but the demand was refused.

As fears were entertained that the Persian fleet, which was very considerable, might push up the river, the commanding officer of the Company's cruisers made every effort to prevent this junction. The Turkish Pasha placed at their disposal two of his galivats, which were speedily armed with eight guns, and manned with crews of between eighty and one hundred men and officers, drawn from the cruisers. In order to prevent the enemy from breaking through, the British naval force set to work to construct a bridge from the large boats employed in the passenger and goods traffic in the creek—no light task, considering the great breadth of the river at this point, and the lack of materials. Parsons writes:—"March 24th and 25th. Our Marine officers and men have been very active in placing the anchors, chains, and cables, and bringing the boats to their proper moorings, so as to form the bridge, or rather barricade, as a sufficient number of boats could not be procured, so as to be close enough together to admit planks to be laid from boat to boat, nor, indeed, was it necessary, as every boat's bow was hauled under the chain, and there fastened, and at the distance of about sixty feet another boat, and so on, quite across the river, either under the chain or cables. At the same time one of the boat's anchors with its cable was carried out from the bow of each boat, and another from the stern, so as to enable it to resist the tide, whether flood or ebb, without bearing too hard upon the anchors, to which the chains and cables were fastened. Every assistance was given to forwarding the plan by the Captain Pasha's men under his command, and our Marine officers never desisted from the work until it was completed that evening to the satisfaction of everyone interested in the preservation of Bussorah. We now flatter ourselves that the Persian army, without further supply of cannon, ammunition, and provisions, must soon decamp."

* Mr. Parsons thus describes one of these galivats, which the *Eagle* subsequently captured:—"She is eighty-four feet long, twenty-four feet broad, mounts ten-carriage guns, six-pounders, and is built forward like a London wherry, and has only one tall mast, which rakes forward, to which is attached a big sail ; she carries twenty-four oars."

On the 6th April, the Persian army took up a position extending from about three miles up the river, where the agent had his country house, and at which, since the English factory was closed, the Vice-Consul has resided. On the morning of the 8th April sixteen Persian galivats appeared in sight, coming up the river in full sail to attack the English ships, which, however, did not wait for them. The *Success* and *Eagle* slipped their cables, and, with the Pasha's two ketches, set sail to meet them, upon which the Persians "up helm" and made off, with the assistance of their sweeps. Their fleet consisted of a small brig of eight guns, called the *Tiger*, five galivats of ten guns, and ten others, carrying from six to eight guns each. Mr. Parsons speaks of the good effect produced by the activity of the Marine officers, and says that the Governor, who was going his rounds, accompanied by several of his officers, "seemed well pleased with the behaviour of our little Marine force, and told the agent that if he would keep the enemy from approaching by water, we had nothing to fear, for that he and his brave fellows could prevent them by land, which the agent promised to do." Meantime, reinforcements of Arabs and Turkish troops from Bagdad arrived, so that "the men on the walls seemed quite cheerful." Before daylight on the 9th April, the Persians made an attempt to escalate the walls, but were driven back with great slaughter; on the same night they succeeded in setting fire to two of the boats on the Persian side of the bridge of boats, but they only burnt to the water's edge without sinking, so that their object was not attained. The *Success*, and the two Pasha's galivats moored near that side, opened fire, and dispersed the people, also firing into the village, which burned for many hours.

On the following day the English squadron weighed anchor, and worked down the river with the tide and a contrary wind, the Company's Agent being desirous of proceeding to Bushire, and the Commodore of attacking, *en route*, a fleet of twelve galivats and thirteen armed trankies, of which he had received information on the previous day. "At four," says Mr. Parsons, "the Persian Admiral fired a shot at the *Eagle* and *Success*. At half-past four the *Eagle*, being advanced near to them, returned their fire with a broadside, which was followed by the *Success*. As soon as we arrived within gunshot—one of our lieutenants having been burnt on the 26th March, and remaining dangerously ill, I acted in his place—the Persians kept driving through the reach (it was now strong ebb tide, with the wind contrary), continuing to fire at us, which the *Eagle* and *Success* returned whenever the guns could be brought to bear on them on the different tacks. Presently after

we received a shot through our jib, another through our ensign, and another through a spare topmast in the booms. The Pasha's two ketches and galivats could not keep up with us, and the two former got twice aground. The cannonading on both sides continued brisk, but we never could get near enough to do any execution with our musketry. At half-past five we had our maintop-gallant yard-arm shot away, much of our rigging cut, and two of our gun-ports in the steerage beat in, at which hour two balls struck and lodged in the ship's starboard side, between the two after-guns, and were buried in more than half their diameter. Soon after this the Persians fled, the dull sailers rowed, being towed by those that sailed best. At six they all got in close to the Persian shores, and anchored in shoal water; we anchored abreast of them as near as our draft of water would permit, when a furious cannonading commenced at the distance of pistol shot, assisted by our musketry. This was continued until dark, when we both desisted at the same time as if by mutual consent."

At daybreak the following morning (the 12th April) the Persian fleet was discovered in Harfah Creek, about thirty miles below Bussorah Creek on the Persian shore; they were quite out of reach and appeared to be aground. At six, the *Eagle* and *Success*, followed by the Pasha's galivats and ketches, weighed anchor, and worked down the river, driving before them some Persian galivats coming up the stream. On arriving at the mouth of the Shatt-ul-Arab, the Pasha's two galivats proceeded to Al Koweit—by the English called Grane—a port then dependent on the Turkish Governor of Bussorah. Previous to parting company, all the Turkish and Arab seamen on board the Pasha's two ketches, numbering 280 men, were transferred to the galivats, and the former, being manned by European seamen from the *Success* and *Eagle*, accompanied those ships to Bushire. During the voyage across the head of the Gulf, two trunkies were captured by the boats of the two cruisers; and, in the afternoon of the 15th April, the ships arrived in Bushire Roads, where they found some merchantmen, with the *Drake* (Company's ship), of fourteen guns, flying the Commodore's pennant, and having on board Mr. Robert Garden, a Member of the Bombay Council, who had come with despatches from the Governor regarding the establishment of the factory at Bushire, which had been closed for five years, and to demand the release of Messrs. Beaumont and Green, two gentlemen of the Bussorah factory, taken on board the *Tiger*, a small brig of eight guns, when she was captured by surprise by a fleet of the Shah's galivats.

At this time, Ahmed, the Imaum of Muscat, was fitting out, for the relief of Bussorah, an army of 10,000 men. "His fleet," says Parsons, who passed through Muscat on his way to Bombay, "consisted of thirty-four ships of war, four of forty-four guns each (which were built at Bombay), five frigates from eighteen to twenty-four guns each; the remainder are ketohes and galivats from fourteen to eight guns." This relief came too late; and after a resistance of eight months, Bussorah fell to the arms of Sadoc Khan, but in the following year Imaum Ahmed recaptured it, for which the Sultan of Turkey paid him a *kharaj*, or annual subsidy, which was continued up to the time of his grandson, Seyyid Said, the great Imaum, our ally. When the Persians seemed firmly established, the English returned and sought to carry on the same relations with the Persian Governor as had been in force with the Turkish. A special mission, under Mr. Abraham, was sent to Shiraz to negotiate an arrangement or treaty with Kereem Khan, and at the same time, the goodwill of the surrounding Arab tribes was secured by the Company ransoming from the Persians some of their Arab prisoners. The practical value to the English of this friendly act was shown a few months later, when the Montifiek Arabs destroyed a body of 6,000 Persians. This reverse compelled the Persians to retire from Bussorah, especially as the Turks had raised a large army at Bagdad for its recovery. The conduct of the Turkish officials continued uncertain and arbitrary, and their authority was again upset by Twiney Sheikh, of the Montifiek Arabs, and only re-established after a long struggle for power between him and the Turks. In 1787, Sir Harford Jones was associated with Mr. Manisty in the affairs of Bussorah, and showed great energy in negotiating with the Pasha at Bagdad, and in endeavouring to obtain from him better terms than could be extracted from the Turkish Commander at Bussorah. The factory was temporarily removed to Grane, at the mouth of the Shatt-ul-Arab, and ultimately to Bushire, though a political agent, under the orders of the Resident and Consul-General at Bagdad, was retained at Marghill, about three miles from the city of Bussorah, where the writer has passed some pleasant days and enjoyed good shooting. After the establishment of the overland route through the Red Sea, Bussorah became of less importance as a trade depôt, though no doubt a great future is in store for this city and the port of Bushire, as well as for the whole of the Persian Gulf.

Rather Rough on a Young Sub.

By N. T. B.

THE story I am going to relate is, I fear, not very complimentary to the Service, but it must be borne in mind that at the time it occurred—now many years ago—things were different from what they are now. The customs of society have altered, and what would have been looked upon as a venial fault then, would not be tolerated in the present day.

With this short preface I will begin my tale.

It so happened that within a year of my first joining my regiment, which was one of the crack corps in the Bengal Army, and was at that time quartered at a large station in Rajpootana, I was told off to take command of a detachment of a hundred men to form an escort for the Political Resident at the capital of one of the most important Native states, about eighty miles distant from our station. The tour of duty lasted for six months, and was not a popular one, probably from the fact that being for the most part spent alone, it was considered a dull time, the only “white faces” besides the detachment officer, being the Resident himself—who was seldom seen except on State occasions—and the Residency surgeon; the latter shared quarters with the escort officer, and not being exactly a gentleman, the prospect of being thrown into his society for several months was not agreeable. For these reasons the duty was always shirked if it were possible to do so; and it was this that caused my being nominated to it on the occasion to which I refer. What with one excuse and another, all the subalterns had managed to get off, and, although I was young for such an important post, it fell to my lot as junior to go *volens volens*.

I need not waste any time in describing the march except to say that, although alone, I found it pleasant enough, as I was passing through a splendid country full of game. I was only a novice with a gun, but I managed to get capital sport, and to keep my table, and such of my men whose caste would permit of their

eating flesh, well supplied. In a week's time I reached my destination, took over charge from the officer whom I had to relieve, and he made his arrangements to return to head-quarters next morning.

The rooms assigned to the detachment officer were in the upper story of an old native house, situated in a splendid garden; the lower portion of this house was occupied partly by the doctor and partly as a post office. The upper story was reached by a winding stone staircase, which was only broad enough to admit of one person ascending at a time. There were only two rooms on this floor, one opening into the other. This description is necessary in order to explain what happened.

That evening the three of us dined down-stairs in the Doctor's room, which was always used for this purpose. During dinner the conversation was on general topics, but I could plainly see that my brother officer and the Doctor had become thoroughly tired of each other's society, as they began contradicting one another on the slightest occasion. This led to warm words, and at last it became so unpleasant to me, as a comparative stranger, that I made the excuse of being tired, and went up-stairs to my own room, leaving them in the midst of a very hot discussion, verging on a quarrel. I had scarcely been up-stairs a few minutes, and had, in fact, just donned my sleeping suit, preparatory to turning in, when I heard a most most awful row below. I rushed down to see what was the matter, and found the two hard at it, hammer and tongs. The furniture had been knocked about all over the room, and a regular set-to with fisticuffs was going on. The Doctor, who was the smallest man of the two, had evidently got the worst of it; his face was covered with blood, and he seemed to have had a good mauling. My sudden appearance on the scene caused a temporary lull, of which I took advantage to separate the combatants; I persuaded the Doctor to retire to his bedroom, the key of which I fortunately turned upon him, and after some trouble got my brother officer to come up-stairs with me. He had no sooner got there than he went to a corner of his room, took up a double-barrelled gun and began loading it. While this was going on I watched him carefully, trying to imagine what he was going to do. On my asking him this question he said, "I am going down-stairs to shoot that blackguard," and with that he stepped out of the room. Seeing his intention, I placed myself at the head of the staircase and told him I would not permit him to go down. He at once pointed the gun at me, and said if I did not get out of his way he would shoot me first. My first idea was, naturally, that of self-

preservation, and I quickly stepped aside ; it never occurred to me to place him under arrest, and, even if I had done so, it is probable, in the humour he was then in, that he would have disobeyed my order, and this would only have made matters worse. Well, as soon as I cleared off he went down-stairs, and I cautiously followed him to see what would happen ; he went through the dining-room, straight up to the door of the Doctor's bedroom, but, finding this locked, he fortunately contented himself with hammering at it for a few moments, using dire imprecations, and daring his enemy to come out. Luckily no response was made, and after a few ineffectual attempts to get into the room he went up-stairs, and soon afterwards fell into a heavy sleep. Directly I saw that he was really asleep I slipped into his room and took the caps off his gun, I then went quickly down-stairs, woke up the Doctor, and advised him to get out of the house for the night, and sleep elsewhere, which he did. Having done this I went up-stairs myself and turned in. Next morning I woke my friend early, as he had to march with his detachment ; he was not a very presentable figure, with a pair of black eyes and other scars, but, as it would be quite a week before he got back to head-quarters, there was ample time for him to lose all traces of the previous night's encounter. Before leaving he expressed his regret for what had happened, and for anything that he might have said to me in the heat of his passion. I told him to think no more about it, and that if he would only keep it quiet there would be nothing found out.

After he had left I made my room comfortable, and settled down to my duty.

I am bound to say I did not find the Doctor nearly so unpleasant a companion as I expected. He was rough, it is true, but thoroughly good natured, and we had one taste in common, and that was a love of horses. Being only a poor subaltern, I could not afford more than one old screw, but the Doctor had several good horses, all of which were at my disposal, and although he was no sportsman himself, we enjoyed many a long ride together in some of the most beautiful parts of the country. The Resident also was most kind and hospitable, and seldom a week passed that I did not dine once or twice at the Residency.

Then, again, I made the acquaintance of several of the best families among the Rajpoot chiefs ; men famed for their politeness and good breeding, and boasting of an ancient descent equal to that of our own aristocracy. I spent many pleasant days in their society, often going out for a couple of days to stay at their country residences, and thus, while becoming an adept in the language of that

country, which served me a good turn later on, I formed friendships which I valued and enjoyed for many years afterwards, and which have not altogether passed out of my mind even now. My duties also were light. A morning inspection of the Resident's Guards, with a short Orderly Room, and Detachment drill about twice a week, were all that I had to do, and this left me ample time to devote to sport; the Royal preserves were well stocked, and, although I could not obtain permission to hunt or shoot in them, I fear I must plead guilty to a good deal of poaching on the outskirts, at least. Many a fine boar did I spear in the early dawn, and convey home on the back of a Detachment camel long before the keepers were about, and, besides that, I had a sort of understanding with them that when I was at one end, they were generally at the other.

Things had gone on thus pleasantly for some time, and I had already begun to arrange to take a further spell of detachment duty for another six months, when, unfortunately, the Doctor had occasion to go in to the station for a few days, where my regiment was quartered. I warned him to be very careful not to say anything about the row that had taken place, and he promised me he would not allude to it. As bad luck would have it, however, one night he happened to be dining at our mess, and after dinner—having probably a little too much wine on board—he let out that he had given one of the officers—mentioning his name—a good thrashing while he had been out on detachment duty. This came to the ear of the Colonel, who had rather a spite against my friend (and not quite without cause, as he had been in several rows before), and he sent next morning for the Doctor and questioned him about it. The Doctor was very sorry for his indiscretion, and tried all he could to gloss over the matter, but still the Colonel was not satisfied. The upshot of it was that one morning, soon after, I received an official letter from the adjutant, ordering me to give a full account of what had happened, and also calling upon me for my reasons for not having reported it before. I replied as well as I could, making the best out of a bad story, and exculpated myself by saying that as both parties had apologized, and given me their assurance that they would never mention what had occurred, I had not reported the circumstance, hoping that nothing more would be heard of it. To this I received a reply, that although the Colonel admitted that for so young an officer I had been placed in a very difficult position, I ought to have reported such a grave military offence, but that, so far as I was concerned, he would content himself with this reprimand, in th

hopes that I would be more careful in future. He could not, however, let the matter rest where it was. A court of inquiry would be assembled to investigate the whole case, and as my presence would be required as principal evidence before the court, an officer had been sent out to relieve me, and on his arrival I was to return to head-quarters with the least possible delay.

Within a week from the receipt of this letter I rejoined my regiment. The day after my return the court of inquiry met, and I was, most unwillingly, obliged to tell the whole story. The result of this was that my brother officer was placed in arrest and ordered to be tried by court-martial. The sequel to this sad story remains to be told. The poor fellow had always been rather of an excitable nature, and somewhat given to drink. Whether the strain on his mind had been too great, or whether it was done in a moment of delirium, never transpired, but a few mornings after, when his servant went into his room with his early cup of tea, he found him lying dead in his bed. An empty bottle of chlorodyne on the floor showed that he must have taken nearly an ounce of the sedative. My poor friend was lying as if sleeping peacefully, but it was the sleep of death. He must have been dead some hours, as he was stone cold. A court of inquest, which assembled as soon as possible, charitably returned a verdict of unsound mind. The Doctor was so horrified at hearing this that he left the station hurriedly, and it was many years before I met him again, but neither of us have ever forgotten it. As for me, I was so upset by the whole circumstances of the case that, although I could not blame myself for the part I had unwillingly taken in it, I was only too glad to avail myself of a month's leave, which the Colonel kindly offered to me, to try and recover from the shock, but, notwithstanding that many years have now elapsed since it happened, I shall always look back with a shudder upon one of the most unpleasant episodes which could have happened in the life of a young subaltern.

“On Leave.”

THE exhibition of the numerous costly presents received by Her Majesty during the Jubilee celebration was opened to the public a short time since at St. James's Palace. On the day of the opening the total number of visitors was 4,789. The exhibition will remain open for three months, so that all will have an opportunity of seeing the wonderful gifts which have been sent to Her Majesty from all parts of the empire.

In military and naval matters the authorities seem all on the *qui vive*. The Duke of Cambridge's return from the Continent in excellent health is the signal for active military movements. His Royal Highness has already visited Aldershot, and will, at the latter end of the month, open a Volunteer Drill Hall at Manchester, and hold a review there. Then the autumnal series of inspections will commence at Colchester and terminate at Plymouth about the 12th October, when several interesting artillery experiments will be witnessed. The statistics contained in the General Annual Return of the British Army for 1886 are always interesting reading, although the information is generally several months old before it is issued to the public. In the first place we find that on the 1st January, 1886, the total effective strength of the regular army was 200,785 of all ranks, and that during the twelve months under report that total was increased to 208,357 of all ranks, on the first day of the present year, giving a net increase of 7,572 for the year. This total of 208,357 of all ranks is the largest figure reached by the regular forces at any time during the last twenty years; the number having been as low, in 1884, as 188,949 of all ranks. In another part it is shown that there are some branches of the army which have actually been recruited above the establishment voted by Parliament, and it is satisfactory to note that the branches thus shown to be exceptionally popular are those which for every reason it is most desirable to find so singled out. The Household Cavalry

has seventeen supernumeraries; the Cavalry of the Line 527 supernumeraries; the Royal Horse Artillery 52 supernumeraries; the Field Artillery 347 supernumeraries; and the Commissariat and Transport Corps 223 supernumeraries. In all these cases the supernumeraries are found in mounted corps, and if, therefore, these corps are not as efficient as they might be, either for lack of a sufficient supply of horses, or a too reduced establishment, it is the fault of the Government only, for it is clearly shown by the return quoted, that the very corps on which depends the very existence almost of an army, are those for which it is most easy to obtain recruits. The working of the system of territorial regiments introduced by Mr. Childers in 1881, is more or less a failure, in that there is no single case of a territorial regiment recruited wholly or nearly from the district after which it is named. As a military writer observes: "The only real result of the change is the substitution of a long, almost incomprehensible name for each regiment instead of the old well-known, well-beloved, and, above all, easily remembered distinctive number. The change was made in defiance of the wishes of the whole army, and for no better reason than that of so many other radical changes of recent years—the desire to make a change for the sake of change."

The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty are as busy as bees visiting dockyards and naval establishments. After inspecting Sheerness, their Lordships proceeded in the *Enchantress* to Portsmouth, where Lord George Hamilton made a speech on dockyard discharges. A sense of relief was felt by the artizans employed in the various Royal dockyards at the statement made by the First Lord of the Admiralty, that there would be no more wholesale discharges of workmen. This welcome intelligence was elicited from Lord George Hamilton by a deputation which waited upon him in Portsmouth Dockyard, and which consisted of the Mayor and many other prominent citizens of that town. Lord George Hamilton stated that the reductions were not made from any false economy, but from a desire to bring the work done, more into actual accord with the votes. At the present time there are about 20,000 men employed in the dockyard, and the object of the Admiralty is to further reduce that number by slow degrees to 18,000, at which figure it will be permanently maintained. His Lordship calculates that in the course of about eighteen months deaths and other normal causes will effect this reduction without further discharges.

The new turret ship *Trafalgar*, the building of which was begun at Portsmouth as recently as January 1886, was successfully launched at Portsmouth Dockyard, in the presence of the

Lords of the Admiralty, and amidst the acclamation of thousands of spectators. The *Trafalgar* takes rank as the largest armour-clad yet constructed for the British Navy. When fully ready for sea with guns, stores and crew all on board, the amount of the ship's displacement will be only a trifle less than 12,000 tons. The expenditure on the *Trafalgar* will be about £920,000. If we include the ammunition and stores, the value of the complete fighting machine may be reckoned broadly at a million sterling. The ship will have no rig, relying solely upon her twin-screws for propulsion. She will have capacity in her bunkers for 1,200 tons of coal, enabling her to steam 6,500 knots, at a speed of ten knots per hour. The Admiralty state that she has been built for less money and in quicker time than any ship afloat. A sister-ship to the *Trafalgar*—the *Nile*—is being built at Pembroke.

The theatrical season has now commenced, and most of the houses are open. The sad event of the fire in the Exeter Theatre has been a shock to all classes of playgoers, and for many nights after the occurrence most of the London Theatres were poorly attended. This led many of the managers to announce that their theatres were perfectly safe. One says his theatre is the safest in Europe—that it has seventeen exits, and that the theatre is always emptied in three minutes and a half! Another states that "attendants will be placed at all exit doors." The Alhambra "is in many respects the best constructed playhouse in London . . . The galleries are unusually wide, and the ground floor bristles with exits." The Prince of Wales's announces that "the iron curtain is used at every performance—the only one in London"—and so on. But there is no question that a great deal remains to be done before the public will be assured of their perfect safety. In America asbestos curtains are used, which might easily be done here also. The employment of aganide paint, which renders wood non-inflammable, might be adopted with advantage, and every theatre should be lit by electricity. The Lord Chamberlain and his officials, it is to be hoped, will set these matters right, or a Commission will have to be appointed by Parliament to do so.

The Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden are well patronized, as they deserve to be. Mr. Freeman Thomas has engaged a large number of first-rate artists, and whenever you go there is always something fresh. The orchestra could not be better, and Mr. Gwyllym Crowe conducts it in his usual masterly manner. His new vocal waltz, "Gypsies," is admirably rendered by Mr. Stedman's choir of boys and girls, and is quite as popular with the audience as its predecessors. There is a capital performance going

on just now at the Canterbury Theatre of Varieties, one of the oldest music halls in London. The proprietors, Messrs. Crowder & Payne, have provided a programme that should satisfy the most fastidious, and which includes several performers of celebrity. The arrangements are excellent, and the attendants are civil and obliging. New *levers* have been produced with signal success at Toole's, the Globe, and the Haymarket; and a new one-act comedy, *On Toast*, will shortly be producee at the Criterion, in which that unctuous and amusing actor, Mr. W. Blakeley, will sustain the chief part. Mr. Thomas Thorne has returned to the Vaudeville. The revival of *Sophia* was in every way a success. Mr. Thomas Thorne's impersonation of Partridge is simply perfect; and he is to be congratulated on having found, in the person of Miss Maude Millet, a young lady capable of sustaining the character of Molly Seagrim in a manner that won for her the sympathies and applause of the audience. Miss Millet has a very pleasing appearance, and her impersonation of the character was a distinct histrionic success.

Reviews.

THE CAMPAIGN OF SEDAN. By **GEORGE HOOPER.** London: Messrs. George Bell & Sons.

It is a pleasure to commend such a useful book as Mr. Hooper's account of the downfall of the Second Empire. He writes impartially, holding the balance with an even hand, and in the most lucid manner illustrates the inevitable results of the good qualities of the German army, and the evil ones of the French. The value of cavalry, the danger of entrenched camps, the importance of scouts, the necessity of thorough organization in time of peace; these are some of the lessons which he teaches in his valuable monograph. The maps inserted in the text aid the author's remarks considerably. The best authorities have been consulted, and the best use made of the materials placed at his command.

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF ARCHERY. By the late **HORACE FORD.** London: Messrs. Longmans & Co.

We are glad to see a re-issue of Mr. Ford's standard work on archery. The author held the champion's medal for eleven years, and his best scores have never yet been equalled. His book was issued in 1859, and Mr. Butt, for many years secretary to the Royal Toxophilite Society, has practically re-written it, and, in conjunction with Mr. C. J. Longman, brought it up to date. It is a pity that archery is not more popular than it is, but we trust that the re-issue of this work will cause a revival of one of the most beautiful and healthy pastimes of the past.

THE SCENERY OF SCOTLAND. By **ARCHIBALD GEIKIE.** London: Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

Tourists proceeding to the Highlands could not take a more interesting book with them than the new edition of Professor Geikie's *Scenery of Scotland*. Issued first some twenty years ago, the geological principles laid down have been accepted by

science since, and have been applied to many parts of the world as well as to the United Kingdom. Viewed in connection with its physical geology, the scenery of Scotland is full of absorbing interest, and gives a fresh pleasure to the student of nature. The work is furnished with nearly a hundred illustrations and two maps, besides a copious index and itinerary. The new edition contains a deal of additional matter, and has been thoroughly revised.

CHINA. By Professor DOUGLAS. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

This is a fresh edition of Professor Douglas's popular account of China. Beginning with a sketch of the history of the Chinese Empire, he passes on to a description of the government of the country, the social condition, modes of travelling, the state of agriculture and trade, and the progress of the people towards civilization; special chapters being devoted to the language, the literature, religion, marriage customs, &c. The monograph is exceedingly well written, and abounds with well-executed illustrations of Chinese life and scenery.

THE STORY OF THE NATIONS: THE JEWS. By JAMES K. HOSMER. (London: Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

Professor Hosmer is to be congratulated on having produced one of the best volumes of the Story of the Nations' series. As he observes in the preface, the task was not an easy one for a writer, since the subject bristled with so many prejudices. However, he has done his best to please Jew and Christian, Rationalist and Supernaturalist, and while avoiding controversial subjects, and limiting the scriptural portion to a chapter or two, has managed to put forth a history of the Jews, previous to the Fall and afterwards, which never flags in interest. What we chiefly admire about the book, however, is the care and skill with which he describes the relations of the Jews with other nations since the earliest times, thereby giving the reader a clear conception of the progress of rival races and the transfer of power from empire to empire. The book is abundantly provided with illustrations and maps.

A DICTIONARY OF PHILOSOPHY. Edited by J. RADFORD THOMSON. (London: Mr. R. D. Dickinson.)

This is a collection of passages from philosophical writers, edited by the Professor of Philosophy in New College, London,

who has, moreover, written an introduction, dealing with British philosophy of to-day. The volume, which is a bulky one, remarkably well arranged and printed, contains a valuable list of the principal philosophical works of modern times and a good index. The selection is a very judicious one, and the work forms a fitting companion volume to the *Cyclopædia of Practical Quotations*, published by Mr. Dickinson some time ago.

THE KIDNAPPING OF PRINCE ALEXANDER. By A. VON HUHN.
(London: Mr. Edward Stanford.)

A cheap edition has been issued of Captain F. Beaufort's excellent translation of Huhn's account of the kidnapping of Prince Alexander. Recent events have revived public interest in the work.

MANUAL OF VETERINARY HYGIENE. By FRED SMITH. (London: Messrs. Baillière, Tindall & Co.)

A thoroughly practical manual of veterinary hygiene by Fred. Smith, lecturer on military veterinary hygiene at the Army Veterinary School, and co-editor of the *Quarterly Journal of Veterinary Science of India*. It deals respectively with water, air, ventilation, food, stables, removal of excreta, soils, disinfection, labour, individual hygiene, eradication of epizootic diseases, and elementary meteorology. Each subject is thoroughly treated, and the information embraces the latest results of veterinary progress. The illustrations are numerous and excellent. Altogether the work is a very solid one, and it is a pleasure to recommend it to our readers.

RHODES IN MODERN TIMES. By CECIL TORR. (Cambridge University Press.)

Mr. Torr has published a sequel to his *Rhodes in Ancient Times*, which attracted considerable attention about a year ago. The present volume treats fully the period of Byzantine rule ending in 1309; describing the public affairs, the social life, the religion, and the art and the learning of Rhodes. Two plates show the city in 1483 and 1500.

JOHN BULL'S ARMY. By HECTOR FRANCE. London: Messrs. Whittaker & Co.

Hector France, late Captain of the 4th Chasseurs, is to be congratulated on having written a book on the British Army from the

French point of view, which every military man will read and the majority enjoy. The style is racy, the author tolerably well informed, and his criticism cuts deep into those conventionalisms to which English officers are so accustomed that they would never be able to discover them themselves. Hector France is often very instructive, and quite as often very funny; and as most men like to be improved by a laugh rather than by a sneer, we can safely prognosticate that his book will be a great success.

NEW MAPS.

We have received from Messrs. W. & H. K. Johnston, of Edinburgh, a new wall map of North America, embodying the results of the latest explorations and developments to the present time. It displays very clearly Canada, the States, Mexico, West Indies and Central America. The Canadian Pacific Railway is shown in its complete condition, and the course of the Panama Canal is traced. The scale is given in English and German miles, and French kilometres. Altogether the map is a very good one, and we strongly recommend it to the naval and military authorities. It would be well if the Government took upon itself the expense of liberally supplying naval and military institutions with such maps as these.

PORTRAIT OF GENERAL SIR C. M. MACGREGOR.—Messrs. Morris, Walton & Co., of 392, Strand, have sent us a very good memorial portrait of the Skobelev of India. The likeness is an excellent one, and there will be many of our readers who will be glad to possess a portrait of the gallant officer, whose career came to such an untimely end a year ago.

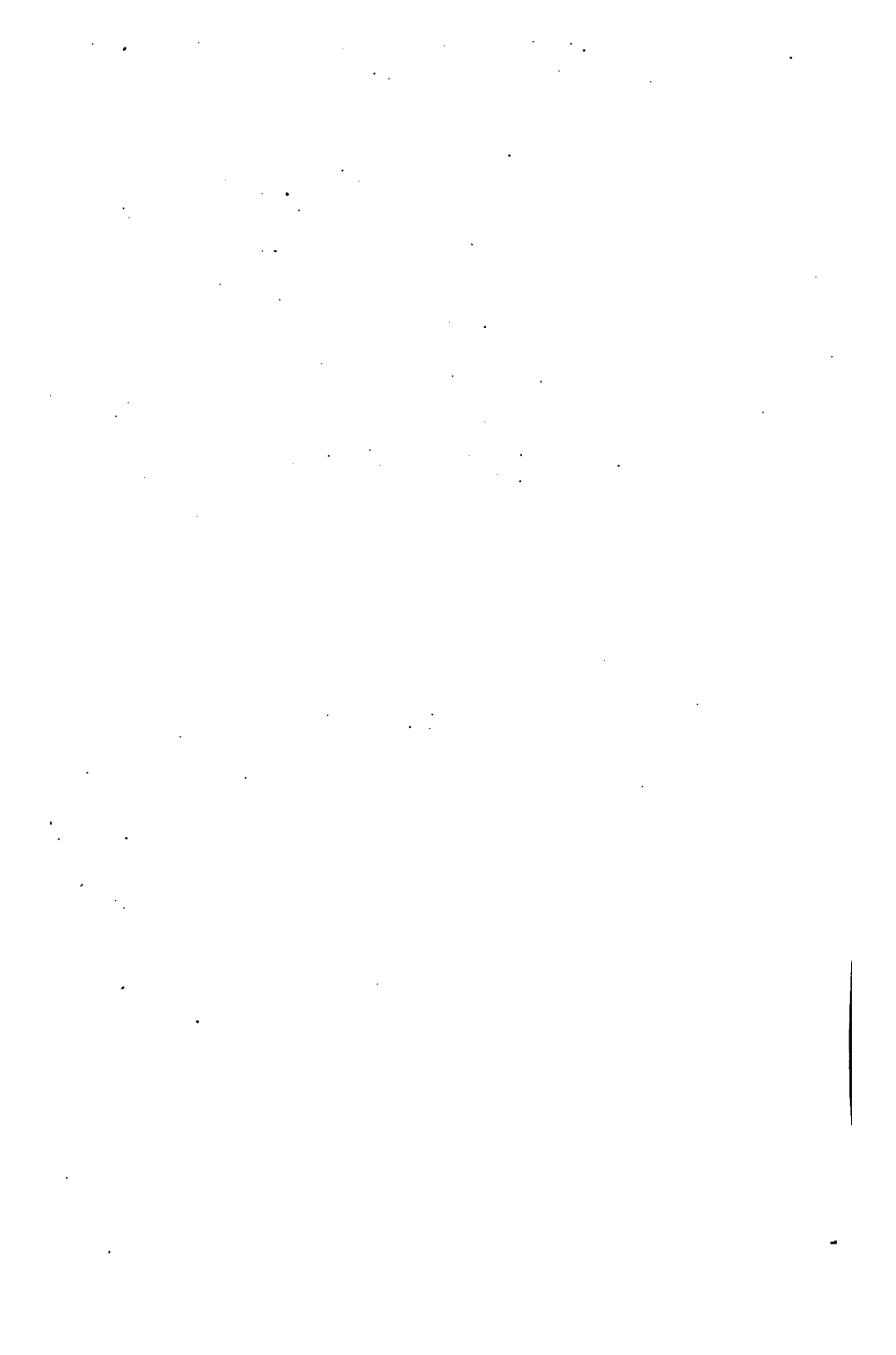
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